APR 18 1929

May Harpers MAGAZINE

THE UNSOCIAL CHRISTIAN

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Harvey O'Higgins

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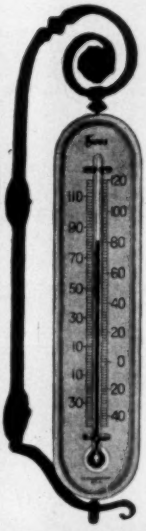

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Harper's Magazine

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Planning high-speed business

An Advertisement of the
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MAGAZINE

WHAT RISK MOTHERHOOD? Dorothy Dunbar Bromley

Incredible as it may seem, American women run a greater risk of death from childbirth than those of any other civilized country. Without mincing words, Mrs. Bromley reveals the causes of this disgraceful condition of affairs.

I'M NOT GOING BACK FOR MY REUNION F. F. Van de Water

Mr. Van de Water draws a devastating picture of the sons of dear old Alma Mater reeling through their annual tribute to the higher learning.

THE DEATH OF MARCEL PROUST Marie Scheikévitch

A new contribution to literary history, in which one of Proust's closest friends tells for the first time the full story of his last days, when his one thought was to finish his life-work at any cost.

MUSSOLINI—EMPEROR OF THE LATINS? Hiram Motherwell

Last summer Mr. Motherwell predicted with startling accuracy the agreement between Church and State in Italy. Now he makes another prophecy still more sensational.

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by ALBERT JAY NOCK

STORIES: by HENRI DUVERNOIS and PHILIP CURTISS

AMONG THE NEW BOOKS

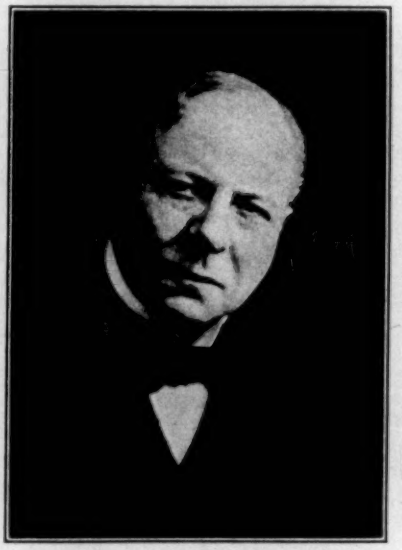
By HARRY HANSEN

Literary Editor of the New York World

BIOGRAPHY finds such a warm welcome nowadays that I have no hesitation in recommending it as often much more profitable reading than fiction. The best way to obtain the new fiction is to look inside the book at the bookseller's; for titles and authors are no longer indications of the contents of a book. Certain names, of course, are like fine hall marks on silver; we naturally know what to expect of Joseph Hergesheimer, Edith Wharton, Willa Cather, James Stephens, and others who make reading a pleasure. There will be a new Hergesheimer book this month, but it has not reached me at this writing. Turning to biography, the man who has done most to honor biographical writing in the United States, Gamaliel Bradford, has collected studies of certain American worthies under the title *As God Made Them.* (Houghton, Mifflin Co.) These include Daniel Webster, Henry Clay, John C. Calhoun, Horace Greeley, Edwin Booth, Francis J. Child, and Asa Gray. These are really portraits, drawn with Mr. Bradford's fine regard for essential attitudes, essential moods and qualities. Two books on Ambrose Bierce bring that writer into better focus: *Bitter Bierce* by C. Hartley Grattan is an able attempt to gauge the missing author's position in American writing. (Doubleday, Doran & Co.) In *Balzac in Slippers* we have the well-known informal biography of the great Frenchman done years ago by Leon Gozlan, who was one of Balzac's intimates. The book is said to have given the idea of an informal life of Anatole France to his secretary, Jean Jacques Brousson; it has been current for many years in France and is now translated into English for the first time. (Robert M. McBride & Co.) *Twelve Bad Men* by Sidney Dark properly comes under the head of biography, although his chapters are hardly more than sketches. Twelve is really too many for one book; but they are not bad men in our Western definition—some of them were liberals, others were military tyrants, others were wasters, as witness the inclusive list: Louis XI, Cesare Borgia, Cellini, Thomas Cromwell, Mazarin, Judge Jeffreys, Marlborough, Frederick the Great, Casanova, Talleyrand, Fouche, and Robespierre. (Crowell.)

A biography which has given me much pleasure recently is *John Jacob Astor,* by Arthur D. Howden Smith. (Lippincott.) Astor was an amazing character; but all great business leaders are amazing. He came to this continent in 1783, possessing only twenty-five dollars and seven flutes, the latter an investment in trade. He seems from the very first to have had an astute sense for advancing his fortunes, but hard work went with it. Mr. Smith tells, "without fear or favor," but not necessarily as an iconoclast, how Astor built up his fortune. As a trader with the Indians he obtained furs; later he came to organize great fur-trading companies which had their share in developing the possibilities of the wilderness. From the days when he peddled cakes in lower Manhattan to the day he died, owning tremendous quantities of real estate in the richest section of the United States, he was acquisitive, patient, grasping, shrewd. Farms fell to his lot because he possessed mortgages that lapsed, or was able to bid

them in, and on these farms—located where to-day Broadway and 42nd Street intersect, and on other choice places in New York City—grew his fortune. But his part in opening the China trade, in developing the fur trade in Oregon, and in taking advantage of opportunities for expansion westward was great. To some extent the opening was there for any man to take; but it was Astor, with his German cunning, who profited most by it. Mr. Smith is not a laudatory biographer, but he is not out to fell statues. Astor was hardly ever a sacrosanct character in New York City, for as a landlord he gained a reputation for being exact and difficult; but Mr. Smith has labored to do him justice. It has certain elements that make it a better book than his study of Commodore Vanderbilt, notably the absence of improvised speeches by his chief character, which in the former volume seemed an invasion of the realm of fiction.



VISCOUNT HALDANE
Whose autobiography is "Richard Burdon Haldane"

A NOTABLE SERIES OF AMERICAN TRIALS

Not only lawyers will be interested in the announcement of the publication of a series of *American Trials*, edited by Samuel Klaus, of the New York bar, with the co-operation of Prof. Underhill Moore of the Columbia University School of Law and James N. Rosenberg of the New York bar. The first book in the series is *The Milligan Case*, a famous trial growing out of the suspension during the Civil War of rights granted citizens by the Constitution. To quote from the editors' detailed and careful introduction: "In the case known as *ex parte* Milligan the Supreme Court of the United States declared that if the persons in control of the conduct and policies of the executive, and indeed, legislative aspects of federal governmental activity had any power to ignore the provisions of the Constitution, it was not a power which the Supreme Court would recognize. Inasmuch as this declaration was made after the Confederacy had collapsed and the war ended, its practical significance could not be tested. Between Sumter and Appomattox, one is apt to infer, the opinion would simply have been irrelevant. As for the future, we have Burgess's prophecy: 'It is devoutly to be hoped that the decision of the Court may never be subjected to the strain of actual war. If, however, it should be, we may safely predict that it will be necessarily disregarded.'" It is possible to hint only briefly here at the body of the book, which deals not only with the opinions of the Supreme Court when the petition for habeas corpus finally reached it, but with the testimony offered at the military commission which tried Milligan and others in Indiana for activities subversive of the Federal Government and accounted treason. The Supreme Court upheld the constitutional rights of these prisoners as against the military commission, but definitely admitted the place of military procedure in times of stress, and defined anew the powers of the executive. What is important here is the fullness of the report, and the care with which this first volume has been presented. It is not a brief historical sketch; it covers every point raised during the trial, and will be invaluable to students of constitutional law. The series will move forward in the same manner. The editors say in their foreword: "It is characteristic of American life that its crises, its intimacies, its color, pathos, humor and drama, and its insipidities, are laid bare and probed, even brought on and managed, in the courts of law. Our court records are thus social monuments, poignant dramas, portraits of our society in its various attitudes." Following *The Milligan Case*, will come a volume devoted to the Molineux case, then that of the Chicago anarchists and "its contemporary counterpart, the case of Sacco and Vanzetti," Laidlaw against Sage,

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Among the New Books

the Leo Frank case, and two old American piracy trials. The series has been undertaken by the house of Alfred A. Knopf.

"MORE FAMOUS TRIALS"

The foregoing book and the present, *More Famous Trials*, by the Earl of Birkenhead, differ much in method. The first is detailed, authoritative; the second is a description of certain famous trials, in much more abridged form. It is obvious that one cannot encompass the whole trial of Joan of Arc in fifteen pages, but one may write an informing introduction to it. Thus this book, which is the second in the series which began with *Famous Trials of History*, has a wide popular appeal. The trials described range all the way from high treason to divorce; and some of the inevitable stock figures, such as the Marquise de Brinvilliers and Jonathan Wild are included. The author writes entertainingly; his range is wide; he gains variety by passing from Charles the First to Mrs. Maybrick, from Francis Bacon to Doctor Parkman's murder in Boston, from Madeleine Smith to Burke and Hare. The author has an odd way of stating a novel point of view in considering the fate of Professor Webster, who killed Doctor Parkman: "Thus perished a man who, in happier circumstances, might have lived to an honorable and honored age, but it may be doubted whether, if he had not committed the crime which brought him to the scaffold, he would not have been forced by his imprudence to resign his positions and drag on a miserable, poverty-stricken life. As it happened, he enriched the records of crime by a noteworthy murder, indirectly created a precedent in medical jurisprudence, and was the cause of a classic exposition of the law of evidence." I hope the Earl of Birkenhead does not mean to cite this as a happy alternative to poverty and law-abiding conduct. (Doubleday, Doran & Co.)

JOAN LOWELL
Author of "The Cradle of the Deep"

BRIEF COMMENT ON NEW BOOKS

Sex in Civilization is a heavy tome, filled with articles by thirty-two authorities, not all of them in agreement. This is consistent with the policy of the editors, V. F. Calverton and S. D. Schmalhausen, who have tried to assemble the best liberal thought on sex. Here is food for the most radical-minded reader, and for the conservative. William J. Fielding, writing on "The Art of Love," goes definitely too far in supposing that sex technic has a place among these papers; and the case history cited by J. Blake Eggen is appropriate matter for a clinic; but on the whole the discussions by Margaret Sanger, Ben Lindsey, Harry Elmer Barnes, Beatrice Forbes-Robertson Hale, William McDougall, Joseph Jastrow, and other authorities will convince the conservative reader that much thinking on sex and marital problems has come about since George Eliot disturbed the Victorians and Olive Schreiner represented the progressive woman. Havelock Ellis contributes an introduction. (The Macaulay Company.)

The Reader's Digest of Books by Helen Rex Keller is a new edition of what must be teacher's little helper. Here is a book of over 1,400 pages giving a résumé of the contents of well-known books. For the most part it recounts plots; and there is no indication to show what school or period is represented, nor is an attempt at literary criticism included. The book must be useful for librarians and others often called upon to give the contents of a novel. (The Macmillan Company.)

Prof. C. Leonard Woolley's excavations of the city of Ur are now becoming widely known through the presence of Professor

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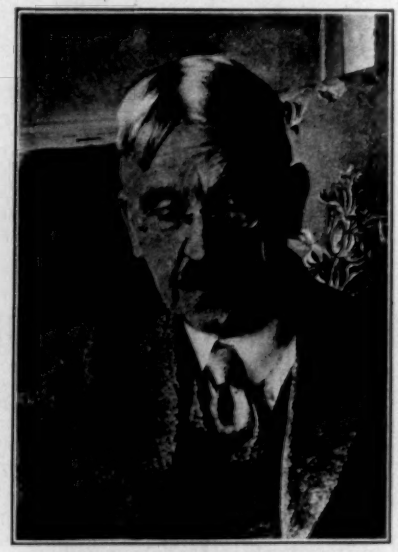
Among the New Books

Woolley on the lecture platform. Coincident with his return is the publication of *The Sumerians*, who gave the Hebrews the Mosaic code. For seven years the expedition of the University of Pennsylvania has been laying bare the remains of Ur, founded centuries before Abraham. Professor Woolley finds that the Sumerians are by no means a strange nation to us. They are the forerunners of all civilized life; antedating the Hebrews, they had the basic morality, religion, social organization, and steps toward art that have developed into our own civilization—"in so far as they win our admiration we praise our spiritual forebears." (Oxford University Press.)

Martin Johnson's new book, *Lion*, deals with camera adventures in the jungle lands of Tanganyika, in British East Africa. He managed to get some extraordinary photographs, sometimes within fifteen feet of untamed beasts. The Johnsons, husband and wife, went into the jungle with motor trucks well supplied with food. Although they were thus enabled to approach the beasts with some degree of safety, it was absolutely necessary to keep them covered with rifles while taking photographs. The anecdotes are good-humored, but although the lions do many ridiculous things, Mr. Johnson is not inclined to minimize the dangers. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)



A new photograph of John Dewey, whose new book, "Experience and Nature," has just been published

E. W. Howe is Old Ed Howe of the *Atchison Globe*—or was, for Ed Howe has deserted Kansas for Florida. His *Plain People* is chiefly autobiographical, giving the story of his struggles in Kansas, his work as a newspaper man, his acquaintance with "plain" but able Americans, and his philosophy. Ecstasy does not enter into the latter, and glamour does not tinge the recital, which may be regarded by romantics as rather unadorned.

Ed Howe is a practical man who is not apt to be misled by surface glitter. His fame as a paragrapher is world wide, and some of his lines are now quoted everywhere—without credit, of course. He invariably believes in the individual and sizes men up according to their personal capacities and characteristics, rather than according to the station in life or the group to which they belong.

In part of the book he tells how he came to write his famous novel, *The Story of a Country Town*. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)

KATHERINE MAYO AGAIN

Katherine Mayo wrote *Mother India* about a year ago and was accused of snap judgment, inaccuracies, and of basing her report on a short stay in India, during which she failed to meet the "real" people. This criticism must have determined her to answer her critics, and we may regard *Slaves of the Gods* as the result. In it she repeats everything she said about child marriage in her first book, and reinforces her own statements by innumerable quotations from East Indians. Eight pages are devoted to biographies of these men. Their statements are superlative, and even more damaging than those made by Miss Mayo. In addition, she includes twelve heartbreaking sketches of life in India, taking the form of fiction, but based, she says, on actual facts. An address to the women of Hindu India bids them help uproot the traditional practices which make slaves of them. The difficulty in trying to reform child marriage is that it is a religious sacrament; and for outsiders to attempt to change religious ways is almost impossible. Miss Mayo permits the East Indians to describe conditions at their worst; she quotes them on infanticide, prostitution in the temples, marriages before the girl is thirteen. The women have no protection against their masters, and the intensity of the sex life leaves both men and women weak and debilitated. Miss Mayo

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believes the women of India must themselves fight for liberation and suggests that the West is their natural ally. (Harcourt, Brace & Co.)

CHURCHILL'S "THE AFTERMATH"

Winston S. Churchill's final book of memoirs is called *The Aftermath, 1918–28* and deals with the close of the War, the Peace Conference, the Allied attitude toward the Soviets and attempts to support the White Russians, British activities in Turkey and Greece, and the Irish settlement. This was a difficult decade in European affairs and marked the period of America's greatest participation as well. Mr. Churchill's point of view is well known. In this book he gives in detail the efforts made to support the nationalist Russians, and describes the chagrin that he suffered because such help was not sufficient to defeat the Soviets before they gained the upper hand. He thinks American and Japanese troops might have made it possible for the Allies to have taken Moscow before the German collapse. In this and other chapters he betrays his own practical, reactionary viewpoint; his real understanding of America is only as a powerful ally of British politics, and when this fails he sees only mistakes and lapses. He praises the League of Nations but laments the fact that Wilson came to lead, rather than to co-operate with Lloyd-George and Clemenceau. He closes the book on a note of hope, due to the results of the Locarno and Washington conferences and, although he regards the Kellogg Pact as another step in aiding world peace, he makes no remarks on the cruiser policy of the United States at this time. He has definite views on all political questions of the last decade; but Americans will not follow him in all his opinions. Part of the Peace Conference narrative is given over to attacking Ray Stannard Baker's books on Wilson. Mr. Churchill is best on those events with which he dealt personally. (Charles Scribner's Sons.)

"DODSWORTH"

Many readers of Sinclair Lewis's new novel, *Dodsworth*, will suspect a new manner of writing. Mr. Lewis himself says "Dodsworth was no Babbitt." Yet he reads dangerously like one. What has happened is that Mr. Lewis has broadened his sympathies and has created a character whom he devoutly loves. This cannot be said for Fran, Dodsworth's wife. Mr. Lewis has been fair

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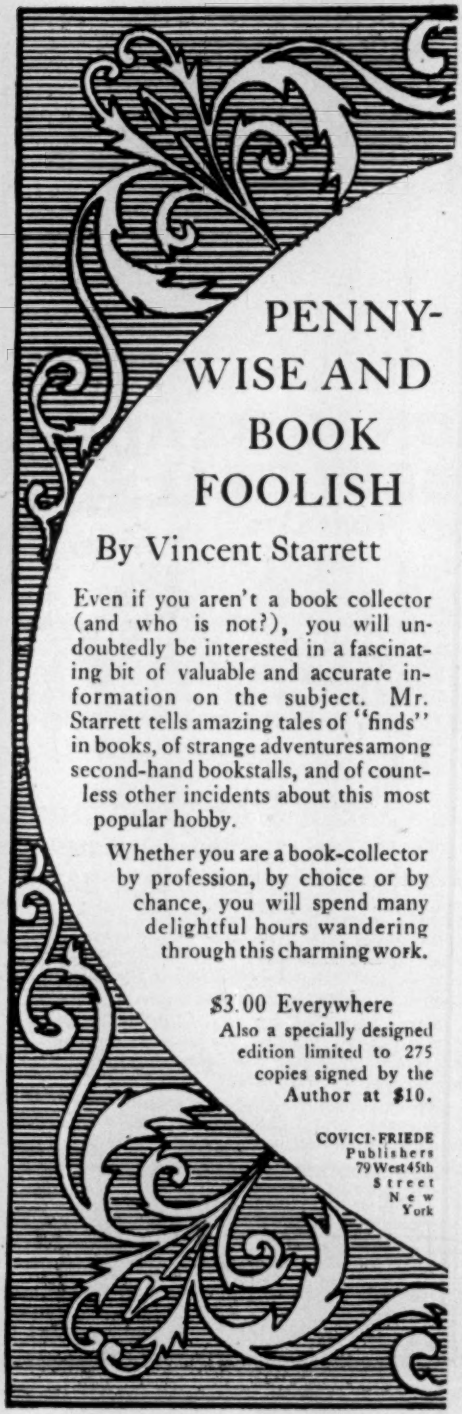
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to her, but he hates her kind. She is the frigid, insufferable snob, the American woman who glories in the aristocracy of Europe, who takes on the veneer rather than the essentials of culture, who finds fault with her husband's brusque ways and groping mind. Sam Dodsworth may be a type, but he comes close to emerging as a personality. The author pictures him as a man who has made automobiles for a score of years and who now thinks it time to do Europe. He discovers a Europe often found by many American business men who are not prepared for the changed conditions of life and thought to be found there. But Sam is not an American with a closed mind. He is willing to be convinced; and it happens that he probably gets more out of the galleries than does his wife, for he goes for a sincere enjoyment of the pictures there displayed, whereas she goes to affect a cultured attitude. Here is a study both of Americans in Europe and of American marriage. Mr. Lewis has tried to be just to Sam. He endures his wife's distemper; he makes up after difficult verbal battles; he even remains conciliatory after his wife trails about with European lovers. Toward the end his patience gives way. The reader will follow Sam with much interest; he will be less interested in Fran, and hardly at all in Sam's new friend, Mrs. Cortleigh. The author still builds up his books by taking his characters through a tremendous mass of episodic detail, but now and then he hits an essential note which rings true. Although the writing method is that of *Babbitt* and *Main Street*, Sinclair Lewis has mellowed. His keen observation has taken in just the right word and the right attitude in European incidents, and in revealing what he does of Dodsworth's bewilderment he adds to his stature as a novelist. *Dodsworth* is not the biggest of his books, but it may easily become the most pleasing to his readers. (Harcourt, Brace & Co.)

STUDIES IN AMERICAN LITERATURE

Two important additions to the study of American writers are *Herman Melville* by Lewis Mumford and *Bitter Bierce* by C. Hartley Grattan. The first is best described as a "spiritual biography." The renaissance of the man who wrote *Moby Dick*, *Typee* and *Omoo* is one of the singular events in American literary history and belongs to our own time. No doubt he was born too soon; he saw farther than his age, and his own age misunderstood him. His best interpretation

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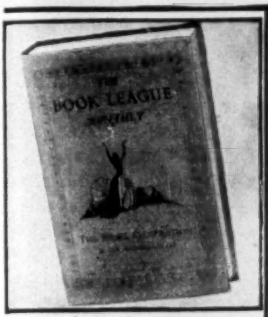

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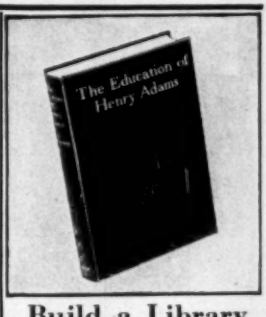

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has come within recent years, when Raymond Weaver, Van Wyck Brooks, and others began writing about him. Mr. Mumford, with his alertness for the implications of environment and background, has made a vivid portrait of the man who was at odds with a world which was to him unreal and filled with hypocrisy. An America which distrusted him, saw in his metaphysical aspects both obscurity and obtuseness, preferred that he should write romances of the sea without revealing the gropings of his own troubled self. He wrote in an age which worshipped Longfellow, and he comes to his own at a time when Longfellow's greatest audience is among the juveniles. The second book, *Bitter Bierce*, is an honest attempt to discover the merit in Ambrose Bierce's writings. Here is another author who for some reason or other has not achieved his proper place in American estimation. In his lifetime he seems to have been frustrated by himself, and turned from producing literature to writing about personalities for the press. Mr. Grattan ranks him high and believes that he was the first modern satirist of America; his idea that the artist should be free to practice his art without stint is thoroughly modern, but in his own day had few adherents. He refused to conform to the type of writing popular in the Nineties and even as late as the first decade of this century and, as a result, became an intellectual rebel. He was a master of the short-story and exalted it over the novel; he fought local color, slang, and stories "racy of the soil." He believed that dialect was a distortion when it issued from ignorant persons and was used to make a tale quaint. He opposed realism because it was occupied with man.

Percival Pollard and H. L. Mencken have in the past been admirers and interpreters of Bierce; Pollard, who died some years ago, was also in opposition to the spirit of his time.

This book is published by Doubleday, Doran & Co.

A third book on American authors also deals with Bierce, *Portrait of Ambrose Bierce* by Adolphe de Castro. (Century.) This is a personal memoir. Its defects are due to the superlative praise which a friend bestows upon the great writer with whom he collaborated in *The Monk and the Hangman's Daughter*.

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Among the New Books

Why Should Children's Books Be Seasonal?

By VIRGINIA KIRKUS

GREEN vegetables are acknowledged necessities in children's diet. Do parents limit their purchase to the all-too-brief seasons when vegetables, figuratively, grow at the back door? And yet, assuredly, books are mental food and of equal importance for balanced rations, even though their vitamins are not measurable. Of books, the average parents limit their purchase to the holiday season, with perhaps a birthday thrown in. Do they apply the same rule to the purchase of books for themselves? Certainly not. Two dollars or two-fifty, or even an occasional five or ten dollars for a much-discussed volume of non-fiction is expended with scarcely a thought. When the question of the purchase of a book for the small son or daughter arises the solution is only too often a search for an inexpensive edition, or for a substitute which is cheaper.

From *The White Cat* by Comtesse D'Aulnoy (Macmillan)

How permanent a factor is the average adult book in the life of the reader? Forgotten before the month is out, in many instances. Discarded, loaned and not returned, sent to the club or the hospital or the mission field. But the child who is fond of reading, whose books are carefully selected with an eye to the beauty of format, the quality of the text, the permanent library value—that child rereads a favorite title many times, passes it around among other children, gives it a favored spot on the nursery shelf.

Summer vacations are close at hand and there are reading lists, required and suggested, that should prove an opening wedge. Encourage a judicious use of public libraries, but supplement this with the purchase of good editions of the required classics, volumes to form a nucleus of a permanent library.

There are some of the newer publications that seem, somehow, essentially spring books, and of these more than passing mention must be made. Outstanding for beauty of format is *The White Cat, and Other Old French Fairy Tales* by Mme. La Comtesse D'Aulnoy. (Macmillan.) It's a delightful collection, arranged by Rachel Field, herself a writer and poet for children of no mean caliber. And the illustrations and decorations by Elizabeth MacKinstry are perfect. That may sound a bit fulsome, but no other word will serve. The reason lies in the conception of the book, for Miss MacKinstry began seeing these fairy tales pictorially in her childhood and for years has treasured sketches of The White Cat and other characters of the tales. She has grown in skill and fame since those days, and has put her best work as well as her heart and imagination into not only the actual drawings for this book, but the planning of the book itself. Steeped in the eighteenth century traditions of France, and an adept in the fine art of French book-making, she has given this book the spirit of France itself. There is joy and love and beauty and humor here, and much credit goes to the publisher who had the imagination to see its worth and to carry out so faithfully the essential rightness of the form.

Another bit of fine book-making that owes much to both artist and publisher is *The Knickerbocker History of New York*, Washington Irving's masterpiece of humorous narrative. (Doubleday, Doran.) James Daugherty, already well-known through his illustrations for Sandburg's *Lincoln*, A. Conan Doyle's *White Company*, and many other volumes of recent years, had long planned this volume, working on the drawings regardless of whether any publisher would be interested or not. The text he had known and loved since his mother first read it to him at the age of ten. And the drawings he finally completed and showed to the dean of children's bookland, Miss Anne Carroll Moore, of the New York Public Library. The result is this volume, skilfully abridged by Miss Moore, who has lifted only those

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Another noteworthy piece of editing has been done in *Heroes from Hakluyt* (Henry Holt) by Charles J. Finger, whose *Tales from Silver Lands* won the Newbery prize several years ago. From the eight volumes comprising Hakluyt's accounts of voyages of English navigators, Mr. Finger has adroitly woven together perhaps the most romantic and colorful of the tales, and has given them added charm and significance in so doing. There is glamour and romance and poetry, interest and heroism rivalling fiction in these famous narratives. The book is illustrated with decorative woodcuts by Paul Honoré, many full-page ones in color, and numerous small ones in black and white throughout the text.

Now for a different type of book altogether, although new editions of the classics are tempting fare with summer reading hours ahead. Spring is essentially an outdoor time, and a time for getting acquainted with nature. For the boy or girl who is interested in starting a garden there is a delightful little book called *Beginning to Garden*, written by Helen Page Wodell, as one of the titles in that popular Work and Play Series published by Macmillan. Here are the fundamental principles of gardening, the making of charts and plans, ordering seeds, selecting proper tools, preparing the soil, and so on up to the use of vegetables and flowers in the home. It is a book from which the grown-up gardener can learn a lot, and yet it is so straightforward and simple that the youngest amateur gardener can understand and apply it. The one criticism we have to offer is that a table showing the succession of flowers would crystallize the information contained in the text and be of tremendous value in charting out a garden.

Another "spring book" of the nature group is *Down in the Grass* by Harold Kellock (Coward-McCann). This is a book that breaks all the theories accumulated by a sur-

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Among the New Books

feit of bedtime stories, all the prejudices against the personified animals that have crowded the ranks of juvenile fiction in recent years. For, although the spiders and ants, the bees and dragon flies, the wasps and beetles all talk like human beings, and the natural history is more or less "sugar-coated," the outcome is so successful that all the shortcomings of the method are forgiven. Any small boy or girl interested in the life of the insect world would find this absorbing and fascinating and learn enough of the scientific facts to interest him in going on to read about and study at first hand this strange and delightful world.

The illustrations are by Kurt Wiese, whose illustrations for *Bambi* and *Don* last fall brought him to the fore as an animal artist. He has had a chance to show his humor in this volume, and yet at the same time one feels that as a naturalist himself he is accurate in depicting the little folk of the grasses.

Before closing, we want to mention briefly two books which will perhaps be of greater value to the parent than to the children. The first is *How You Began*, a Child's Introduction to Biology, by Amabel Williams-Ellis. (Coward-McCann.) Here is a book that many modern parents will welcome, for instead of the usual approach to the subject through the sentimental avenue of fish and birds and animals, the author has gone straight to the point, and reversed the process, showing the relation of the human growth to the animal origin. Children appreciate straightforwardness and simplicity, and the clearness of thought back of this little volume will help the parent who reads it to the child (it should be read by the parent, not by the child) to understand the way in which the child mind is able to grasp this most interesting of all subjects. There are a great many more questions that we feel the normal child will ask, but perhaps those had best be handled by the parent in any case. Meantime, let us not quarrel with a book that in essence is so nearly right.

The last is *Realms of Gold* by Bertha Mahony and Eleanor Whitney. (Doubleday, Doran.) This is primarily a reference book, a book designed to answer the recurrent questions regarding titles, authors, illustrators, editions, new books, and old books. It is not exactly a catalogue, for it is so much more than that, carrying as it does information about individual authors and illustrators of note. The introductory section deals with the history of children's books; the last sec-

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is easily acquired

simply by reading the publishers' announcements of new books by talked-about authors that appear in this issue.

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tion tells something of the general trend and of what publishers are trying to do to raise the standards. The volume will be invaluable for bookshops, for librarians, and as reference for the inquiring parent. It is fully illustrated with cuts from the books listed, and one gets through its pages a very comprehensive picture of the world of children's books, and what is more important still, a sense of the importance of these books in the development of the individual child and in the development of literature as well.

ANSWERS TO INQUIRIES

Some time ago we received a long letter from R. T. Springett of San Rafael, Calif. In it he described two books of a totally different kind. One was a novel which he had read several years ago, while the other seemed to deal with odd scientific facts. The novel he has reference to is, from its description, *The Island of the Great Mother* by Hauptman. This book sold for $2.50, but is temporarily out of print; the publisher is the Viking Press, 30 Irving Place, New York City. There have been several new books dealing with mysteries of nature, one of which may be the one for which Mr. Springett has been searching. Two of these books are serious, while the third is written in a more humorous vein. The titles are: *The Wonder of Life* by J. Arthur Thomson, $5.00, Charles Scribner's Sons, Fifth Ave., New York City; *Nuggets of Knowledge* by George W. Stimson, $2.00, George Sully & Co., 114 East 25th St., New York City; and the third, *Believe It or Not* by Robert L. Ripley, $2.00, Simon & Schuster, 37 West 57th St., New York City. . . . Miss Ruth Pellar, New York City, wants to know the best book on business letter writing. The answer to her problem seems to be found in *Effective Business Letters* by Edward Hall Gardner, A.M., and Robert Ray Aurner, Ph.D., $3.00, Ronald Press, 15 East 26th St., New York City. . . . From Rarramatta, New South Wales, there came a long letter asking us the relative merits of the various translators of *The Arabian Nights*. M. Sofer-Schreiber, our correspondent, has been answered by a letter, but we wish to acknowledge the receipt of his letter and thank him for the many kind and generous things which he said of *Harpers Magazine*. . . . "Forty years ago," writes E. G. Koch, Bloomfield, N. J., "the books of Capt. Mayne Reid were in great demand by the boys of that period." To-day boys are still reading Captain Reid's books, for seven of these thrilling narratives

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are still in print, namely: *Boy Hunters: Adventures in Search of White Buffalo*, *Bush Boys*, and *The Young Voyageurs*, $1.75 each, G. P. Putnam's Sons, 2 West 45th St., New York City; *Boy Hunters of the Mississippi* and *Boy Slaves*, 80 cents each in the Everyman Library, published by E. P. Dutton Co., 286 Fourth Ave., New York City; *Rifle Rangers* and *Scalp Hunters*, $1.50 each in the Boy and Girl Library, Frederick Warne Co., 26 East 22nd St., New York City. . . . The answer to Miss Florence Foster's (Foster, Alabama) question will be found in any modern edition of Dickens's works, in the volume titled *Edwin Drood*. Some of the standard publishers of Dickens are: A. L. Burt, New York City, the Burt Home Library, $1.00 per volume; Thomas Nelson & Sons, 381 Fourth Ave., New York City, the Century Library, $2.25 per volume, and the De Luxe edition, $2.75 per volume. . . . We have been unable to locate any book answering the description given in the letter of Q. A. Price, Jefferson, Ohio. He is looking for a Bible "with illustrations from literature" and which, he thinks, was praised by Dr. Albert Parker Fitch. If any of our readers knows of such a Bible we will be most grateful for information as to the publisher, etc. . . . Inspired perhaps by the literary reviews in *Harpers Magazine*, Jane Kaufman, Highland Park, Ill., has decided to become a Literary Critic. We hope that perusal of *The Book Review* by Wayne Gard, $2.00, Alfred A. Knopf Co., 370 Fifth Ave., New York City, and *How to Criticise Books* by Llewellyn Jones, $2.00, Norton Publishing Co., 70 Fifth Ave., New York City, will help Miss Jane Kaufman to write her "career book." . . . The publication date of *Storm House* by Kathleen Norris is April 6 of this year. Doubleday, Doran, Garden City, N. Y., is the publisher, and the price is $2.00. This information was requested by Hazel Cunningham, Pittsfield, Mass. . . . There were two requests for Lord Byron's works. Leonora Selden, Brooklyn, N. Y., asked for the books of *Don Juan* alone, and A. G. T. R. wants the volumes and prices of his complete poems. There are two editions of *Don Juan*, one put out by Dodd, Mead & Co., 449 Fourth Ave., New York City, a large illustrated edition which sells for $6.00; while the other is a small book, the Modern Reader's Series, the Macmillan Co., 60 Fifth Ave., New York City, priced 80 cents. Some editions of Byron's Poems are: a Macmillan edition, one volume, $2.50; the Everyman Edition, E. P. Dutton Co., New

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York City, three volumes, 80 cents each; one volume, $2.00, published by David McKay, 604 South Washington Square, Philadelphia, Pa.; one volume containing poetry and letters, put out by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York City, $3.50; and the Cambridge edition, one volume, published by Houghton, Mifflin Co., Boston, Mass., at $4.50. . . . And now we answer the request from another continent. This time it is South America. Raul G. Collters R. writes from Valparaiso, Chile, S. A., asking the names of the books by Luigi Cornaro. They are: *The Art of Living Long*, $2.00, Caspar Publishing Co., 454 East Walker St., Milwaukee, Wis., *Health and Long Life*, $1.00, in the Ariel Booklets, put out by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York City, and *How to Live Long*, $1.25, The Health Culture Co., 1133 Broadway, New York City. . . . In the February issue of *Harpers* we gave a correspondent information on the quotation "Ships that pass in the night." Another reader, noting this, sends us an interesting letter regarding the novel published in 1893, the title of which was taken from this quotation. Mrs. Alice M. Hall, Upton, Mass., continues: "Written by an English woman, Beatrice Harranden, it was widely read and reviewed. The full quotation, as I remember, was on the title page, and many, not knowing their Longfellow thoroughly, attributed it to Tennyson! It seemed to me that the book made the lines better known than ever before. The story should be as entertaining now as then: a group of patients at a Swiss health resort in the Alps—a pathetic love affair among the patients—many nationalities, but the principal characters English. . . . It was the book of the hour for a time. . . ." The book is still in print and is being called for in book stores by lovers of old books. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York City, is the publisher, and the price is $2.00.

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GIVE YOUR CHILD A CAMP TRAINING

by

ROBERT SNADDON

"Why should my boy or my girl attend a private summer camp?"

This question faces many parents every year. The answer is that the boy and the girl will thus use their summer leisure time to the greatest advantage. Instead of just wasting the summer days in idleness or with a lack of purpose in their pleasures, they will be in an educational institution where every day will count for something constructive and worth while. The artificial life of the summer resort does not meet the needs of the child for all round physical, mental, and moral development.

In the summer camp boys and girls are given a complete change from their busy school and social life of the winter. They return home from their eight weeks spent in ideal surroundings among jolly companions with a keener desire for re-entering school, an abounding health, and a fine appreciation of teamwork which helps to make for happy family and community life.

In addition to developing healthy minds and bodies, boys and girls at camp develop such sterling qualities as initiative, individuality, resourcefulness, optimism, and dependability through participation in the various camp activities.

They live in a wholesome environment where their education is carried on in a less formal manner than in school. They are keenly interested in taking part in the athletic, dramatic, and social activities at camp.

Discriminating parents realize that the summer camp bridges the gap in the education of their children. The long summer vacation became a part of our school plan when America was rural. Then in summer boys and girls were given an opportunity to lead an outdoor life under the direct supervision of their parents. But now that the majority of our citizens live in cities where little opportunity is given for wholesome activity, children need something definite to fill in this wide gap in their education. The properly conducted summer camp is the scientific method of bridging this gap.

In the best summer camps under private control the individual needs of the boys and girls are carefully analyzed and a program worked out to fit their particular needs. Their activities are so regulated that they have a certain amount of time for freedom as well as for participation in camp activities. Camp directors and counselors watch to see that boys and girls do not overexert in their enthusiasm to excel in camp sports.

Every boy and every girl should be given an opportunity to attend camp in summer as well as school in winter. By consulting the following pages, or by writing to the Camp Information Bureau of Harpers Magazine, information may be secured regarding the best camps and summer schools for girls and boys.

For Summer Camps See Following Pages

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Mrs. Katharine Ridgeway Hunt, 26 Park Drive, Brookline, Mass.

Mrs. Ella Harding Peffer, 113 Greenacres Ave., White Plains, N. Y.

Booklet on request to Miss Anna M. Lauers, Secretary, 40 Depot Plaza, White Plains, New York

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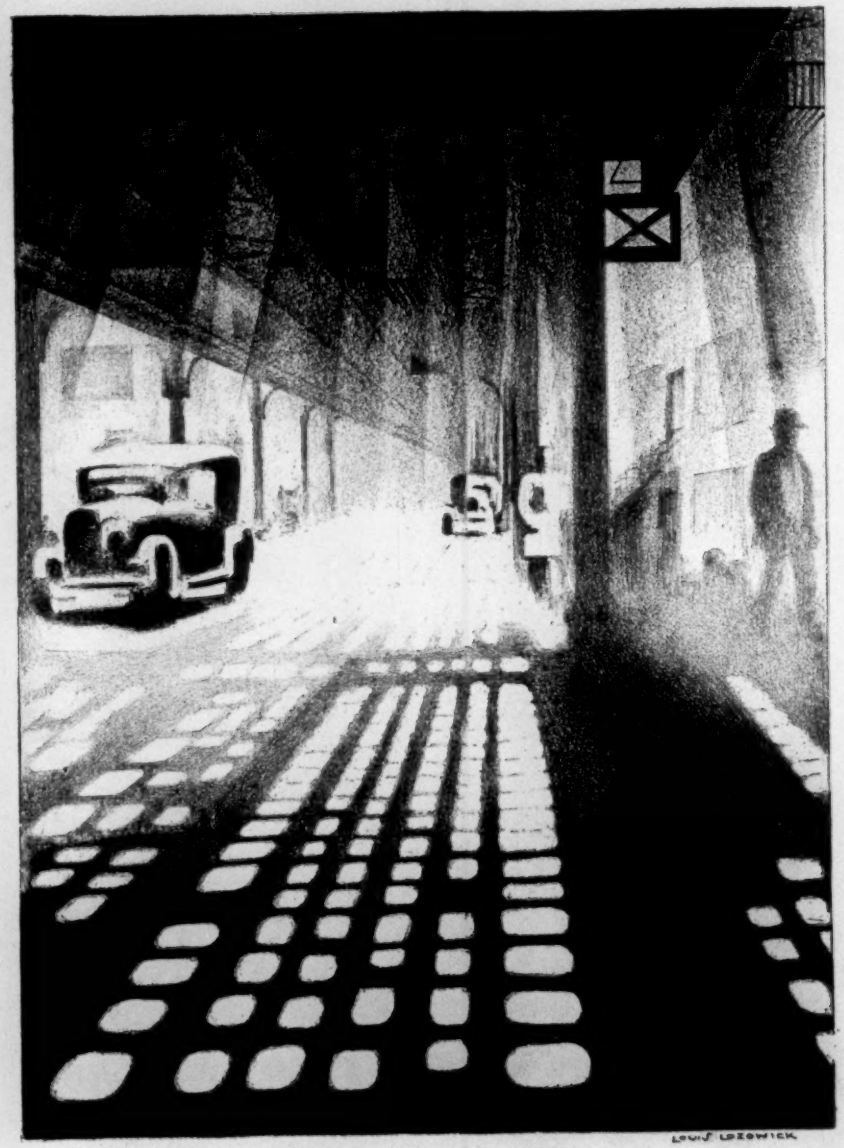

UNDER THE ELEVATED
By Louis Lozowick

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THE UNSOCIAL CHRISTIAN

BY KATHARINE FULLERTON GEROULD

THE title of this paper may be misleading, yet it implies, in truth, the heart of the matter. At the present moment, there are thousands, if not scores of thousands, of men and women who are constrained, by the nature and temper of the various existing sects, to keep their Christianity to themselves, and to cherish their allegiance to Christ in solitude and silence. As Christians, they are unsocial, since they find themselves unable to go along with any of the articulate and organized groups. I do not speak of people who have mentally renounced the Gospels; rather, of people who fundamentally believe them: men and women who have had neither time nor inclination to become learned in theology—of which there is practically none, anyhow, in the Gospels—who are, therefore, from the cleric's point of view, ignorant, yet who bring such intelligence as they have, to bear on the relation of the various churches to Christ, and who find that relation too frail, too disingenuous, too inconsistent, to wish to become, or to remain, committed and militant members thereof. Theologically, historically, unlearned as they are, they would perhaps be of no importance were it not for their vast and constantly increasing numbers. If a large proportion of the intelligent and well-meaning members of a great community reject the churches, the churches cannot forever stand as constituted. In the more civilized centers, indeed, the churches have already been driven to desperate expedients to preserve their power over men's minds, and are constantly found engaged either in deliberately arousing factitious emotions, or widening their scope to include all sorts of non-religious activities. Neither incense nor the open forum has, strictly speaking, anything to do with religion.

This unsocial Christian, who ponders the Gospels by himself—it may be, without sufficient exegetical reading—comes eventually to believe that the plain, untwisted words of Christ give no sanction whatever to half the doctrines and counsels promulgated by the churches in His name. The clearer words of the Master—many remain, in spite of all the efforts of doctors and divines, terribly

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obscure—are counsels of perfection to the individual. Nowhere does he find any injunction laid upon Christians to build themselves into any mundane fabric whatsoever. Even the tender pun of "*Tu es Petrus*" disintegrates as a practical statement, apparently, when the scholars have finished with it. The only thing that leads a dogma-less Christian into any existing church is the pronouncement: "He who is not for me is against me." In a so-called Christian civilization he does not like to stay outside, for fear of being reckoned an enemy of Christ. At the door of almost every communion, however, rise some literal words of Christ to bar him out.

Matthew Arnold, in his day, made a fine plea for the Established Church on the score, precisely, of its being established: historic, familiar, part of the social fabric, and endeared, by every process of association and memory, to generations. He even, in his brief for conformity, went so far as to say that no breaking away from an historic church could be justified save on moral (not theological) grounds; that the reformers were justified in revolting if the sale of indulgences was continued as a practice by the main body of the Church, but that no difference of opinion on matters like priestly absolution or the Real Presence (Matthew did not capitalize it) could justify revolt. Such a statement rings oddly in religious ears; but Matthew Arnold was not exactly a religious man, though a highly moral one. In any case, right as he is about the folly and egotism of much religious "reform," no church is "established" in America, and no single church can hold the place, in the American mind and heart, that the Establishment holds in England. Eminently persuasive is Arnold's contention that all dogmas are but human glosses on the Gospel; that Christianity has grown as it had to grow, adapted itself to the times and the natures of men as conditions obliged it, and that the summit of religious knowledge has not yet been reached. I remember once hearing a distinguished missionary bishop of the Methodist church declare that we should never understand the Gospel according to St. John until India was Christianized and could explain it to us. Perhaps.

Granted all these reasonable points of view—they do not help us much. For what one seems to see ever more clearly, as one ponders the Gospels, is that the various churches with their dogmas are not so much human glosses on Christ's words as plain denials of what He clearly stated or plain inventions of what He never implied. Between interpretation and denial or invention, there is a big difference. Get down to His plainest statements—some of them are admittedly obscure—and you find, first of all, that the duty of a Christian is to save his own soul, and to establish the kingdom of God within himself. The practical advice as to how to achieve this, if followed, would turn a man into a saint. It would also make it impossible for him, in any Western civilization, to be a good citizen. The struggle to reconcile Christianity with the political and social notions of the Western world has been going on for nearly two thousand years. The words remain as they were written: the Christian is to take no thought for the morrow, what he shall eat, drink, or wear; he is to forsake friends and family for Christ; he is to renounce every loyalty save the one. True Christians, evidently, were to be celibate and impoverished nomads, preaching salvation to whoever would listen. There is no sign of interest in any political or social scheme whatever. Arguments as to whether Christ, like His disciples, thought the end of the world imminent, are beside the point. The significant thing is that He explicitly denied to His chosen any worldly advantage. Those were to be blessed who mourned, who were meek, who were reviled and persecuted. Easier it was for the camel to go through the needle's eye than for a rich man to enter the kingdom of Heaven, and the young man who had great possessions had to go away sorrowful. Possessions—whether

financial, social, or intellectual—were not in the Christian scheme. Have we any right to behave as if Christ did not mean what He said? Yet where does it leave us?

It leaves the Roman Catholic, no doubt, very much where he always, inevitably, was. If only the Church can explain Christ, then he may—must—take whatever the Church says, and give himself no further mental exercise. But it leaves the Protestant in a hole; for even Calvinism or Lutheranism or Wesleyanism is a matter of free allegiance. A man may choose this or that body of doctrine or reject it, according as his intellectual conscience dictates. His responsibility is to God, not to any organized faction. No subject is, in itself, more fascinating than the history of doctrines. The mind can play about delightfully among the earlier centuries of the Christian era; a man may place a red Sabellian on a black Catharist, or checkmate the Demiurge with the Logos, and find excellent interest and amusement therein. But it avails nothing, and he knows it. From the beginning, politics and majorities, great individuals and powerful blocs, had their way with creed and dogma. In other words, the Church was made by man, more or less after the fashion in which man makes other things. But in the stark teaching of Christ Himself was neither metaphysics, nor fetichism nor hair-splitting; and when a man comes back to the Gospels, he finds no warrant for a political, or a social, or a philosophical fabric to call itself a church—hardly a warrant for any church at all. The Church is pure pragmatism: it invented itself in order to be successful.

II

There are plenty of classical historians who insist that Christianity consumed the Roman empire; that it was Christianity, in the last analysis, which delivered civilization up to the barbarians to destroy. I am not competent to determine whether or not these historians are right. But what is clear to anyone surveying Europe for the last two thousand years, in however sketchy a fashion, is that pure Christianity is, and always has been, essentially a lower-class religion. Every desperate attempt to cling to, or return to, the literal simplicity of Christ's own words, has come from the poor, the unconsidered, the downtrodden. For a long time, Christianity could exist only (as one historian puts it) "among the washerwomen of Rome." The Christian counsels have always borne hardly on people who had a stake in the community, who cherished civic duty or civic privileges, who had anything to lose. Even in the Middle Ages (save where now and then a great man played politics) the movements for reform and return came from the people who had socially, politically, nothing to lose. Even to-day, Christian fervor is largely confined to the poor and the ignorant. So long as society is intricately organized, and based on power—martial, financial, or tribal—literal Christianity *can* be only a lower-class religion. It can be only that so long as there are any mundane classes at all. For the essence of Christ's teaching is the complete renunciation of the world and its materialistic or intellectual advantages. People who want to keep any of those can but "go away sorrowful."

The great commandments are to love God and to love one's neighbor as oneself. Loving God is an intimate and personal and incommunicable business—leave it, for the moment, to one side. To love one's neighbor as oneself (backed up, as the command is, by all sorts of more specific commands which make the meaning clearer) means ultimately to renounce all position, all ambition, all striving for any *comparative* advantage whatsoever. No wonder the Church has ignored the positive for the negative admonitions. "Thou shalt not" do this or that is so much easier to obey than "Thou shalt." Christ reiterated the Ten Commandments, yes; but when He

developed His own gospel He became positive. "Whosoever he be of you that forsaketh not all that he hath, he cannot be my disciple." He promised His chosen that if they obeyed His precepts they should have eternal life; He also warned them that they would have nothing else. Kindness was strictly enjoined upon them: the sick, the widow, and the fatherless were to be objects of their individual concern; otherwise, their value as citizens was to be, as far as one can see, negative—the value of doing no positive injury to any man. They were not to defend their rights, even in a suit at law, much less by physical retaliation. Virtuous they would be, but absolutely non-social; and it is a question whether, if they came to preponderate in numbers, any society—from all the normal duties and responsibilities and activities whereof they were explicitly to abstain—could possibly hold together.

It is needless to point out, so familiar is the fact, that it was the realization, precisely, of all this, and not any theological objections, that made the early Christians anathema to the Roman authorities. A good Christian could not be a good Roman citizen, for Christ never condescended to envisage people as citizens. The primitive Christian, close to the apostolic age, was apparently too preoccupied with his personal salvation to care about the welfare of the community, too ignorant to value an intellectual heritage, too humble and unconsidered, himself, to view with alarm the discomfiture of his superiors. Christianity was an emphatic negation of all aristocracies, whether political, financial, social, or intellectual. Its denial of all the values of this world could be pleasing and appealing only to the "have-nots." Almost any classical historian will tell you that it was the bad citizenship of the Christians, their tendency to evade social and civic duties, that prejudiced the Roman world against them. That Christians began temporizing almost immediately with the commands of Christ is obvious; for His counsels, if taken at their face value, destroy not only the state but the home. Christ knew perfectly that states and homes would go on being constituted, human nature being such and such; He merely made it clear that His counsels of perfection, if literally followed, isolated the Christian completely in a state of mind that refused all traffic with mundane arrangements.

III

When Rome was gone, another civilization was inevitably built up to take its place. Primitive Christianity had been by this time abandoned, and the organized Church, as we all know, took a dominant role in the building of that civilization. Let the historians recapitulate; it is sufficient to our purpose to point out that, regardless of the sincerity and devotion of certain great and saintly men, the Church compounded freely with the political and social notions of the times, and stained itself with every sort of temporal ambition. The Church became powerful; it became political; and, in spite of the noble by-products of clerical and monkish activity, it may be said to have departed widely, in spirit, from the teachings of Christ. Asia had conquered Europe, in the first centuries; now Europe conquered Asia. Western Europe never knew what to do with anything as alien to its own genius as the Gospels, and the spirit of temperance and tolerance, so explicitly inculcated by Christ, was racially impossible to it. Temperance and tolerance were lost pagan virtues, never re-discovered. No, not even to this day. Historic Christianity has never fostered them. Christians got farther and farther away from loving their neighbors as themselves. When Christ said "I came not to send peace, but a sword," He (who was a master of irony) may well have been thinking of the centuries that established His church with its foot on the necks of men; His words implying mere futurity, not purpose.

What one sees, through the centuries,

is the long struggle on the part of the Church—whether in its Roman or its Reformed manifestations does not matter (for since the schism both parties have been equally unsuccessful)—to adapt the social fabric to the Christian religion. Either one or the other had to be profoundly altered, since organized society and the pure Christianity of the Gospels are immortally at war with each other. On the whole, society has had its way, for self-preservation—scorned utterly by Christ—is the deepest impulse of the human organism. Christianity was adapted to the social fabric. It became, naturally, almost unrecognizable. Christians, instead of being told to abandon the more positive duties of citizenship, were encouraged to pursue them: to fight in armies, to amass property, to fill worldly positions, to establish themselves as conventional and even powerful citizens. Instead of being warned that they ought to forsake father and mother, brother and sister, wife and child, for Christ, the domestic relations were, for the great body of the laity, positively enjoined and glorified. Though there were vast numbers of monks and nuns, ostensibly renouncing the world, Christendom as a whole was not expected to enter the convents—rather, to stay outside, and support them. Both state and home—neither one apparently of any concern to Christ Himself—were elevated almost to sanctity. Inevitable, given the impulses, passions, and ambitions of men? Yes; but entirely non-Christian, as far as one can see.

No amount of exegesis helps us much in these matters, for the commentators interpret one text into a paramount position and another into nothingness. "This is my body" is taken figuratively by one great group, and literally by another. To the Protestant it seems clear beyond dispute that Christ spoke figuratively, and that "This do in memory of me" pointed straight to the agapæ of primitive times, the little memorial services furtively celebrated underground, beneath the tread of Roman feet. To the Catholic it equally seems clear and beyond dispute that Christ Himself inaugurated the fetichistic ceremony of the Mass. The question of the Virgin Birth—it is hard to see why—still agitates the minds of men. The thorny problem of the Atonement, with all its bitter Semitic implications as to the nature of God the Father, grows no less thorny as time wears on. Arius and Athanasius did not mark the end of bitter controversy. The Western world has ever been more theological than religious. It is told of a Yale Freshman that he ended a paper with the words: "And now they have taken from us even our hope of a future life, Hell being a myth." That there has been too much hell-fire in Christianity, all sects would doubtless now agree; as they would agree that the Old Testament has been too much permitted to overbear the New. There is a present tendency among clergymen of the more enlightened sort to reject the "carvers of cummin," on the one hand, and, on the other, to eschew the repellent Jewish metaphor. Too long have both hair-splitting and violence been pulpit vices. Where the Romanist was content to

> . . . hear the blessed mutter of the Mass,
> And see God made and eaten all day long,

the Protestant consented to suffer from "that outpouring of bile called Calvinism," or sought an unintellectual relief in brutalizing hymns about being washed in the blood of the Lamb.

No Christian, however, has a right to challenge the churches because they are steeped in human nature unless he can divest himself of his own human nature; nor can he deny that, in spite of their remoteness from the Gospels, they have made of a so-called Christian civilization a much more humane thing than any pagan civilization has ever been. It is not the Christian church, perhaps, that in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries turned the Western world humanitarian; the most enlightened liberalism, evidently, sprang outside the Church.

Yet no liberal, even though he be a free-thinker, is what he is save by the grace of a two-thousand-year heritage; and, whether he knows it or not, it is Christ—proclaimed and adored, however misunderstood or perverted—who has enabled him to love his neighbor. The noblest Stoic of them all lacked something that colors the point of view of even the most indifferent Christian of to-day. It is even possible, falling under the glamour of historic evolution, to take a mystical attitude towards the very errors of the Church, and to murmur

> Sinned hast thou sometime, therefore art thou sinless,
> Stainèd hast thou been, who art therefore without stain.

But all such truces with human nature, the glittering enemy, are shattered when a man returns to the words of Christ. In plain English, and in plain honesty, he must let the glamour go; and he is forced to realize that none of the churches can possibly be what Christ meant, even though they should all, by Him, have been foreseen. If he takes stock of himself frankly, he acknowledges that he is by no means a Christian according to precept: indeed, if he keeps on with his normal activities and duties to country, kin, and friends, he cannot be. He knows that he is not going to throw over his work, his pastimes, his family, his home, his sure support, his deep implication in the body politic and the body social.

Short of that, just how can he call himself a Christian? He looks about upon his more outspokenly Christian acquaintance, of whatever communion, and finds even the most earnest of them as deeply and complacently involved in these relations as he himself. The sects divide on this or that point of doctrine, organization, or ritual; and the most temperate and tolerant sects have, apart from tolerance and temperance, no more to do with Christ than the others. The churches that lay most stress on the figure of Christ are the ones that hedge Him about with the stiffest human interpretations.

There was, in the dawn of the Christian era, a little group (heretical, since it did not prevail) known as the Ebionites, who rejected St. Paul *in toto*—for very poor reasons, one gathers. The unsocial Christian of to-day is sometimes tempted to call himself, ironically, a neo-Ebionite; for it often seems to him that the Old Testament and the Pauline epistles (read or misread) have done a large amount of the harm. On them, at least, has been based, however wrong-headedly, the greater part of the repellent theology that keeps men aloof from Christ Himself; and while there is some tendency nowadays to get away from the Old Testament, there seems to be no tendency to get away from Paul. Matthew Arnold once explained ingeniously the long injustice that has been done to St. Paul by the great divines who have misunderstood him. Call it interpretation or misinterpretation, as you like, Paul has certainly lent himself all too easily to the service of dogma. Roughly speaking, you may say that the Western world has nearly always chosen one of two extremes to fall into—dogmatic theology or fetich. There is little lure in either to the mind of the weary modern, who seeks to refresh himself with the eternal and convincing beauty of Christ. They stay his feet on the path to the Master.

IV

That the churches have kept Christ in the minds of the world for nearly two thousand years is their great achievement. Whatever they have called Christ, however they have defined Him, they have at least named Him, and men have not been allowed to forget. That is much.

Yes, it is much; though it cannot be denied that what they have called Him, the ways in which they have defined Him, have caused millions of people to reject Him, and rejection is as bad, perhaps, as ignorance. Not to know Christ is a terrible thing; but knowing Him, not

to love Him, is a worse fate. It is evidence of the invincible, irresistible nature of Christ that the unsocial, unaffiliated, sectless lover of the Gospels can believe in the Incarnation without crediting the Virgin Birth; can believe that He died to save sinners, though he reject the archaic and brutal dogma of the Atonement; and can believe that He came to give eternal life, without tarnishing that priceless gift with primitive eschatologies. He needs neither the Immaculate Conception, nor the Atonement, nor the Resurrection, to believe in Christ; and the three statements, "God is love," "God is a spirit," "The kingdom of Heaven is within you"—authentic and clear if anything in the Gospels is authentic and clear—destroy, at a breath, half the creeds of Christendom.

This unsocial Christian is not concerned with pitting his intelligence against that of a Jerome, an Aquinas, a Luther. Modesty, as much as prevision of defeat, would keep him from that contest. But he sees that controversy is not dead, and that nothing is settled. The human glosses on Christ's words continue to be made, in all good faith and earnestness. Inevitably, he goes back, himself, to the Gospels, to spell out the message as he can for himself. Doctors, I believe, still disagree as to whether or not Christ thought the physical end of the world was near. It would be interesting to know; and the knowledge might seriously affect our interpretations of some of Christ's words. But, not knowing, we have to take the words as they stand. In either case, the world was to be forsaken, despised, ignored; certainly not dallied with or sacrificed to. Whether because it was an illusion soon to pass, or an illusion to be fought through countless ages, does not really matter. The duty of the Christian was clear: to be in no wise a slave to that illusion. Penetrated with this conviction, the Christian can but envisage all religious organizations as pure pragmatism, pure compromise; and the question puts itself to him, as it has put itself for two thousand years to the blind heart of man: is it better to be Christian or to survive? All the great churches have answered that it was better to survive; and Christ was not interested in survival. Self-preservation and Christianity are profoundly, immitigably at war. You can explain away many things, but you cannot explain away what Christ thought of the world, or of the devices by which a man saves his life. A Christian civilization is a paradox, for the machinery of civilization must be anathema to the true Christian (as indeed it seems to have been to the primitive Christians). If anyone argues that counsels of perfection are meant to be followed only so far as seems possible, Christ Himself retorts, "Be ye perfect." Strait indeed is the gate, and narrow the way. . . .

The unsocial Christian admits frankly to himself that he does not intend to be perfect; that, caught in his context, he will stick to his job, his home, his family, his mundane responsibilities, his pleasures, his ambitions. The organized Christians in the churches do the same, without apology. But even stronger in him than the impulse to call himself, before men, by the name of Christ, is the impulse not to ally himself with groups that officially controvert the Saviour's teaching. Neither he nor they will go into the wilderness; but he will at least confess to himself that the wilderness is where both he and they belong. The immense aid of solidarity he wistfully acknowledges; but what if the solidarity seem to him misconceived, misfounded, and misdirected? Like the young man of the Scriptures, he goes away sorrowful, keeping in his most secret heart the vain knowledge that Christ was indeed the Son of God, the Way, the Truth, and the Life. Vain, because it is barren of practical results; not vain, in so far as a man who acknowledges Christ in his heart can never be really at peace with worldliness. But being a Christian, as we said, is a desperately unsocial business.

FATHIMA THE COOK

BY LELAND HALL

THE house I occupied in Marrakech was spacious and charming, but not rich. From the short entrance passageway one stepped down to the right into a big square courtyard, where there were three bitter-orange trees and a fountain, running pure water into an octagonal basin. This allowed me to dispense with the professional water carriers, who bring you water from the public fountains in goatskin bags, and who are faithful, laborious men from the countryside. Both the trees and the fountain came up as topics in my Arabic lessons; and I learned to say of them in Arabic that the landlord had set out the trees, not for their fruit, which is unpalatable, but for beauty and for shade, since the sun burns fiercely in summer; and of the fountain, that the soft sound of its water kept me company when I was alone in the house. In the hot weather it was good, in any language, to dash one's self with buckets of water from the basin.

Round the courtyard the house rose to two stories. The plaster was stained by weather to a soft tan or rosy tint, and within the arches of the doorways was plaster carving painted deep blue and red. There was a coping of green tiles above. From this big courtyard a short passage led into another and smaller one. Here was the kitchen, with delapidated rooms above; and here water ran in a pipe from the wall.

All the living rooms, upstairs and down, gave on the pleasant space of the courtyard. Like Moorish rooms in general, they were very long right and left of the door, narrow across, and high. Neither doors nor windows were contrived to let in the sun. Nine months of the year are hot, and in the summer months the native needs a retreat from the sun. Of the five big rooms which opened onto the main court I used but two: one below to eat in if my table might not be set out under the trees in the court itself, and one above to live and sleep in.

There was no access to the roof top. In the neighborhood a few rich and powerful men had their palaces, with enclosed gardens where their women walked; and lest neighbors look amorously down into these, they had put a restriction upon building in the vicinity in the matter of stairways and doors to the roof. If my roof leaked and had to be mended, the masons went far down the street till they came to a poor house the roof of which was within reach of their makeshift ladders, then clambered back over the intervening rooftops to mine. Once I went with them, looked down into the forbidden gardens on my left, and over all the city on my right to the snowy Atlas range, the untroubled view of which it was supposed I might disregard for some Bathsheba.

My chief servant was a woman, Fathima, Mohammed's daughter, who was not precisely of my own choosing, though I could never have chosen so faithful or so willing a one. Though many of the Moroccan women servants will do more work than a man, they are not generally responsible and must be continually supervised and trained. The men more often take charge of things, and besides quickly learn enough

French, if they do not know it already, whereas the women seem almost to withhold from doing so. My Fathima could speak no French.

A man cook, who had agreed to stay on with me after he had settled us in the house in the Zaouia, decided so suddenly to leave Marrakech that he had not time to find me another good man to take his place. But women are more plentiful, and he bade me not to mind because he would bring me a good woman. Early the next morning, the very day of his departure, while I was bathing at the fountain, he dragged the woman into the court. An urchin named Mahjoub, a half-starved little fellow whom the cook had always had about for errands and odd jobs, followed her. From the top of her head to her feet she was shrouded in her "haik," the outer garment women wear, which seems no more shaped than a blanket, yet which, with a single skilled twist of hand, they will plait over their heads and brows so that it falls in voluminous folds about their bodies, clutched tight by an inner hand only at the throat. The veil was tied across her face. It is curious how this costume, which is only the daily fashion for respectable, even freer, women who must go out in the streets, evokes a traditional spell of the Orient.

Fathima, however, allowed me but a fleeting vision of a woman veiled; for, without hesitation, she cast off the enveloping haik and the veil, as one of our women would take off her hat and coat and, with head tilted slightly back, presented herself to my inspection. She was short and rather dumpy, rather poorly dressed. A cloth was tied tightly over her hair, which gave the effect of flattening her head and widening her dark and oily face. Her somber eyes were big and far apart, and she did not smile.

"Take her to the kitchen, Hamed," I said, "and set her to work." Hamed did so, Mahjoub trotting after them.

With rather terrifying suddenness it now fell upon me that Hamed, whose French could meet and discuss my every want, considered his work done. After breakfast, which he served me hurriedly, he strained to depart. I got a pencil and a piece of paper.

"Give me the Arabic words for these things," I commanded, and thereupon plucked him for a list of such necessaries as my anxious mind was capable of remembering. I was to lunch up town; but my dinner must be carefully planned.

"You shan't go from this house," I said, "till you have instructed her about my dinner."

"What do you wish to eat, sir?"

"A big salad of vegetables," I said wildly; and, taking from the list and adding to it, made a word salad of lettuce, carrots, peas, a little cauliflower, a little onion, and a French dressing. "Now tell her!"

So he called Fathima from the kitchen and told her; and his words—as Arabic words have a malicious way of doing—squeezed and utterly distorted themselves in the open air, so that I did not recognize one of them, though I had but now written most of them down. But she understood something, for Hamed translated her reply, which was that she knew how to arrange a salad and even how to make a dressing for it.

"Now," said Hamed, "my mother is crying because I am going away to Fez."

"Tell Mahjoub I wish him to stay and work with Fathima."

Hamed did this, and the urchin's face brightened.

Then Hamed went away, wishing me peace, which seemed the last comfort I was likely to have.

I did not, would not, see or hear the woman in the house the rest of the morning; but when I was ready to go up town I found her in the kitchen. She had been busy, had washed down the floors and cleaned all the corners. The towels and kitchen aprons were washed and hung on a line.

"Peace be with you," I managed to say. "I shall return for supper."

"Peace be with you, monsieur," Fathima and Mahjoub responded in low unison.

Night had fallen when I came back to my house. My step echoed in the starlit courtyard. I was prepared to find them both fled, and ready to be glad of it. But after I shouted, Mahjoub, silent and vague, ran out from the kitchen passage, and into the dining room. He lighted two candles on the table. They might not have known how to turn the electric switch or have been afraid to do so. But the supper table was neatly laid; a bottle of wine stood uncorked by my plate, and the glass was shining. This was not so bad; and on such a warm, soft night a big bowl of salad was truly what I desired.

So I sat down and commanded my food. Mahjoub brought me soup in a tureen almost as big as he. I drank it. He brought me a dish of French fried potatoes, excellently done. I ate them. Then a dish of creamed carrots, then a dish of turnip warmed in olive oil, a course of green peas, very hot, a steaming cauliflower. So it went on, dish by dish and each served separately. There was not a cold morsel of food that night. At the end Fathima herself brought my coffee. She was to take that always as her own service, lifting with her fingers a bit of sugar from the tin and dropping it in my glass, then pouring the coffee.

"I wanted cold food," I said to her pleasantly.

She did not understand. She looked startled.

"Cold," I said.

"A little," she replied—of the night, retiring to her kitchen.

They allowed me five minutes for my coffee. They were not to live in the house, but to return to their own homes, which were two miles off in the Kasbah. Mahjoub cleared the table. I heard the creak of the heavy doors which shut the kitchen passage. The band of light from the room in which I sat cut across the starlight of the court, across the fountain and under the orange trees beside it. Fathima stepped into the light out there. She had put on her haik and the veil across her face was a white mask.

"Give me a franc to buy the morning's milk," she said with a sort of stubbornness. When I had given it to her she wished me peace; and, veiled and cloistered in her robe, turned from the light and vanished. Mahjoub followed her like a puppy, directly in her footsteps. When the big door had closed behind them I was left to my thoughts and the sound of the fountain.

II

During the first three or four days I noticed her appearance. She had no longer the freshness of youth, though the plumpness of it still filled her unlined face. She just missed being beautiful. Her eyes and her forehead were beautiful and the line of her chin. She had a pleasant smile, opening her mouth prettily and revealing small, even teeth, unhappily no longer white. It was the curious high and spreading cheekbones which destroyed the proportions of her face.

When she went about her work she wore torn, baggy pantaloons, and a shirt of coarse yellow stuff, which hung from her shoulders to her knees. Over this she tied one of the kitchen aprons. When she leaned across the table, to lift a bit of sugar from the tin, for instance, the yellow shirt fell away from her, revealing the smooth, yellow side of her body below her arm and the crease of her breast. Her legs were slightly bowed and too short for grace. She was always barefoot in the house and, like Mahjoub, carefully avoided any water on the pavement.

For days it never occurred to her that she could understand what I should try to say to her in Arabic; and she insisted upon Mahjoub's being present at our interviews, who, indeed, because he had known me longer, was quicker to detect what ramped in my brain behind my un-

couth accents. Sometimes she would twist and squirm a little before me, and scratch one bare knee with the other foot. She had always a fearless, direct look, but usually, at first, a pretty solemn one.

I remember the first time I saw her really smile. I had asked her if she was married. Yes, she had been married, but her husband had left her. Had she had children? Yes, two, but they had both died. In telling me this she smiled brightly.

"How old were they when they died?"

"Little, little. But they were beginning to say 'mamma.'"

The light in her eyes did not fade. She recalled only the joy of having had sons.

"What did they die of?"

"They died. Our Lord willed it."

Here her smile was radiant.

Often the wailing or screaming of women flew across the sky above my courtyard. So news of many kinds spreads over the city. To me the shrill sounds remained indeterminate, but Fathima, and every native who came to my house, recognized without seeming to listen what they announced. It was by no means always death. One day a great burst of screaming proclaimed that a boy in the neighborhood had accomplished a day's fast in his first Ramadan. But sometimes it was death, and the natives knew whether it was the death of a man, a woman, a son, or a daughter. Doubtless Fathima mounted to the roof of her dwelling when her children died and proclaimed her loss over the city. Such is the convention. The shrilling brings mourners and those who prepare the body for burial without delay.

I have seen many funeral processions, and among them those of children, natural and touching. Never have I seen a woman in the following, which walks swiftly and directly, no matter who the dead, with the ringing chant of men's voices. Fathima did not follow the bodies of her children to the big cemetery outside the Bab Aghmat, but she knew they were buried there. For little children her heart still swelled with an overpowering love. You would have thought her breasts still must give milk, such was the rapture on her face when she held a child.

Sooner or later the barrier of language between us, enforced by our mutual unreadiness to believe we should ever understand each other, had to crumble. One morning Fathima came down from cleaning my room and, sending Mahjoub to wash dishes in the kitchen, stood straight before me at the breakfast table. She talked rapidly, and I, pretending to understand, said yes, yes and no, no indiscriminately. But the feeling grew on me that this was not enough. Fathima was saying something. As she said it over and over again, I slowly grasped the separate words, slowly put them together, and shivered.

"I will not work any longer in the house with him."

"You mean Mahjoub?" I asked; and it was immediately plain by her more agitated breathing that for several minutes she had meant nothing else.

"He does not do the work I set him. Your dishes, he will not wash them clean. I tell him they would not even in his own filthy house eat from such dishes. Your food, on the way to your table he picks from it with his fingers. He eats what I try to save. I tell him you will accuse me of that. He says you will never know. If he stays in the house I go."

I had sympathy for the half-starved youngster and tried to palliate his offense. Fathima was inexorable. Justice gave me a sting. They say all the Arabs scheme and lie, especially the women; and perhaps Fathima had a boy among her relatives whom she wished to work into Mahjoub's place. I ought to hear Mahjoub's side. But Fathima was indignant and firm. She was on the very point of action. If I kept Mahjoub, she would go; and I knew not where I could find another so pleasant and so compe-

tent as she. I bade Justice mind her own business, which is in another world than ours.

However, I delayed the wicked moment of deciding. I told her I was not sure of understanding all she had said, and that she must tell it all to my Arabic teacher, who would come in a little while and who could interpret. In due time, therefore, I summoned her with a clap of my hands to appear before Sidi Mohammed in his full robes and me in my stingy Western suit. She came and stood against the sunlight on the upper balcony and the tops of the orange trees. Instead of the indignation of early morning, she was possessed with coyness before this man of her own race who saw her unveiled. From his seat of judgment Sidi Mohammed flashed a certain look at her. It was very swift, but he must know, to judge agreeably, whether she was my mistress as well as my cook. The glance sufficed; he need but interpret, not adjust.

Fathima told her story directly. A little indignation resurged, and she stated my alternative even more firmly. When I had dismissed her my teacher said:

"She is an honest woman, and she will not stay if you keep the boy. You understood her this morning. You are making astonishing progress in the language. Some day you will be professor of Arabic in a great American University."

After he had gone I knew I must call up the miserable youngster and fire him. But gently, gently; not just a kick, like all the other kicks which had shot him hither and yon. How could I state the case to him most kindly? And, lo! while I was in this distress, he appeared before me, hang-dog as ever.

"Shall I go now or after dinner?" he asked, quietly.

"Eat a big dinner here. But give me your address."

"I am Mahjoub, son of Mohammed. I live in the Kasbah but do not know the number of my house."

"God willing, I may want you again."

"God willing," he said.

I shook his skinny little hand, then he walked to the stairway and down it out of my sight, probably out of my life.

Fathima could have done the work of the house unaided; but she had no acquaintances in this part of town and I thought a boy would be company for her during the long days. He could tend the door while she was at market and do odd jobs. She said she would bring a boy the next day, the son of one of her friends whose husband was indifferent to the welfare of his family.

"Mahjoub was a bad boy," she said. "He ate too much."

"What will the new boy eat?"

"He'll eat what I give him."

"And what will you give him, Fathima?"

"Bread," she answered, tersely.

There was nothing hang-dog about Omar, the new boy. He was tall and thin, so much the growing boy that he seemed to elongate while you looked at him. His head was small and round; his face was a fine big nose, to which he had not grown, and a pair of bright little almond eyes. His clothes were neatly patched and clean.

"You will do what Fathima tells you to do," I said, "and I will pay you eight cents a day, with your meals."

"I want ten cents," said Omar.

"You can't have it," said I.

So he stayed for eight. Doubtless he helped Fathima, but he made me work. For as soon as Fathima was out of the house and he ought to tend the door, he curled up in a sunny corner and went to sleep. Then, when someone knocked, I had to arouse Omar, which was more laborious than opening the door myself. Yet he served me well at table, was pleasant about the house. He was a Mercury for errands, too. Let me send him with a message to someone in town with only the vaguest indication of an address, and he was up and away. He never failed to deliver the message. If I sent him a great distance I gave him

money to hire a bicycle. He would return at the end of an hour, a little out of breath. I don't doubt he had raced round the outer circuit of the walls, which is many miles. After all, it was no life for him, shut up all day in a house with a Fathima who was "serious," and an American trying to learn Arabic out of notebooks.

What I valued most in him was his plurals. Arabic plurals are for the foreigner an almost irreducible difficulty. Of course, they had grown in Omar with his teeth, and they were no less firmly implanted in Fathima. But if I said to Fathima, "One mouse, two—?" she would repeat "one mouse, two." If I said to her, "One foot, two—?" she might say, "Yes, some Moroccans wear Christian shoes." Whereas, if I said to Omar, "One mouse?" he said "two *mice*." He knew I wanted plurals: for he had imagination and Fathima had not.

Yet Fathima was once brilliant in plurals. It was over a matter of charcoal. The charcoal dealers drive their wares to market in panniers suspended across the donkey's back. Now, panniers are double baskets. Doubles are often dual, not plural, in Arabic; and they end in an *n* sound. Fathima was talking about charcoal, which we needed, in terms of *hamelain*. Was that from *hamel*, which might mean a basket? Was it, then, a double basket, or a plurality of baskets? Was my hypothetical *hamel*, which was never mentioned, only half a double basket? The price of charcoal was soaring; I did not wish to overstock. Did I need half a basket, a basket, a double basket, or a plurality of baskets?

Fathima and I were hooked on this infinitesimal point, and Time and Space roared by us. Omar failed. It seemed to me that charcoal could be bought no more, that I must shave in cold water and go out for my meals. Then Fathima freed us from the snag.

"*Hamelain*, one donkey!" she breathed, amazed at the daring of her intelligence.

III

I gave her forty francs, which was the price she expected to pay for a *load* of charcoal. An hour later she returned to the house, and I heard talk of charcoal in the court and a man following her, wheezing under a load. When she brought me my coffee after lunch, she took money from the pocket of her apron and laid it on the table before me. There were fifteen francs.

"What is this?" I asked her.

"I went for the charcoal, and when I had come almost to the gate of the market a mile or more from our house, I overtook an old man driving his donkey with a load of charcoal. I saw he had come from the country. I said to him, 'Peace be with you, old man. Where are you going?' 'I am going to the charcoal market to sell my load.' 'It is a long way to the market,' I said; for I saw he was an old man and tired from walking and that he did not know the gate of the market was before him. I said to him, 'Sell me your charcoal and bring it to my house, which is nearby.' 'How much will you give me?' he asked. 'Twenty-five francs,' I said. Said he, 'It is not enough. They told me in the mountains where I live that charcoal is dear in the towns, and that I might sell my load for thirty-five or forty francs.' 'They knew nothing who told you so,' I said. 'Old man, it is Jews who buy in the markets. They will give you only twenty francs for your load. It is not very good charcoal, I see. Perhaps they will give you only fifteen. But I will give you twenty-five. Besides, the market is far from here. You are tired and my house is at hand.' 'It is true,' he said, 'that I am tired. I walked all day yesterday and all night and again to-day from my country. Your house is very near?' 'It is but a step,' I said, 'and here is the money which I will give you at the door.' So he turned his donkey and followed me. When we had gone five minutes, he said, 'It is a long way, your house.' 'No,' I said,

'you are tired.' When we had gone ten minutes, he stopped and said, 'I must sit down and rest.' 'No,' I said; and I whacked the donkey. When we had gone twenty minutes, he stopped again. 'You have lied to me; your house is far,' he said. 'Give me the money for my charcoal here. I will not go farther unless you pay me more.' 'Go back to the market and sell your charcoal, then,' I said. So he came with me to the door. 'Bring in the charcoal,' I said. 'For that you will pay me extra?' 'We shall see,' I said; and he brought the charcoal in to the kitchen. I went back with him to the door and paid him. Then he asked a 'favor' for having come so far and having brought the charcoal in. But I said, 'Peace be with you now, old man, and off to your country.'"

"And what did he say to that, Fathima?"

"I shut the door in his face."

"But he was old and tired, perhaps hungry!"

"Like his ass," said Fathima, giggling.

Thus was my stewardess faithful.

As we got to know each other better she would linger after she had served me my coffee, and Omar would linger, too. I cherish the memories I have of them thus, one on each side of the table in the shade of the orange trees, with the fragrance of the blossoms, perhaps, and the soft sound of the bees. They would give me plurals as long as I asked, laughing happily. They would tell me little stories in phrases natural to their tongue and rich as the growing grain or water flowing. They had tales of treachery and murder, too, which had come close to them; and these they would tell when I thought of going to walk in the groves beyond the city or of accepting some Moroccan's invitation. So that I saw them smiling against the fear they had inherited, like all the poor in Marrakech, from the insecurities of oppression and tyranny, the melancholy distrust which is in their blood.

In search of a vocabulary, I would put them any sort of question, intruding upon their private affairs as if they had no more feeling about them than a dictionary. So I went ferreting into Omar's family.

"What does your father do for a living?"

Omar stiffened. "I don't know," he answered.

Fathima said, "His father has gone away."

"Where?"

More rigidly than before, Omar answered that he did not know.

"Does he not send letters?"

"No."

"Does he not send money to your mother?"

"No."

"Why?"

Omar began silently gathering up the dishes. Fathima said Omar's father was a bad man; he had abandoned his wife and children. She laughed about it, but Omar never cracked a smile. Somewhat less bluntly, I returned to the attack; and though Omar's monosyllables grew more sullen, I learned he had a sister likewise abandoned by her husband and living in the mother's house too sickly for work; that there were three children younger than Omar, two of them too young to work; and that they all must live on what the mother and Omar could earn. When Fathima, who had also been abandoned by her husband, declared that all Moroccan men were bad, I told in the interest of international justice the story of a man or two in my own family upon whom Christian vows had rested with similar looseness. To Fathima it was quite spicy to hear that men were men the world over; but Omar marched away from us in silence with his head high.

Several weeks after that Fathima called me into the kitchen to meet a gaunt native woman, sitting on a mattress there and nursing a baby. She was unveiled and dishevelled, and she made no move to stand but only raised her eyes to look at me. These, though tired, were strangely blue and alight in

her long, bony face. Her hair was reddish and wiry.

"This is Omar's mother," Fathima said.

"Omar is a good boy, an honest boy," I said, thinking to please her.

"Good enough, honest enough. But now he wanders at night and no longer brings me the money you pay him."

It was never my experience to hear a Moor whine, except a professional beggar now and then. Of mortal happenings in their lives which we should color with the word tragedy they speak with the monotony of existence itself; and with like evenness, which is more remarkable, they speak of irritations and hardships. They are invariably readier to laugh than to cry; and for this reason I cannot believe that fatalism, if I am right in feeling it a mirthless word, defines their acceptance of life. To be sure, each, when he is worried or stricken, silences complaint with the phrase: It is written. Yet I believe that his patience—that patience which, with his laughter, is an outstanding characteristic—is founded not in the faith that what has befallen was decreed specially for him, but in the certainty, perhaps intuitive, perhaps instilled by his religion, that just such suffering as his has befallen all the children of Adam since the beginning: just such, no more nor less, and no other. The Moor finds no private feature in his hardship or his grief.

So Omar's mother, looking up at me from the mattress on the kitchen floor. There might have been in the street where she lived a dozen women deserted by their husbands, a dozen sons who, discovering life for themselves, had ceased to bring in their earnings to the family. There was nothing singular about it.

But to me, of course, it was a special case. Something could be done about it. I engaged myself to speak to Omar, and, if need be, to withhold for her a part of his wages, which Fathima could carry to her each week.

On the next pay day I gave Omar what was due him.

Fathima said, "Now don't go and spend it all, but take some home to your mother."

Omar was silent.

"It's so easy to spend money when you have it in your pocket," I said, "and for things you really don't want. Suppose I keep back ten francs each week for your mother. That would still leave you four or five to spend."

Omar hitched out his sack from the folds of his jellaba and put his week's money in it—all of it, and finished his work. He never came to my house again.

This must have happened near the end of April. The natives were still bringing their sickles to the street of the iron workers to have them beaten and sharpened for the harvesting. It was Omar who taught me the word for sickle, and for sowing and growing, ripening and reaping. Whether it was the end of April or the first of May, it was not before the harvesting and could not have been long after it. For me, as for the natives among whom I lived, the months were becoming the moons, the year the seasons. The jerk and hitch of dates were smoothing away, and time flowed evenly.

So it flowed while Omar was with Fathima in the house, many easy and profitable weeks, bringing me not only plurals but many a natural phrase which was not of my world, many a laugh. In the current of it Omar slipped out, yet it flowed on evenly as before.

IV

I did not engage another helper for Fathima. After all, the work in my house was relatively easy for her, and I gave her the money I should have paid a boy as an extra. This may have meant more luxury for her than she had ever been used to, for she was of a poor family and had always been poor. Her parents were both dead. She had brothers who

had left Marrakech. A widowed sister with an infant and two young sisters lived with her in the Kasbah; and sometimes one or the other of these would come down to the Zaouia to spend an afternoon with her. In the slack hours, then, she would go with them to the mosque of Sidi bel Abbas for prayer.

The state of women in Mohammedan societies is often brought up among us as derogatory to the creed. It is not perhaps generally known how firmly the laws of Mohammed safeguard the property rights of women, nor what comfort the women find in their religion. Fathima held herself rigorously to the fast of Ramadan. She neither ate nor drank during the long hours of the day. When I asked her once if she did not suffer from hunger or thirst, she said, "Oh, no; I pray, and that is better than bread or water." The sweet immediacy of God was always shining in her face, and so without astuteness and without spiritual challenge that it was as natural as the sunlight.

To her sister's child she devoted herself passionately. He was as unattractive a little brat as ever I saw, with a running nose and curiously ugly backsides, which were the top of his presentment when I saw him. He was learning to walk. He would not creep on his knees, but boosted his rear on his little legs, and seemed to push his face along the ground that way. If he happened to be headed towards me, he promptly turned round. His single little shirt was in a ruffle round his neck. But I need not hear his wails to know he was in the house; the happy look on Fathima's face told me that.

There came in June a spell of burning weather. On Fathima's face one morning I noticed an unfamiliar expression. I asked if anything ailed her.

"It is the little boy," she said. "He is very sick."

She and his mother had sat with him all night. His skin was hotter than the sun in these fearful days and he panted for breath. Even water he vomited.

"Fathima," I said, "there is a very kind doctor in town. Let me bring him to your house. It will cost you nothing and we will do everything we can."

She tilted her head and looked at me with no trace of feeling.

"Not the Christian doctor. Oh, no; Oh, no. Not the Christian doctor to lay his hands on a little Moroccan child, a little baby who cannot yet walk."

There was a noble French woman in town, herself a physician, who had established a hospital for women and children and ran a clinic there.

"Fathima," I urged, "let us take a carriage now and drive to your house and bring the baby to the woman doctor."

"You have your ways," she said, still firmly though her eyes were moist. "We have ours. Our baby is in the keeping of God."

"But, Fathima, you must do something."

"There is," she said, "an old Moorish woman who knows the illnesses of children. If need be, we shall go to her."

I sent her home immediately after lunch. The next morning her face was sad beyond words. The child was still living, but I saw she feared it might not be for long. She and her sister had watched all night. After midnight when they thought the baby could not breathe for fever, they wrapped him in a blanket and ran with him through the dark streets to the house of the old Moorish woman. But no one opened the door to them. The old woman had gone away to the country. There was not even a moon, Fathima said, and they were afraid in the darkness.

It seemed to me, both from what she said and from her anxiety, that the baby could hardly live. Therefore I did not urge again a Christian doctor.

"It will be as God wills," Fathima said, with trembling lip.

And the child lived. Yet I knew that though Fathima had spoken of the death of her own children as one of our women might not speak, her heart had known grief even like theirs.

Soon after, it was time for me to go. Fathima put the house well in order. We had a carriage come down into the Zaouia, and she carried my heavy bags out to it, and baskets of odds and ends which I had given to her. A native shirt she asked for I had promised to the Chleuh beggar who could not walk. To this she was not reconciled. When we were in the carriage, together with the woman she had had helping her with the house that day, and luggage and bundles high over us, I held the shirt on my knee.

"If we do not meet the beggar, Fathima," I said, "I will give you the shirt."

But we did meet the beggar, and I fell out of the carriage and gave him the shirt. When I had pushed in again amid the luggage, I spoke to Fathima a phrase I had recently learned.

"You're out of luck," I said.

Thereupon she laughed; struck the other woman on the knee; twisted round and shouted up to the cabman that I had said she was out of luck because we had met the beggar. It seemed quite to delight her.

It was after nightfall. We drove to the offices of the transportation company on the central square of the city, and she scolded the boys who squabbled and fought to carry my luggage. When it was checked in I found Fathima still waiting. She was all in her haik and veiled, and about her stood the half dozen old baskets full of odd bits I had given her from the house. She shook hands with me, and her eyes were quite starry above her veil. Then she and the other woman loaded themselves with the baskets and trudged away.

HARVEST

BY HELENE MAGARET

STARVING, he did not beg for food,
Nor, homeless, ask a bed,
But walked with hunger-stricken eyes
And proudly lifted head.

Now that his cellar runs with wine,
His bins have burst with grain,
He longs to feel the old-time thirst,
The old starvation pain.

STILL A MAN'S GAME

REFLECTIONS OF A SLIGHTLY TIRED FEMINIST

BY LILLIAN SYMES

RECENTLY I was one of a group of women who met together occasionally for dinner and an evening of informal talk. The group was bound together by the loose tie of common interest in various movements and by personal friendships. All of these women were feminists of a sort, but decidedly new style. Their ages ranged from twenty-eight to thirty-eight. They were well-dressed, well-informed, intelligent. Because of the too common acceptance of the Menckenian theory that all "new" women are so because they are lacking in pulchritude, I hasten to add that all of them were attractive; a few downright beautiful.

The conversation drifted from Russian movies to someone's — perhaps Mr. Macy's—recent attack upon feminism, and from that to "the new man." There was a scornful sniff from behind the cloud of cigarette smoke which enveloped our youngest member, a good-looking Ph.D.

"Who is he? The gentleman who expects you to assume half the financial obligations and all the domestic ones. I've seen him in action. You can have him. Some day I shall look up some blood brother of George F. Babbitt who won't expect me to be beautiful, brilliant, seductive—and a good provider; and I'll marry him for life. I haven't watched my free-souled sisters all these years for nothing."

I waited for the protest or raillery which in other days would have followed such a declaration in such a group. There were only a few derisive smiles. I think we were all a little shocked at our mutual silence.

These women were typical of a generation of feminists who have experimented with the social and economic emancipations talked about since the days of Mary Wollstonecraft. Because I believe that, as pioneers of a wider freedom in a highly transitional social period, their experiences are significant, I want to define them more fully and differentiate them from their predecessors and successors. For what a small, self-consciously "advanced" group is doing to-day may become the common practice, through sheer necessity, of the masses to-morrow. Already the Nora who slammed the door of her Doll's House behind her has been followed by hordes of young girls in stores and offices who find it absolutely essential to cling to their jobs after marriage.

My own generation of feminists in the pre-war days had as little in common with the flat-heeled, unpowdered, pioneer suffragette generation which preceded it by a decade or two as it has with the post-war, spike-heeled, over-rouged flapper of to-day. We grew up before post-war disillusionment engulfed the youth of the land and created futilitarian literature, gin parties, and jazz babies. If in those younger days we believed didactically in our right to smoke and drink, we considered over-indulgence in either "rather sloppy" if not anti-social. If we talked about free love and if a few even practiced it

"as a matter of principle," we should have been thoroughly revolted by the promiscuous pawing and petting permitted by so many technically virtuous young women to-day. The gold-digger, according to our code, was only a little less honest than the kept woman. Promiscuity was the one thing worse than marriage without love. We were idealists, you see, in our quaint way, and we took ourselves rather seriously. We read Wells, Shaw, Galsworthy, and the Continental social novelists. From Olive Schreiner, Ellen Key, and Charlotte Perkins Gilman came our phraseology. Lester Ward was our sociological authority. If all this makes us sound like prigs, I can assure you we were not. We made ourselves as attractive as we knew how to be, we were particular about our clothes, and few of us ever "sat out" dances.

Already equal suffrage had been won in many states and its federal success was imminent. Political freedom and the right to enter the professions and arts had been almost gained by a braver, grimmer, and more fanatical generation of feminists behind us. These were the women who had had to make the famous choice between "marriage and a career." We were determined to have both, to try for everything life would offer of love, happiness, and freedom—just like men. To us suffrage was only a starting point, one of the many facets of the woman's movement, one of several causes we believed in. While we were not all political radicals, we were examining our socio-economic order and our sex mores with an inquisitive and skeptical eye. We were the left wing, in a sense, of the woman's movement. Conventional marriage with its conception of the supported, or as we called her, "the parasitic wife" who spent the money which her husband slaved to earn, was spurned for the conception of the fifty-fifty union in which husband and wife earned the living and shared the family expenses. Children, we admitted, did necessitate a certain amount of compromise with one's theories; but did not Charlotte Perkins Gilman, in her several volumes, furnish adequate blueprints showing how, with the aid of cooperative kitchens and scientific day-nurseries, the modern woman could hold her job and raise a fair-sized family? I am afraid that not many of us were able to find those scientific kitchens and nurseries, such institutions being even scarcer ten or twelve years ago than they are now; but we struggled through somehow with the aid of grandmothers, aunts, or none-too-scientific nursemaids, permitting ourselves to be supported through the uncompromising reality of pregnancy and nursing.

Most of us who married found men of our own kind—young men with their way to make in the world, men of liberal or radical enthusiasms who agreed with us about woman's place and who probably would have been unable to marry for years had they chosen a more dependent type of woman. (However "slightly tired" I may feel now, I am still convinced that such a situation is more socially healthful than the old conception of marriage which forces hundreds of thousands of men to wait until they are middle-aged and have achieved a solid position before embarking upon the support of a perfectly healthy, self-sufficient female.) Most of us married men who were unlikely to achieve great financial success in a highly competitive business world. They were, for the most part, journalists, writers, artists, college instructors, liberal lawyers devoted to the under-dog, or completely untrained young idealists, so our careers after marriage were not altogether dilettante. Undoubtedly Freud could explain it satisfactorily, but I have noted that the prosperous young bond broker, the hustling young go-getter, is almost never attracted to the intelligent and independent young woman with "ideas," no matter how attractive she may be. And vice versa.

Some of us did not marry. But when I think of the large number of unmarried

women in their thirties whom I now know, many of whom are well-known and respected in the arts and professions, I can think of almost none who has been completely loveless. Except for their childlessness and possibly more hectic emotional life, their experiences are more or less identical with those of their married sisters. They have played a man's game in a world which is not yet quite humanized. The self-supporting wife of whom I am speaking has little advantage over them, because she would no more think of taking advantage of the slender legal protection which her marriage certificate has conferred upon her than she would think of quitting her job and joining a Thursday afternoon bridge club. She has married because she believed marriage the best and most convenient way of living with the man she loves, or because she wanted children and believed that a free union would be unfair to them, or in order to save her more conservative family from pain. Her marriage has usually been prefaced by some "complete understanding" such as this:

She: I can't imagine that I'll ever stop loving you, but if I do, or if I care for someone else, I'll tell you right away and I want you to do the same. You mustn't let any fool idea about chivalry stand in the way of complete honesty, will you, dear?

He: Of course not. We are both adults with our own work to do, and if we find this won't work, we'll just shake hands and part without any fuss and with no strings on either of us.

She: Of course. It isn't likely to happen, but if it does we'll make no demands on each other and we'll always be friends.

This is the same naïve understanding with which her less conventional sister enters upon a love affair, tacitly pledging herself to demand none of the privileges which tradition has bestowed upon her as Woman, and to act like a gentleman at the end.

"But how many women ever live up to such an understanding?" the skeptic may ask.

Some do not, of course, and the same may be said of men. The number of men who threaten to "go straight to the devil" when their lady's love cools is probably as great as the number of women who have hysterics under similar circumstances. But aside from immediate reactions, I know that a great many women do keep to their bargain. Yet I am convinced that they pay a higher price for each smash-up than the man does.

Whether the reason for this is psychological and acquired or biological and inherent, I have not yet been able to decide, but I incline toward the latter theory. The fact remains that to most women, even the most intellectually emancipated, sex experience can never be as objectively casual as it can be to many men. To all but a comparatively few women, happiness and satisfaction in a sexual relationship can be achieved only when they are to some extent emotionally involved. That there are a few men, unusually sensitive in make-up, to whom this condition is also essential to satisfaction, does not alter the general situation. The average woman whose love affair, in or out of marriage, goes to pieces, cannot adjust herself to a new relationship within a short space of time. While her lover drowns his troubles in a bottle of Scotch and then looks about for some "good little sport" who will keep him amused until the edge of his sorrow has worn off, she usually grins, or cries, and bears it, knowing it will probably take a long period of acute pain and dull ache before the involved tendrils of her emotional life straighten themselves out again. If she knows anything about herself, she will know that experiments with Scotch and some other man's kisses will prove relatively futile as anodynes.

In Aldous Huxley's recent novel of sophisticated contemporary life, *Point Counter Point*, the wise Elinor says, in describing the promiscuous young vampire, Lucy, "She is one of those women who have the temperament of a man.

Men can get pleasure out of casual encounters. Most women can't; they've got to be in love more or less. They've got to be emotionally involved. All but a few of them. Lucy's one of the few. She has the masculine detachment. She can separate her appetite from the rest of her soul."

"What a horror!" remarks the over-refined Marjorie.

To which Elinor, who has had her own painful moments, replies, "It seems to me rather an enviable talent."

Enviable or not, it is a talent which few women have, and the lack of it is a distinct handicap to those women who are prepared to take their chances and ask no chivalry in the game of love.

Parenthetically, I am even a little suspicious of the complete detachment of the Lucys. I am inclined to believe that the promiscuous woman is the one who has failed to achieve or maintain a completely satisfactory relationship with any man, that she flits from man to man, unconsciously seeking what she has been unable to find. Cheating herself of it by the very casualness of her encounters, she over-compensates her ego by a series of easy conquests and superficial pleasures. In other words, she is not the norm, but the neurotic. If she discovers the source of her own frustration and finds a man who meets her need, she usually settles down to as deep an emotional involvement as her most romantic sister.

If the sub-title to this article seems to imply that I believe that the gallant ladies who have lived their own lives, paid their share of the costs and have acted like gentlemen, are mistaken fools, I beg to correct the impression. They have my heartfelt admiration and somewhat sympathetic respect. Each time I see in the newspapers the photograph of some over-massaged female incubus who has just extracted large sums of alimony or breach of promise loot from some grubbing male, or when I witness the shopping neuroses displayed by the thousands of idle, acquisitive women who parade Fifth Avenue daily, I thank my God that some women are human beings.

It is when I think of women I know who, in attempting to combine the functions of mother, housewife, and bread-winner, are carrying two-thirds of the family burden and inviting nervous prostration, when I look about me at the number of genuine feminists whose very gallantry has wrecked them in a world built primarily for man's technic and convenience, that I have misgivings.

II

Perhaps some case histories will illustrate better than argument the nature of these misgivings. Individual cases prove nothing, I admit, but each one of those given is representative of two or three others within the scope of my own knowledge. They are sufficiently disguised, of course, to prevent identification.

John and Jane, as I will call them, had been married for ten years. They were both thirty-eight. John was a poet by inclination but took on odd editing and lecturing jobs when poetry sales ran low, as they usually do. Jane was a copy-writer in a large advertising agency. Her work, requiring regular hours and a rather high degree of nerve strain, had resulted in her looking several years older than John.

Their relationship had been on the fifty-fifty basis consistent with Jane's feminism and John's modernism. Each contributed equally to the family exchequer. Each, in theory, was supposed to assume half of the household tasks left undone by the twice-a-week maid. In actuality, Jane carried most of this burden. Like many poets, John was indifferent to dirt and disorder. His culinary talents were limited to boiling eggs, and he never could remember to send the laundry. Still their marriage had worked for ten years and they had been as happy as most couples are who have cultivated tastes and inadequate incomes.

Then John fell deeply in love with a young thing of twenty who returned his affections. When they told Jane about it, there was nothing for her to do, according to her own code of gentlemanliness, but to pack up her half of the household goods and move into a room and bath apartment. It was useless to reproach John for something he couldn't help; and if her eyes were slightly reddened and her face slightly haggard in the days that followed, none of her friends knew just how many times she cried herself to sleep.

It wasn't until I tried to visualize Jane's future that I realized her predicament. John, at thirty-eight, managed to look several years younger, but even to those who knew his real age, there was nothing especially incongruous or silly in his alliance with a girl of twenty. Jane, at thirty-eight, looked her age because she was always a little tired with her double burden of exacting job and small household duties. How people would snicker if Jane should suddenly take up with a boy of twenty or even twenty-five! As an alternative to loneliness, she was limited for companionship or love to men of her own age or older. Many of these men were looking for young and pretty wives. All her life she had played the game according to a man's code. Support, legal protection, alimony, she would have scorned as the weapons of a weak and parasitic womanhood, and she would have been intellectually correct. But intellectual integrity is cold comfort under such circumstances.

All this was a year ago. Perhaps Jane would be having her revenge now, if she didn't still happen to love John. He and his new love having gone abroad, he writes her occasional affectionate letters with many references to her good sportsmanship. But the letters contain long accounts of the new love's incompetence, her rather charming helplessness and jealousy, her annoying chatter when he wants to write, and her complete dependence upon him. He will never be able to leave her, he intimates, because she needs him so. After each such letter, Jane swears a little and then sheds a few regretful tears for her own competence.

The elements of Celia's case are, I think, typical of many others.

Celia was nineteen and in college when she suddenly married a very charming man with no very visible means of support. Phil had been raised in a Southern family to be a gentleman, and a reversal in the family fortunes had left him completely unfitted for the mad scramble of modern business—which may be more of an indictment of modern business than of Phil. After their marriage he tried his hand at newspaper work, and Celia went back to college to complete her course. Unfortunately she became pregnant and six months before her baby was born she left college. During the first year of the baby's life, they managed to keep afloat on Phil's meager salary. Then as their expenses grew greater and old bills remained unpaid, Celia took a job, leaving her baby with her mother during the day. Her work was as difficult as Phil's but, being a woman, she was paid one-third less. That was twelve years ago and she is still working. During the baby's first two years when her sleep was interrupted and her work hardest, Celia became "run down"; and she never quite recovered her strength. Phil was "an angel about helping," but they lived in the West where household help was exorbitant and there were things about the house and the baby that Phil just couldn't do. In the eight years that followed, she had two nervous breakdowns. Then she and Phil were divorced, because of growing incompatibility, and they shared the divorce expenses and the support of young Philip, equally. When I went to see Celia during a recent illness, she was worrying because for the time being she would be unable to carry her share of this burden. To my suggestion that perhaps Phil could take care of the

whole thing for a while, she replied wearily, "I wish he could. I hate to admit it, even to you, but I'm getting darn tired."

The case of Ruth is one of those in which the new woman suffers for the sins of the old.

Ruth married a man who had just been divorced. His wife had gone off with a very young man, but being a gentleman, Bob had let her sue him, rather than accuse her of New York's sole ground for such action. The wife had taken advantage of the situation to claim alimony as well, but in order to get rid of her and rather than acknowledge that he had faked the evidence against himself, Bob had paid.

In order to keep the past wife in idleness, it is necessary that both Ruth and Bob should work. Ruth would do so anyway, but they could live much more pleasantly without this serious drain on Bob's income. Children are out of the question at present, although they both want them. Illness and other unforeseen expenses must be paid for out of Ruth's salary. Recently, I found her torn between tears and rage and announcing that she was about to stop work. Bob's former wife had written asking him for a "loan" of three hundred dollars with which to buy a fur coat.

"He was going to send it," Ruth went on, "if I hadn't flatly announced that if he did, I would go up town and charge him up with a brand new mink. What do you think he said? 'But she doesn't know how to earn money and you do!' Well, I'm going to unlearn it immediately. A year of helping to support that husky parasite is enough. I've decided to be one too."

Ruth finally kept on with her job, but the ex-wife did not get her fur coat.

Marian is one of the flaming young feminists I knew at eighteen who did not marry. She is now thirty-four. The child of an unhappy marriage, she has something of a "complex" on the subject of matrimony. Unusually attractive and richly endowed, emotionally and artistically, Marian had more to give to life than any other woman I know. When I see her now I have a sense of rather pathetic waste.

Looking about her at the lives of her friends, Marian at twenty-two decided that any serious emotional entanglement would be dangerous to her well-planned career and possibly painful to herself, and Marian had seen enough pain in her own household. Marriage was ruled out. She would live a man's life, giving herself to her work, taking love if it came as a thing apart, but never letting it for a moment interfere with the serious business of life—the business of showing the world that she, a woman, could be as good at her job as any man. There was something of the old-style feminist attitude left over in that. At thirty-four she has almost succeeded. Everything has happened as she planned. She has never been hurt through her affections because she has never felt deeply about anyone. She has an excellent income, a charming apartment, admiring friends, a devoted maid. But her smile is rather "hard-boiled." Only once have I seen her hard, bright surface crack for a moment. At a studio party I found her watching as though fascinated a well-known woman of nearly fifty who sat alone at the end of the room sipping cocktails. The majority of the guests were younger people, and few of the women and none of the men concerned themselves with her. None of them seemed to remember that for fifteen years she had been the most successful, talented, and sought-after woman in their literary world.

Marian watched her as she drank cocktail after cocktail in an obvious effort to forget the indifference of the crowd. When Marian turned away, there was something almost frightened in her expression.

"The high and dry fifties," she whispered with a shudder.

III

I am willing to admit that in the cases I have cited the feminists involved have suffered no more than have thousands of non-feminists in similar circumstances. There is no talisman against pain except, perhaps, a callousness which precludes happiness as well. Thoroughly conventional wives have been deserted for sweet young things since the beginning of time and they have had neither the distraction of a job nor the habit of independent thinking to sustain them as did my friend Jane. Furthermore, the number of deserted husbands is increasing daily. Thousands of women who have never heard of feminism have had, for various reasons, to support themselves, raise a child, and do their own housework as did Celia. The divorced husband of an alimony-hunter suffers as much from her depredations as does his subsequent wife. Perhaps Marian in the lonely fifties will have had as full and interesting a life behind her as the more conservative maiden aunt of yesterday.

Why, then, have these blithe young feminists of twenty, who have turned into slightly disillusioned feminists of thirty to forty, any particular right to feel tired? And in what way are they worse off than the thousands of women who have had similar burdens to bear and have borne them without benefit of philosophy? On the whole, I think that the feminists of whom I have been speaking are beginning to realize that *pragmatically* there is no essential difference; that the world still being what it is, their self-conscious attempts at economic and social emancipation have merely put them in the same position as their more conservative sisters who have been forced by accident into playing both a man's and a woman's part. Instead of achieving freedom, they have achieved the right to carry two burdens, to embrace a new form of servitude.

The difficulty is this: that the new woman of to-day is suffering the handicap of all insurgents who live before their time. She is attempting to live and act as though the millennial conditions for which she hopes had arrived. She is like some Tolstoyan Christian who might try to practice literal Christianity in the cut-throat competition of the modern financial world, to love his neighbor as himself on the New York Stock Exchange. She has an intellectual conviction that in our modern, mechanized world with its small families and apartment living, the stay-at-home wife is becoming increasingly parasitic, a mere drone who spends without earning. She holds the conviction that in this modern world the most satisfactory form of sex-relationship is that between two equally independent, self-reliant human beings who live together only for the duration of their mutual need. Then she has proceeded to act as though the world were practically and ideologically adjusted to those convictions.

Occasionally she is fortunate enough to strike just the right combination of career and man and she "puts over" her dual role successfully. I know of several such happy accidents. In one, both husband and wife earn over ten thousand a year. They can afford, with their joint earnings, to keep well-trained servants and a superior college-trained nursemaid to take over every shred of domestic responsibility. In another, the woman is wealthy in her own right and can work at the things she loves best without household distractions. The solution in these cases has been—money. But few women earn ten thousand a year and few inherit wealth.

More often, she finds herself pledged to the task of supporting herself in a world in which women are paid much less than men for similar work; of superintending, if not actually doing, that residue of household labor which remains in spite of all our mechanical devices; of maintaining a highly tentative relationship with a man who has probably taken too literally that gospel of individual liberty which leaves him so free of his ancient responsibilities. The man or

woman who realizes that freedom imposes its own responsibilities is still a rare soul.

Is it any wonder, then, that she finds herself slightly tired at times or looks ahead to fifty with a somewhat frightened expression? All women are slightly tired at times and even the most protected have misgivings at the thought of fifty; but it is somewhat galling to the feminist who has deliberately renounced the conventional pattern of woman's place and the protective devices which chivalry has thrown around her, to find that her renunciation has bought her no immunity.

If the emancipated woman of the present day finds herself holding the hot end of the poker it is useless for the anti-feminist to offer some such panacea as "back to the kitchen and the nursery." As has been pointed out, thousands of women who have never heard of feminism are finding themselves in the same position. Modern life, with its changed standards of living, its economic precariousness for vast numbers of people, is making the old-fashioned family a burden which even the most conservative young man hesitates to assume. Social changes do not come about through the efforts of a few propagandists. The latter are merely symptomatic. The modern feminist is merely the woman who has assumed somewhat foolishly that she could immediately remodel life more nearly to her heart's desire by living out her own conception of freedom. Instead, she has found herself caught up in the machinery of social transition, which grinds even more slowly than the mills of the gods.

That this machinery will eventually grind out some solution to the practical problem of "love, home, and work" seems fairly obvious because dim beginnings may already be seen here and abroad. In Russia, where the nation was suddenly confronted with the necessity for making rapid economic adjustments and increasing production, the proletarian wife and mother, in factories and offices, is being surrounded with every facility for making her dual role a practicable and even desirable one.

But the *emotional* disadvantage of the new woman who has forsworn the legal and traditional protections of her sex will present a more difficult problem. It is as useless to tell her to go back to the old psychological attitudes as to go back to the kitchen. However much she may feel the need for security, however "sold out," in a sense, she may feel at times, she cannot remake her mental and emotional reactions. Individuals here and there, like the disillusioned young Ph.D. referred to, may decide to find some old-style, reliable male and be supported for life, but for her to achieve emotional satisfaction from such an arrangement is another matter.

I think there is no question in the minds of my more intelligent feminist friends that both economic and social emancipation are, in the present as in the past, a man's game—a game which we have been playing with all the odds against us. That, in the latter case, the odds will always be somewhat against us is quite probable.

Perhaps in forswearing our past security we have forsworn something which had a biologic as well as a conventional and religious sanction. The old-fashioned union built upon the conception of permanency and family life, rather than on the duration of the romantic passion or intellectual compatibility, had its middle-aged compensations. It was not superimposed upon the world by some Machiavellian masculine brain. It sprang as much from a handicapped motherhood's need for security as from man's primitive lust for private property and legitimate offspring. Modern society has taken over very largely the functions of the protective paterfamilias, but I think that the modern feminist has somewhat overrated the rapidity of this transference. She has abandoned her old defenses before the new ones are quite finished. However, she cannot go back. Already

the economic foundations of the older order are shifting and one does not return for shelter to a home which already shows signs of decay.

The only way out seems to lie ahead. Accepting the disadvantages of our present position, we can work for a fairer attitude and more decent pay for the woman who is doing a man's work whether through choice or necessity. Our biggest job perhaps is to impress upon the "new man," who is profiting by our independence, the knowledge that what we propose is to share, not to assume, the burdens of a common life—that our independence does not relieve him of all the responsibilities of a domestic and emotional relationship.

To compensate ourselves for the advantage which man's greater emotional detachment and easier sexual adjustment gives him over the newest woman, our only defense is a varied and interested life of activity outside our emotions—a work under which we can bury ourselves temporarily when the world seems to be rocking. Men have used this defense for ages against the slings and arrows of an unhappy love life. With a little less success, perhaps, we too can learn its uses—and in this we have the advantage over our more old-fashioned sisters who may garner alimony but not distraction in similar crises.

From all of this the generation of women that comes after us may profit, as we have profited by the struggles of our older sisters for different freedoms—unless in some strange fashion this new generation reacts to the social patterns of its grandmothers.

Just last week a friend of mine remarked rather wistfully, while watching her small daughter at play:

"I rather hope Mary doesn't grow up to be too uncompromisingly feministic."

POLITE REFUSAL

BY WILLIAM HAROLD McCREARY

I KNEW it would be so. The cool clean glance
Carries the word your syllable would hide.
No vague extenuating circumstance
Can matter now, no pity save my pride.
Always it was this shadow on the far
Horizon of my joy I feared—the dim
Unalterable echo that could mar
The music of your answering. The slim
Grace of your parting courtesy was such
As clever duelist might once have used,
Wielding his blade with the same skillful touch
That left his foe helpless but unabused.
Thus would I make my parting bow and go.
I find no fault. I knew it would be so.

THE PLATE

A STORY

BY HENRI DUVERNOIS

"FROM now on you needn't call me until nine o'clock," said Monsieur Glephte to the maid as she brought in his morning coffee.

"I'll not be going to the shop any more," he explained, a trifle apologetically.

And for the first time in his life breakfast seemed bitter to him.

It was because Monsieur Glephte was to taste the humiliation of being forced out of business. Just as a leaky boat fills with water, slowly, imperceptibly but surely, so the firm of Hipoux Jr., Émile Glephte, and Frederick Tuval, once gloriously successful, had been engulfed by disastrous inventories. One must be enterprising, one must take chances, one must be up to date if one is to succeed selling collars and ties. But the firm paid no attention to the whims of fashion; they kept right on in their old rut, and in time they were forced to sell out at a great sacrifice. M. Hipoux Junior was seventy-nine years old. From the shipwreck he managed to save a pittance which he had gone to live on in a secluded spot in the country; there he re-read his old ledgers with the emotions of an aged poet reading over the works of his youth—"Think of my being able to do that!" M. Frederick Tuval, in his fifties, mated with a substantial widow; and M. Émile Glephte, ruined, sought consolation in the bosom of his family.

Happily, a source of pride remained. His son, Désiré, made good money selling insurance; he saved the day.

"Myself to a *T* when I was his age," mused the father affectionately. "He has the blood of the salesman in his veins, the young scalawag! He talks you into buying insurance just the way I used to place six dozen ready-to-wear four-in-hands—as easy as rolling off a log."

He got on very well with the boy, who while big, strong, good-looking, was still shy and modest in spite of his success.

But there was Madame Glephte.

While Monsieur Glephte, a thin, meager little man, with straggly whiskers, apologetic movements, and the subservient manner of a shopkeeper, was wont to efface himself, Madame Glephte, fleshy and loud-voiced, ruled with a rod of iron. From the moment there was no longer any economic reason for her husband's existence, Madame Glephte could see no other excuse for it. Oh, not that she hurled reproaches at him directly; she prided herself upon being resigned. But her look, charged with reproaches, followed him wherever he went; she crushed his spirit with her scorn. To the outside world her pretensions were:

"My husband has retired—worn out. He's no longer young and, besides, when one has enough to live on without worrying there's no use being too ambitious, now is there?"

Saying this, she would roll her eyes defiantly as though to vanquish anyone who would dare contradict her. And they nodded their heads so quickly and

so energetically in agreement that she suspected their sincerity. However, thanks to Désiré, she was able to keep her apartment, her "at-home" day, her servant, her dressmaker. The daughter of the house was Aline, now in her twenty-seventh year. Fear, inspired by her formidable mother, had given Aline a nervous twitching; she had a way of shrugging her left shoulder and winking with her right eye. To get Aline married was becoming more and more a problem. Supposing, for instance, her husband were to address her in a drawing-room, it would look as though she were answering him by disdainfully shrugging her shoulders, at the same time making eyes at another gentleman a few feet off—an inconvenience only to be compensated for by a snug little dowry.

Such was the situation in the Glephte household when Monsieur Glephte, after the exasperating legal formalities connected with the business failure were finally ended, found himself with leisure on his hands. He did not dare wait until his wife woke up; he went for a morning walk along the Faubourg Poissonière, without his cane, dangling his arms with the same kind of joyless pleasure tinged with remorse which he had felt fifty years before when he "played hooky" from school. He tried to take an interest in a fallen horse and he addressed some words of sympathy, "Paris, paradise for women, hell for horses," to a by-stander, who, being a foreigner, looked at him blankly. Then he continued his aimless stroll and, not daring to take a seat in a café along the boulevard, he went into a little bar, where he sipped a melancholy drink while he glanced over his morning paper.

At last, lunch-time arrived. In the dining room he found his wife, his daughter, and his son already seated, waiting for him. Madame Glephte snapped, "You're late. That never used to happen. But sit down; you can wash your hands later."

She carved the leg of lamb and passed a large slice to Désiré.

"I'm serving him first," she said. "He works, he hasn't any time to lose."

Monsieur Glephte whitened, his self-respect touched to the quick. However, he did not wince. He made no comment. He only stammered, "Very small piece for me, Léontine; I'm not very hungry."

They didn't ask him about his health, they said nothing to him. Désiré looked troubled; Aline, unhappy, shrugged the left shoulder furiously. Madame Glephte, as rigid as a statue of Justice, kept right on eating; the poor father, crestfallen, suddenly felt himself so alone that he wanted to burst into tears.

"Pass Monsieur Désiré the string-beans," Madame Glephte ordered the servant. "The rest of us have plenty of time. Monsieur Glephte doesn't have to hurry any more."

So, he was to be relegated to the category of women, put into the class of the useless? He swallowed his strawberries whole, threw himself down on a divan, and fell asleep. That nap, broken by bad dreams, filled up the time until four o'clock. He went out to look into the shops along the avenue, then at six o'clock he went back to the little bar, where he enjoyed listening in on several business conversations. This became his daily routine. People began to notice that his mind was becoming less keen. He repeated over and over the same phrases, insisted on telling the same stories, beginning always with, "It's just like"—even though the story had no connection with what had gone before.

"That's like my brother Gustave. He used to sell English goods in Paris. Nothing doing! Then what does he do? He packs himself off bag and baggage and goes to sell French goods in London. Now he has his million put by and he speaks English!"

"Give us a rest from your brother Gustave," snarled Madame Glephte.

"The selfish old thing, with nobody but himself to look out for and never turns his hand over for you."

The meals were shrouded in gloom. Monsieur Glephte still sat in his customary armchair at the head of the table but all the attentions were centered on Désiré.

"Is it good, dearie?" the mother asked him—she who up to now treated him more severely than tenderly. "Don't hold back. People who work as hard as you do must be well nourished. Take some gravy. Take all the gravy—it's good for you."

Désiré flushed, and Monsieur Glephte, wounded, made a feeble attempt to back up his wife by saying in a hollow voice, "Yes, sure. Take all the gravy. You have to be well fortified to be pleasant to the customers. I learned that a long time ago. It's just like that woman I saw yesterday in the rue Richelieu. She'd lost her way, so she asked a gentleman to direct her. What do you think? He was deaf and dumb!"

His words fell on silence, with none of the smiling attention of former days. Madame Glephte had a subtle way of transforming the meals into a form of penance.

She would say, for instance, "You *too*, you may have a little glass of wine, *too*."

Or again:

"Don't stuff yourself—you won't wake up till six o'clock."

She was always making comparisons.

"A machine that doesn't work doesn't need much fuel."

But the thing that stung Monsieur Glephte most deeply was that he was no longer served first, even at dinner. Here, Madame Glephte presided. It was impressive to see her, standing up, dipping the ladle in the soup.

"Take some, Désiré. Tell me how you like it. Eat it quickly. After a day's hard work something hot goes right to the spot."

Frightened into obedience, the boy took a spoonful.

"Delicious—perfectly delicious."

"Ah, I'm glad you like it."

A moment later, Monsieur, in turn, approved fearsomely.

"Splendid, and thick too, just the way I like it. I'd sell my soul for leeks." To which Madame Glephte came back with, "Now that you don't go to the shop any more, you think too much about your food. Émile, do be careful. It isn't because I begrudge you the food that I give you such small helpings; it's for your own good. A machine that doesn't work any longer . . ."

However, Monsieur Glephte, outside of mealtimes, adjusted himself to his new life, and the time passed fairly agreeably. From time to time he would take the train to the suburbs to visit his former partner, Hipoux Junior. Hipoux Junior was beginning to decline. He spent his time adding up columns in his old ledgers, disputing percentages, berating imaginary employees. Monsieur Glephte took a seat in the corner, looked on at first with a heavy heart, then he too got interested and ended by taking a hand.

"They've allowed Langoulette and Fromenteau fourteen per cent, curses on them!" shrilled Hipoux Junior. "They should have allowed them only twelve."

"Excuse me, you've forgotten," broke in M. Glephte, "it should be fourteen per cent."

"Twelve—"

"Fourteen—"

"If that's the case," cried Hipoux Junior haughtily, "I'd rather give up business."

One morning Monsieur Glephte found a pink shirt in his dressing room all ready laid out for him to put on.

"What's all this?" he asked the maid, "that's not my shirt."

"No, sir, it's M. Désiré's."

"Well?"

"Madame Glephte gave me orders to give it to you because your shirts are all worn out."

And Monsieur Glephte put on the pink shirt. This time Désiré could stand it no longer. He drew his father aside and tried to slip a gold-piece into his hand for pocket money. But Monsieur Glephte's paternal pride would not allow him to accept it and, when Désiré questioned him, he reiterated that he was quite happy as he was, having no ambition now except for his children.

"However, there is one thing I won't stand any longer," declared Désiré, "and that is to be the first to be served at table. You know, father, it will end by my telling mother so, too."

His father dissuaded him. Madame Glephte had a heart of gold; she was a masterful woman; she would never do anything just to be mean; it was always for the best good of the family.

However, Désiré never spoke his mind, for that very evening Madame Glephte came to the table with a face purple with rage. She brandished the ladle like a weapon of defiance and she plunged it viciously into the soup-tureen. Heavy silence reigned. At that moment the servant entered with a telegram for Monsieur Glephte, who opened it and uttered a stifled cry.

"Gustave!"

Madame Glephte filled up a plate and with an authoritative sweep passed it to Désiré.

Monsieur Glephte burst into sobs.

"My dear Gustave! He has just died. Oh, heavens!"

You could have heard a pin drop. Désiré held the plate in his hand; Aline raised her left shoulder; anxiously Monsieur Glephte went on in a breath, "I am the heir. I shall have to go to London as soon as I can."

Then Madame Glephte, lapsing into the intonation of former days, said:

"Well, Désiré, why don't you pass your father his plate?"

MR. SMITH AND MR. SMYTHE

THE REAL CAUSES OF BRITISH-AMERICAN FRICTION

BY ALBERT JAY NOCK

IN LAST May's issue of this magazine, now just a year ago, I published a brief examination of various peace plans and filed an earnest plea for a little more realism in these matters. No notice whatever was taken of my observations, as far as I know, so perhaps I should feel properly snubbed into silence. Yet I cannot help noticing that meanwhile things have gone about as I supposed they would go, and that realism seems more than ever called for; so I venture to try again.

The Pact of Paris, engineered by Mr. Kellogg, has been duly written out and signed, and duly apotheosized in the proper quarters. There seems to be a pretty general notion, however, that the effect of this is rather more "moral"—whatever that means—than actual; at least, all hands are carefully keeping their powder dry. On the heels of the Pact came the news of the Franco-British agreement, and then the Cruiser Bill. The agreement struck a snag in the House of Commons, and was formally abandoned; but there seems no reason why a tacit understanding might not survive it. Such an understanding was in force between these Powers from 1907 to 1914, and it worked well enough when the time came. The Cruiser Bill went through handsomely. Meanwhile European rivalries and connivings go on very much as ever they did. One looks in vain for signs of any practical confidence being reposed in Mr. Kellogg's treaty, or in any of the other devices proposed for averting wars.

Another matter that has developed rather rapidly in the year gone by since I took notice of it last May is the disagreement between Great Britain and the United States. At that time discussion was rather discountenanced; things were at the "hush! hush!" stage where any serious trouble with England was put down as "unthinkable." Since then, however, there has come a general call for publicity. At Philadelphia the other day, in an address to the English-speaking Union, the Master of Balliol called for "frank exchanges" of opinion, saying finely that both nations would benefit "if we could get together for critical purposes, if we could speak the truth instead of exchanging meaningless pleasantries." These are searching words. On the same day that the Master of Balliol's speech was reported, Mr. Ramsay MacDonald published an address to our people, in which he called for both realism and publicity in no uncertain terms.

Mr. Ramsay MacDonald wishes no unofficial and private confab. It is no case for that. "The Governments must act," he says. "Both countries ought to appoint five or six of their most outstanding public men, representative of the whole nation," to drag to light the causes of trouble. Now, what gives a special interest to Mr. Ramsay MacDonald's suggestion is this: that he is the leader of His Majesty's loyal Labor Opposition in the House of Commons and if the bye-elections are any sign, he will be at the head of the Government,

provided he cares to accept, a very few weeks after these words of mine are printed. Therefore, unless Mr. Baldwin anticipates him—which seems improbable — Mr. MacDonald may make some move towards such a conference. His earnestness suggests that possibility. Well, then, since realism and publicity seem somewhat in demand just now, might it not be a good thing to talk over Mr. MacDonald's plan a little, and see the actual situation that these outstanding and representative men would have before them?

II

I take it that control of the seas is the keystone of British policy. It has been that for a couple of centuries, at least, and I know of no change in circumstances which would indicate a change in policy. In control of the seas, obviously, the main desideratum is the control of neutral commerce in time of war. If I were a British subject I should feel very strongly about this, because I should have all history on my side in believing that the moment it was compromised, that moment my country was for all practical purposes disarmed. Suppose that in 1914, for instance, the United States had been able effectively to challenge British supervision of our commerce, where would Great Britain be now? Mr. Ramsay MacDonald asks the rhetorical question whether any attempt is being made "to clear up the confusion of the freedom of the seas." There is no confusion, I think. I hope Mr. Ramsay MacDonald will correct me if I have presented the British view of the issue improperly. May I ask in all friendliness and sympathy—for I know what reply I should make if I were a British subject—if that is not his own view? I put it to him—by way only of helping to clear the issue of any possible "confusion"—I put it to him that if Britain's control of neutral trade with an enemy were effectively challenged she would be virtually disarmed, and her freedom of political action impaired to the point of practical vassalage to the challenging nation. I put it to him also that this fact would be uppermost in the minds of the British delegates to his proposed conference.

Now, the fact uppermost in the minds of our delegates—and here I speak under no one's correction—is this: that we have every intention of keeping our neutral commerce free of British control under any and all circumstances. It is to give force to that intention that we are now building ships; and if ships turn out not to be the thing for the purpose, we shall build whatever is the thing, and build enough to see us through any predictable emergency. I do not see how anyone can survey our post-war economic development and miss this intention. We are not interested in denying Britain the means of resisting direct attacks or of protecting her trade-routes. We do not care two pins about that. We are solely interested in divesting her of the power to hold up our own trade. Since the War we have harvested a large volume of foreign trade, and our production is geared so high that we think we must get as much more as we can; and what we get must, of course, be at the expense of the export trade and carrying trade of other nations. We seem to have destined ourselves for strong competition in many lines and many markets. I think this policy is extremely bad, and the only reason we shall never regret it is that its prosecution will reduce us too near the anthropoid level of intelligence and character to regret anything. But I am probably the only person in the country who thinks this, so there is no particular use in mentioning it, except to assure Mr. MacDonald that whatever truculence he may see in my statement of our intentions is not mine. Having this volume of trade and these prospects, the United States will no longer consent to any interference with them by any other Power, whether in time of peace or in time of war. There is no more "confusion" about the American view than I am able to see about the British view.

It is a much more serious issue, too, than is generally suspected. In view of its seriousness, one cannot help wondering whether Mr. MacDonald's suggestion of a conference is really a good one. If the conference is to be merely a lollipop-swapping pow-wow over naval ratios, parity, gun-elevations, and that sort of thing, what is the use of having any conference? The one at Geneva was enough. Mr. MacDonald himself wishes no such conference. What he demands is one that shall "bring to a common table for discussion the reasons why ships are being built . . . why we are thinking of trade routes being blocked, what there is between us that for immediate policy, newspaper-writing, and political electioneering, makes the Kellogg Pact a mere collection of words strung upon a pious thread." Exactly so. That would be the only kind of conference worth having. But suppose now that the conference got down to what the sinful call brass tacks, what could it possibly find to talk about? The issue is so little "confused," it is indeed so extremely simple, as to admit only the one formula of unconditional surrender by either side. Mr. MacDonald could hardly instruct his delegates to make an unconditional surrender; nor yet could our Government so instruct its delegates; and there is no ground of compromise whatever.

The only compromise that could be proposed, indeed, as far as I can imagine, would be reducible to this formula: the British delegates could say, Let us keep our control of neutral commerce, and we will agree to a satisfactory set of rules for its exercise. We will get up a treaty setting forth these rules, make an impressive occasion of signing it, and our troubles will be over. If Mr. MacDonald has anything like that in mind, his project would find no favor here. Our delegates would have a rough reception when they came home after assenting to any such compromise as that; and with some reason. There would be no question of distrusting "perfidious Albion" in particular, but only that we know too well what treaty-arrangements amount to with any nation that has its back to the wall. We would not trust our own Government more than another to behave scrupulously in the circumstances; indeed, we know that it has not behaved scrupulously in circumstances far less pressing; why, then, should we be asked to trust the British Government? No, our delegates would say, we have our own notion of the rights of neutral trade, and we prefer to be in a position to enforce it. If the British said, We deserve more consideration because our hegemony only infrequently and temporarily disturbs your trade, while your hegemony would actually rob us of our sovereignty, security, and liberty of political action—our delegates would merely reply that they were sorry, but there was not enough public opinion at home to back them up in entertaining that consideration.

In short, I see nothing for it but that Mr. MacDonald's conference would be a brief and dispiriting affair, in any conceivable case. Much as I dislike and disbelieve in our national economic policy, certain as I am that it will vulgarize and degrade our civilization to an unspeakably low level, I must yet say a word in justice to our settled intention of emancipating our trade from British control. Mr. MacDonald knows our history. He knows to what lengths Mr. Jefferson went in trying to enforce our neutral rights against this British policy of forbidding our trade with Britain's enemies, and how finally, under Mr. Madison, we went to war in defense of these rights. He knows how British sea-power was exercised against our nationalism during the Civil War. As for the period of our neutrality after 1914, he was certainly in a position to know what took place then. I crossed the ocean several times during that period, on neutral ships. I saw American machinery, consigned to a neutral country, taken off and impounded by the British authorities. I saw our mails

rifled for the censorship, and it was notorious that trade-information contained in neutral mails was tipped off to British competitors. Some thick-skinned individual even read one of these purloined letters aloud in the House of Commons one day, so a member told me; and I believe it was Mr. Ramsay MacDonald himself—I am not quite sure, but at any rate the fine action was worthy of him—who interrupted the reading with the accusation, "You stole that letter! You stole that letter through the censor!"

Mr. MacDonald's delegates would not have to encounter any special anti-British sentiment from me on the strength of these incidents; for I happen to be aware that any Government will act that way under such circumstances, so I can be philosophical about it. Besides, I had no freight to be impounded or letters to be confiscated. What they must encounter is the state of mind of my friend Smith, who manufactures red rust-proof paint down in West Virginia, and that of Jones, who makes monkey-wrenches in Youngstown, Ohio. Nothing can be done with these brethren. They are interested in just two things: first, a tariff on paint and monkey-wrenches, as high as Haman's gallows, enabling them incidentally to stand off foreign competition, but chiefly to sting the domestic consumer for the difference between prices in a competitive and a non-competitive market. Second, they are interested in unloading their surplus products on the heathen who sit in darkness on distant shores. Smith and Jones do not venture beyond these two ideas. Tell them that they ought not to mind a little interference with their foreign shipments once in a while for the sake of British security, and they reply that they do not care a button for British security. They are like little Marjorie Fleming's turkey, which "did not give a single dam." I crossed the ocean with Smith last year, and a more generous, kind, and courteous man never walked a ship's deck, but he was not interested in the larger and more impersonal aspects of the paint business. I asked him pleasantly at last if he realized he was a war-breeder, and he said, No, and moreover he didn't believe it and didn't care a cuss—he was going to get his while the getting was good, and all beyond that might take care of itself.

Now, it is possible, perhaps probable, that Smythe, who makes cutlery at Sheffield, and Jones-ap-Jones who is in the Welsh steam-coal business, would be just as hard to persuade about the freedom of neutral commerce as Smith and Jones are. They are interested in the maintenance of British security; and if Mr. Ramsay MacDonald undertook to show them that this security should be sacrificed in order to enable Smith and Jones to trade with Britain's enemies in time of war, I imagine he might have a very hard time of it indeed. The mischief of the situation—and I wish I could get my countrymen to see it—is that it does not admit of any accommodation. One set of interests or the other simply must go by the board; their antagonism is fundamental, and no stringing out of verbosity over superficial matters can ever change its terms by a single iota. If Mr. MacDonald were Prime Minister and I were President, we could get down to a bed-rock conference without difficulty; but the trouble is that neither he nor I would set, or could set, the policies of our respective countries. While he and I were conferring to the top of our bent, and having ever such a pleasant friendly time, and imagining we were getting ever so far along, I am afraid the actual policy of Great Britain would be set by Jones-ap-Jones and Smythe; and I know to a certainty that the actual policy of my country would be set by our hard-boiled friends in the paint and monkey-wrench business.

III

There seems no doubt of this. My purpose in writing, therefore, is not to throw cold water on Mr. MacDonald's

suggestion, but rather to bear him out in his evident desire to get beyond the superficial aspects of British-American disagreement. Mr. MacDonald and I can write treaties and discuss disarmament, and all that sort of thing until the cows come home for all the good it will do. Until we face the fact of an extremely serious collision of economic interest—face it squarely in open daylight—we shall be merely indorsing and recommending to our peoples the naïve procedure of the ostrich. Mr. MacDonald is wholly right. If, as he says, it is imperative "to end all this foolish and mischievous feeling which is alienating the United States from Great Britain," the first thing, obviously, is to take a definite measure of the actual circumstances that give rise to that feeling. This I have now done, with all the frankness to which we are bidden, and also with deep sympathy and deep concern, all the more because I sincerely believe that in those circumstances there is no practicable possibility of accommodation or compromise. I think it is neither improper nor inurbane to suggest to Mr. Ramsay MacDonald that if he sees any he would mightily encourage his well-wishers by disclosing it.

In my paper of last May I urged the Williams College Institute of Politics to take up the general question under which our present disagreement with Great Britain is a particular. My ministrations, offered in all good faith, somehow did not "take." I never heard of them afterwards. Now, again, I suggest that this summer the Institute shall wrestle with this particular subject of the collision of British-American economic policy, as I have set it forth; that is, deal with it simply and straightforwardly, without any meanderings into "international law," any huckstering in propagandist myth, above all, without any agitating flow of sentiment. Why not ask the actual principals in the disagreement to speak for themselves? I am pretty sure I could get Smith to come up to Williamstown next summer and present his side of the case; and probably Mr. MacDonald would use his influence with Jones-ap-Jones to take a little run over and show us how Smith's insistence on a big American navy to convoy the paint trade is knocking the bottom out of Britain's national security and reducing her to the position of a political dependency.

Then we should really be hearing from headquarters, hearing from the men who really control national policies, which is much better than languishing under any amount of talk from political agents, academicians, or eager amateurs of "international relations." Perhaps by that time there will be an immediate example to lend point to the discussion. Suppose things should blow up in the Mediterranean, and Britain, acting either as herself or as the League of Nations, should put a blockade on Jugoslavia, say. Then Smith, who had counted on painting half the construction-work in Jugoslavia this year and finds he cannot make his deliveries, would arrive at Williamstown in just the right state of mind to discuss the situation fluently from his point of view; while Jones-ap-Jones would have the advantage of a concrete example to show what the power of blockade means to Britain's security and political integrity. This particular crisis will no doubt not occur; but some day one like it may occur, and Smith and Jones are well aware that it may, and they propose to take no chances.

IV

Armaments have a great deal less to do with starting a war than people think they have. I hate to play into the hands of the militarists by saying so, for they are the most objectionable people in the world, as a class; but the truth is as I have said. There are fashions in everything, and it has been the fashion for some time to overplay the influence of armament in war-breeding. Armament has a deal to do with deciding wars, but not much with starting them. Neither

has war talk; this, too, helps a war along, once the war gets going, but it has little to do with bringing one on. What I mean is, for example, if there were no collision of economic interest between Great Britain and us, the two countries might run all kinds of armament-races and blackguard each other indefinitely with might and main, but no war would come of it. The truth is, however, that armament-races and war talk never do set in unless such a collision is either present or impending. When they set in, therefore, sensible people do not fool away their attention on absurd schemes for limiting armaments or hushing war talk; they look around to see where the economic collision is, and what, if anything, can be done about it.

If Great Britain loses the power of blockade in any war she undertakes, she is highly likely to lose the war. Therefore, Smythe of Sheffield knows that only so long as Britannia rules the wave, is he safe from having his cutlery works cabbaged or demolished by an irruption of alien hordes; and he is, therefore, for the *status quo*, even if there be never another quart of paint shipped out of West Virginia. Smith, on the other hand, is against Britannia's ruling the wave, because he does not propose any longer to have some twopenny fuss somewhere in Europe come between him and filling his orders. If the outcome of the fuss is important to Smythe, well, let Smythe fiddle with it.

So we may as well, it strikes me, give up paying attention to disarmament parleys, naval pow-wows, and the like, as not worth the investment. The only kind of conference worth anything at all is such a one as Mr. Ramsay MacDonald seems to have in mind, one that should consider thoroughly the antagonistic position of Smith and Jones against Jones-ap-Jones and Smythe; for this is all that really counts. Such a conference, honestly carried through, would be worth holding. It would not improve our relations, in my judgment, for they are not improvable; but if, as I say, it were honestly carried through and honestly reported, it would at least show pretty clearly that they are not improvable, and thus tend to a realistic view of the situation on both sides; and that is a great deal gained.

When I say that our relations are not improvable, I mean that they depend on men who are honest, good, able, kindly, and peace-loving, but who simply cannot see the light, and cannot be got to see it. There are plenty of lessons to be learned from the last War, but the trouble is to get them applied. Admiral von Tirpitz said truly that the ships of the Hamburg-America and Norddeutscher Lloyd lines had a lot more to do with bringing on the War than his navy. But suppose one had told Mr. Ballin, the head of the Hamburg-America, that for the sake of peace he ought to slack off his competition with the British carrying trade, what luck would one have had? Now, how in the present instance can one get this same great lesson applied to Smith of West Virginia? I wish Mr. MacDonald could walk the floor awhile with Smith and try to show him the error of his ways. The first question would also be the last: Why the devil should I sacrifice my shareholders for British security? Tell him he was breeding a war by his obduracy, and he would say that the Government could look out for that; that foreigners liked his paint and were willing to pay for it, and that he proposed to deliver it or know the reason why.

Now, whether a war develops against us out of this mutual intractability depends, as always, on whether the nations who are to wage it think the venture likely to pay. I recall the sterling common sense observation of John Jay, which last year I recommended as a thesis to the Williams College Institute: "Nations in general will go to war whenever there is a prospect of getting something by it." Whether there is such a prospect at present attractive enough to induce an attack on us by

the right combination of Powers, is a matter on which speculation is open. The public debts would be annulled, the private loans confiscated, we have a little outlying insular property worth picking up and, while we are certainly unconquerable, almost all our large cities are on the coast and liable to a satisfactory amount of damage. Our trade-routes would be disorganized, and our production suffer apoplexy. Whether all this would yield a balance over what must be charged off against it, I do not undertake to say.

But the fact which is beyond peradventure and, therefore, most important for us to think of at the moment, is that Great Britain's life is at stake on our naval policy, and there can be no doubt of what our policy is—Smith and Jones have seen to that, and they keep seeing to it from day to day. If Great Britain concedes the situation the consequences for Europe may not be altogether bad. I dislike, as I said, to yield a point to the militarists, even a small one, but there is something to be said for their idea that a United States sufficiently armed to enforce its neutrality under all circumstances would be a considerable factor for peace in Europe, at any rate for some time. We shall be under no temptation whatever to start a fight, except for some casual buccaneering of a low type such as we are now carrying on to the southward. Our present establishment is enough for that, and increasing it would not make matters worse. But if we were strong enough to dominate any blockade, and to sell where we chose and as we chose, maintaining meanwhile our present avoidance of political entanglements, European countries might think twice before starting trouble. The disadvantage would lie, probably, in a higher-powered "Americanization" of Europe in time of peace, which, to the civilized mind, is quite as appalling a thought as the thought of war. But that is another matter.

The existing situation, however, gives so much to think about that we need not venture into speculation of this kind, or of any kind. I hope I have put it clearly to Mr. MacDonald, and that he will see in it no hint of disparagement or disrespect to any human element involved. The wretched thing about it is, in fact, that nobody can be disparaged, nobody can be blamed. How can I blame Smythe for not wanting to see his country disarmed and reduced to playing second fiddle to the United States? I should blame him if he did. My appreciation of patriotism grades very low, so my friends say, but not *that* low. On the other hand, I hardly see how Mr. Ramsay MacDonald can blame Smith for his reluctance to having his deliveries held up. Smythe and Smith, for all I can see, are blameless; yet their mere multiplication by a million or so creates an abominable and, in my judgment, an utterly unmanageable situation. I am reminded of Mark Twain's striking comparison: The water in the ocean is blue; dip up a glassful, and you find it is white; keep on dipping till you have dipped it dry, and every glassful is white; yet it was blue when you began, and you would take oath it was.

Smythe will not be talked out of his convictions, nor should he be; no, nor yet Smith. Smith, multiplied by a million, is taking such energetic measures as he knows how to take, to give practical effect to his convictions, nor will he be talked out of taking them. Should he be? Right there is the root of the disarmament problem, and if Mr. Ramsay MacDonald knew Smith as well as I do, he would see that the question is precious delicate. I do not know what the multiplied Smythe is doing, nor how persuadable he is; that is for Mr. MacDonald to say. The only thing I know is that Smythe and Smith are in their public capacity incompatible; and my belief is—and I state my belief in the liveliest desire that Mr. MacDonald can find a way to demolish it—that they are hopelessly incompatible.

ALIAS WALT WHITMAN

BY HARVEY O'HIGGINS

IN 1841, the editor of *The Daily Aurora* of New York City was a rather debonair young man from Brooklyn, a Mr. Walter Whitman, twenty-two years old, who "usually wore a frock coat and a high hat, carried a small cane" and had "the lapel of his coat almost invariably ornamented with a boutonnière." A contemporary described him as "tall and graceful in appearance, neat in attire, and possessed of a very pleasing and impressive eye and a cheerful and happy-looking countenance." It is also recorded that he was a success with the blue-stockings of the day. "I have been with him often in the society of ladies," a friend wrote, "and I never knew of any woman young or old but thought him a most agreeable gentleman of great culture."

It was a brave day for blue-stockings and gentlemen of great culture. A diarist of the time observes, "Walked down Broadway with all the fashion, and met the pretty blue-stocking, Miss Julia Ward. . . . She had on a blue satin cloak and a white muslin dress. I looked to see if she had on blue stockings, but I think not. I suspect that her stockings were pink, and she wore low slippers. They say that she dreams in Italian and quotes French verses." She was the same age as the editor of *The Daily Aurora*, having been born, like him, in May, 1819. And walking down Broadway, "with all the fashion," she may have seen him—tall and graceful, in his high hat and his frock coat, swinging his small cane—since he promenaded on Broadway, in those days, as devotedly as Thoreau roamed his woods.

He was more professional in literature than she; he was trying to make his living by writing, and she did not need to; but they both produced the same kind of verse—the kind that was fashionable in the literary journals of the moment. He was about to announce in print:

Not in a gorgeous hall of pride,
Where tears fall thick and loved ones sigh,
Wished he, when the dark hour approach'd,
To drop his veil of flesh and die.

In spite of his buttonhole bouquet and his high hat, he really much preferred to end

Amid the thunder-clash of strife,
Where hovers War's ensanguined cloud,
And bright swords flash and banners fly
Above the wounds and groans and blood.

As elegant sad verse, this would seem to compare favorably with Julia Ward's stanza from her poem "On Looking Over a Diary Kept While I Was Under Serious Impressions":

Oh! Happy days, gone, never to return,
At which fond memory will ever burn,
Oh! Joyous hours, with peace and gladness blest,
When hope and joy dwelt in this careworn breast.

which she had written, seven years before, at the careworn age of fifteen.

Although they were both made famous, twenty years later, by their poems about the Civil War—he by his "O Captain! My Captain!" and she by her "Battle Hymn of the Republic"—I do not know of any record that they ever met. Certainly not in the 1840's. They were

worlds apart socially. As the daughter of Mr. Samuel Ward, the rich New York banker, she was "a frequenter of fashionable society," to quote her own subsequent description of herself, "a musical amateur, a dilettante in literature." He, in spite of his fashionable appearance, was the son of a Long Island farmer-carpenter, and he had worked his way up to the office of *The Daily Aurora* as a lawyer's errand boy, a doctor's office boy, a typesetter, and a country school-teacher. He had a rather meager education, and if any lady mistook him for "a gentleman of great culture" she must have been hypnotized by his pleasing and impressive eye. In the 1860's and 70's he could still write to his mother, from Washington, "I wish you was here," and to his brother, "I was very sorry you wasn't able to come on to see the Review."

All he had of the fashionable gentleman were the clothes and the taste for idleness. The proprietor of the *Aurora* thought him "the laziest fellow who ever undertook to edit a city paper." It was his habit to arrive at his office "between eleven and twelve o'clock in the morning," according to one of his editorial associates, and after looking over "the daily and exchange papers," he always strolled down Broadway to the Battery, spent "an hour or two amid the trees, enjoying the water view," and returned "to the office location at about two or three o'clock in the afternoon." Apparently, these leisurely habits lost him his position on the *Aurora*, and he became what is called a free-lance.

As a free-lance, he wrote a quantity of verse and prose that was mostly worse than mediocre. The prose especially was falsely done, without conviction, without the faintest glint of artistic conscience, and faked in imitation chiefly of Edgar Allan Poe and James Fenimore Cooper. In November, 1842, he put out an anonymous novel, *Franklin Evans; or The Inebriate*, dedicated to the Temperance Societies of the day. It was published in a weekly story paper called *The New World*, and ballyhooed as written "expressly for *The New World* by one of the best novelists in this country, with a view to aid the great work of reform and rescue young men from the demon of Intemperance." It was really written, one of his friends records, "mostly in the reading room of Tammany Hall, which was a sort of Bohemian resort, and he afterwards told me that he frequently indulged in gin cocktails, while writing it, at the 'Pewter Mug,' another resort for Bohemians around the corner in Spruce Street."

Copies of *Franklin Evans* are now so extremely rare that it is not easy to confirm the adverse judgment of his biographers upon it as "chaotic," "ill-told," "rambling," and "difficult to treat seriously." But much of his other free-lance work of the period has been collected and reprinted, and most of it deserves the epithets that have been used on *Franklin Evans*. Among these fugitive pieces is an article called "Richard Parker's Widow" from a monthly magazine, *The Aristidean*, published in New York in 1845. It begins, "When I was in London some years since," and it describes how Whitman saw the widow of Richard Parker, a once famous mutineer, applying for "parish assistance" from a "magistrate" in a "police office." A friend, he says, pointed her out to him secretly and then "went on to give me the particulars of this celebrated mutiny." Whitman, of course, was never in London, and the story of the mutiny, as he tells it, is taken almost word for word from Pelham's *Chronicles of Crime* or *The New Newgate Calendar* (London, 1841). The only considerable change that he makes in Pelham's narrative is this: according to Pelham, the convicted mutineer, before he was hanged at the yard-arm, was given a glass of white wine which he drank "to the salvation of his soul and the forgiveness of all his enemies"; Whitman makes it "a glass of water."

The Aristidean printed also, in March

1845, a long story by Walter Whitman, called "The Arrow-Tip"; and Whitman subsequently reprinted it anonymously as "The Half-Breed," an "original novelette by a Brooklynite," in *The Brooklyn Daily Eagle*, June 1846, when he was editing that newspaper. In spite of his apparent pride in the story, it is as dull and pretentious an imitation of Fenimore Cooper as any high-school boy ever wrote. It may have been founded on some true anecdote which Whitman had heard, but there is scarcely an incident in it that has any near relation to reality. No character has any life. The plot is awkward and improbable. There is not an accent of sincerity in any line of it—from the "merry peals of laughter" among the "young elves" of school-children in the opening paragraph, down to the closing sentences in which one of the children (after the tragedy of the story has been concluded) becomes a "young political aspirant" for "a respectable legislative office"—quite irrelevantly and pathetically.

I doubt whether anyone can read these magazine contributions by Walter Whitman without concluding that he was not only a lazy young man but a stupid and insincere one. Here is a specimen of his writing when he is imitating Fenimore Cooper:

> Just out from the village when the hunting party started that morning, they had been joined by Arrow-Tip's brother, the Deer. He, accompanied by a favorite dog, was watching the evolutions of a large bird that lazily skimmed near the surface of a cascade near by—a charming spot, that, were it in the neighborhood of our eastern cities, would be visited by thousands for its beauty. "Call the dog from me, brother," said the Deer, "he frightens the bird." Arrow-Tip did as he was desired. The party had passed on, bidding the two Indians to follow. And the chief sat himself down a moment, at the foot of a large tree, and waited till the successful aim of the Deer should bring the bird to the ground. One hand grasped his hunting-bow, and with the other he caressed the dog. The plot of the narrative makes it preferable not to detail minutely here all the events that took place during the day. One of these events—a startling and bloody one—has already been intimated to the reader, at the conclusion of the last chapter.

And here is a paragraph when he is imitating Poe:

> And there is one, childlike, with helpless and unsteady movements, but a countenance of immortal bloom, whose long-lashed eyes droop downward. The name of the Shape is Dai. When he comes near, the angels are silent, and gaze upon him with pity and affection. And the fair eyes of the Shape roll, but fix upon no object; while his lips move, but in a plaintive tone only is heard the speaking of a single name. Wandering in the confines of earth, or restlessly amid the streets of the beautiful land, goes Dai, earnestly calling on one he loves. Wherefore is there no response?

Although his more enthusiastic biographers exult that his contributions were printed in the same literary journals as the work of Hawthorne, Bryant, Longfellow, Lowell, Thoreau, Whittier, and Poe, it must be credited to the good taste of the magazine editors and readers of the period that Walter Whitman failed as a free-lance and returned to newspaper work. In 1846, he was editing the Brooklyn *Eagle*. A number of his editorials are given in Emory Holloway's *Whitman*, and they deserve Bliss Perry's complaint, in his life of Whitman, that "the style is slovenly and the thought quite without distinction." In 1848, having lost his place on the *Eagle*, he was offered, as he says, "a good chance to go down to New Orleans on the staff of the *Crescent*, a daily to be started there with plenty of capital behind it, in opposition to the *Picayune*." He went to the *Crescent* and worked for it for three months. Holloway reprints several of his "easy-going, whimsical, sometimes puerile sketches" from the *Crescent* and concludes that he lost his position "possibly" because the proprietors saw "that his slovenly writing . . . would add distinction to no paper."

When he returned to Brooklyn he founded a free-soil journal, *The Brooklyn*

Daily Freeman, and earned this contemporary notice: "Mr. Whitman is an ardent politician of the radical democratic school, and lately established the *Daily Freeman* in Brooklyn, to promulgate his favorite 'Free Soil' and other reformatory doctrines." He withdrew from the *Freeman* about a year later, and so ended his career as a newspaper man, for the time. In 1850, he wrote some articles anonymously for the New York *Advertiser* and the *Evening Post*, but they were chiefly critical articles on art and music. "I guess it was about those years," says his brother George, "he had an idea he could lecture. He wrote what mother calls barrels of lectures. We did not know what he was writing. He did not seem more abstracted than usual. He would lie abed late, and after getting up would write a few hours if he took the notion—perhaps would go off the rest of the day. We were all at work—all except Walt."

Only one of these lectures seems to have been delivered—a lecture before the art students of the Brooklyn Art Union, March 31, 1851. In his first paragraph, Walter Whitman turned his back on much of his past. "Among such a people as the Americans," he began, "viewing most things with an eye to pecuniary profit—more for acquiring than enjoying or well developing what they acquire—ambitious of the physical rather than the intellectual; a race to whom matter-of-fact is everything and the ideal nothing—a nation of whom the steam-engine is no bad symbol—he does a good work who, pausing in the way, calls to the feverish crowd that in the life we live upon this beautiful earth there may after all be something vaster and better than dress and the table, business and politics." To utter this call was "the glorious province of arts and of all artists worthy of the name." As an æsthete, contemptuous of dress and the table and business and politics, he reprobated the clothes of "fashionable tailordom"—the clothes which he had worn as editor of *The Aurora*—and especially "the fashionable hat, before which language has nothing to say because sight is the only thing that can begin to do it justice." And with characteristic sincerity, he included in his lecture, as Bliss Perry points out, "a description of the death-bed of Rousseau quite unwarranted by any historical evidence."

He had given up the costume of the *Aurora* editor and also the "neat frock coat" which he had worn as a schoolteacher. He had become progressively Bohemian in his attire as a free-lance writer. Now, suddenly, he began to dress in the rough clothes of a workingman, belted trousers, a shirt open at the neck to show his undershirt, high boots, and a soft felt hat. He had decided to become the Walt Whitman of the *Leaves of Grass*, and he went to work for his father, the carpenter, while he wrote his book.

II

If anyone doubts that this "Walt Whitman" was only a new alias for the Walter Whitman of *Franklin Evans* and the imitations of Poe and Cooper, I recommend him to read the anonymous reviews which Walter Whitman wrote of Walt Whitman's poems. One of the earliest of the series appeared in the Brooklyn *Times*, Sept. 29, 1855, some two months after the printing of the first edition of *Leaves of Grass*. He introduces himself, "Very devilish to some, and very divine to some, will appear the poet of these new poems, the *Leaves of Grass;* an attempt, as they are, of a naïve, masculine, affectionate, contemplative, sensual, imperious person, to cast into literature not only his own grit and arrogance, but his own flesh and form, undraped, regardless of models, regardless of modesty or law, and ignorant or silently scornful, as at first appears, of all except his own presence and experience, and all outside the fiercely loved land of his birth, and the birth of his parents, and their parents for several generations before him."

Can anybody imagine that the Walter Whitman who wrote that sentence was really the naïve, masculine, sensual, imperious, undraped, arrogant, and silently scornful person which Walt Whitman pretended to be? Is it possible that his advertisement of his devotion to "the fiercely loved land of his birth, and the birth of his parents, and their parents for several generations before him" arose out of a true patriotism and not out of a blurb-writer's desire to sell his volume to the hundred-per-centers of his day? Could Walter Whitman have been unaware of the sexual exhibitionism in his poems when he came out before his literary side-show to promise that if you paid the entrance fee you would see Walt Whitman, on the inside, "undraped," in "his own flesh and form," "regardless of modesty or law"?

Or consider the following sentence: "Of pure American breed, large and lusty—age thirty-six years—never once using medicine—never dressed in black, always dressed freshly and clean in strong clothes—neck open, shirt-collar flat and broad, countenance tawny transparent red, beard well-mottled with white, hair like hay after it has been mowed in the field and lies tossed and streaked—his physiology corroborating a rugged phrenology—a person singularly beloved and looked toward, especially by young men and the illiterate—one who has firm attachments here and associates there—one who does not associate with literary people—a man never called upon to make speeches at public dinners—never on platforms amid the crowds of clergymen, or professors, or aldermen, or congressmen—rather down in the bay with pilots in their pilot-boat—or off on a cruise with fishers in their fishing-smack—or riding on a Broadway omnibus, side by side with the driver—or with a band of loungers over the open grounds of the country—fond of New York and Brooklyn—fond of the life of the great ferries—one whom, if you should meet, you need not expect to meet an extraordinary person—one in whom you will see the singularity which consists in no singularity—whose contact is no dazzle or fascination, nor requires any deference, but has the easy fascination of what is homely and accustomed—as of something you knew before, and was waiting for—there you have Walt Whitman, the begetter of a new offspring out of literature, taking with easy nonchalance the chances of its present reception, and, through all misunderstandings and distrusts, the chances of its future reception—preferring always to speak for himself rather than have others speak for him."

And consider that the man who "never dressed in black" is the Walter Whitman of the frock coat, the high hat, and the boutonnière. He is the roughly clothed and rugged workingman "who does not associate with literary people." The Democratic politician of the *Freeman* and the public lecturer on art is "never on platforms amid the crowds of clergymen, or professors, or aldermen, or congressmen." This anxious barker for his own book is "taking with easy nonchalance the chances of its present reception," "preferring always to speak for himself"—in his poems, of course—"rather than have others speak for him," as his anonymous reviewer is supposed to be speaking.

He continues, in his false whiskers, to advertise his Walt: "A rude child of the people!—No imitation—No foreigner—but a growth and idiom of America. No discontented—a careless slouch, enjoying to-day. No dilettante democrat—a man who is art-and-part with the commonalty, and with immediate life—loves the streets—loves the docks—loves the free rasping talk of men—likes to be called by his given name, and nobody at all need Mr. him—can laugh with laughers—likes the ungenteel ways of laborers—is not prejudiced one mite against the Irish—talks readily with them—talks readily with niggers—does not make a stand on being a gentleman, nor on learning nor manners"—and so

on, down to the end of the paragraph: "You may feel the unconscious teaching of a fine brute, but you will never feel the artificial teaching of a fine writer or speaker."

In other words, the dilettante democrat, Walter Whitman, announces that he is now nothing of the sort; that he is a "careless slouch"; that he is no longer "a fine writer or speaker" but "a fine brute" who is "unconscious" of the teaching of which he is here so conscious. He is such an astonishing radical that he even "likes the ungenteel ways of laborers," and he feels so little prejudice against the Irish that he "talks readily with them." Most miraculous of all, he now likes to be called by his given name "and nobody at all need Mr. him." And this last is a proof of his utter democracy which he repeats with unction in his later self-advertisements.

He ballyhooed himself, anonymously, in the *American Phrenological Journal* as the "haughtiest of writers that has ever yet written and printed a book." And in the *United States and Democratic Review*, for the same month of September 1855, he hailed himself, anonymously, as "One of the roughs, large, proud, affectionate, eating, drinking and breeding, his costume manly and free, his face sunburnt and bearded, his postures strong and erect." No longer the fashionable gentleman of great culture, he announced, rather incoherently: "self-restraint, with haughty eyes, assuming to himself all the attributes of his country, steps Walt Whitman into literature, talking like a man unaware that there was ever hitherto such a production as a book, or such a being as a writer." As if he were afraid that some contemporary Comstock might fail to advertise his poems by attempting to suppress them, he goes on: "Nature he proclaims inherently clean. Sex will not be put aside; it is the great ordination of the universe. He works the muscle of the male and the teeming fibre of the female, throughout his writings, as wholesome realities, impure only by deliberate intention and effort. . . . If health were not his distinguishing attribute, this poet would be the very harlot of persons. Right and left he flings his arms, drawing men and women with undeniable love to his close embrace, loving the clasp of their hands, the touch of their necks and breasts, and the sound of their voices. All else seems to burn up under his fierce affection for persons." And he printed these three personal advertisements of himself as favorable press notices in the second edition of his poems.

As late as 1876, he was still writing of himself, anonymously: "This Walt Whitman—this queer one whom most of us have watched, with more or less amusement, walking by—this goer and comer, for years, about New York and Washington—good natured with everybody, like some farmer, or mate of some coasting vessel, familiarly accosted by all, hardly any one of us stopping to Mr. him—this man of many characters, among the rest that of volunteer help in the army hospitals and on the field during the whole of the late war, carefully tending all the wounded he could, southern or northern—if it should turn out that in this plain unsuspected old customer, dressed in gray & wearing no necktie, America and her republican institutions are possessing that *rara avis* a real national poet, chanting, putting in form, in her own proud spirit, in first-class style, for present and future time, her democratic shapes even as the bards of Judah put in song, for all time to come, the Hebrew spirit, and Homer the war-life of prehistoric Greece, and Shakespeare the feudal shapes of Europe's kings and lords!"

But perhaps his most extraordinary effort in establishing his alias is the one reported by Fred P. Hill, Jr., in the *American Mercury* of June 1924. Here it appears that Whitman wrote the greater part of the volume *Notes on Walt Whitman* by John Burroughs, published in 1867 as Burroughs' first book and since dropped from the list of his col-

lected works. The style is clearly Whitman's; and Burroughs, shortly before his death, admitted in a letter to Hill that about one-half the book was written by Whitman and that the whole volume had been edited and revised by Whitman. The personal sketch of Whitman was supplied by Whitman himself. It is in the same tone as his anonymous reviews. "There probably lives not another man," he writes of himself, "so genuinely and utterly indifferent to literary abuse or to 'public opinion,' either when favorable or unfavorable. He has never used the usual means to defend his reputation." He describes himself as "seeking not the least conquest or display," but as "making the impression on any unsuspecting stranger of a good-willed, healthy character, without the least ostensible mark of the philosopher or poet; but all the while, though thus passive and receptive, yet evidently the most masculine of beings." And so forth, to the same end as always —to the end of having Burroughs, like the anonymous newspaper reviewers, certify to the truth of the pose which he had assumed in his poetry.

III

Obviously, Walter Whitman was no such person as he thus proclaimed himself to be. He could not be truly such a person and be aware of it. But what was he? What was the real Walter Whitman who adopted this alias of Walt Whitman, and put on this disguise of the "careless slouch," and pretended to all this rough and rugged democracy and sensuality and haughty-eyed contempt?

The answer is written plainly enough in every real biography of him that I have ever seen, as well as by implication in his poems. He was neither sensual, nor rough and rugged, nor truly healthy, nor lusty, nor even very masculine. He was what is nowadays called a Narcissan, in love with himself, introverted, and so wrapped up in his own ego that he got no free delivery of energy except in his exhibitionism. Hence his constitutional laziness. He was arrested in his sexual development very near the homosexual level, as several of his poems show; and like many another case of arrested development he was always "a man's man." He speaks of the "fiercely loved land of his birth" in one of his anonymous blurbs, and in another he assumes "to himself all the attributes of his country"; but when the Civil War broke out on April 12, 1861, he disappeared for eighteen months from the sight of his biographers; and the only entry in his notebook, for that period, is the following, dated April 16, 1861, four days after the beginning of hostilities: "I have this day, this hour, resolved to inaugurate for myself a pure, perfect, sweet, clean-blooded robust body, by ignoring all drinks but water and pure milk, and all fat meats, late suppers—a great body, a purged, cleansed, spiritualized, invigorated body."

This is not the vow of a patriot worrying about the fiercely-loved land of his birth. It is the resolve of a Narcissan thinking only of his fiercely-loved physique. Here is the impulse which dressed him up as a fashionable gentleman of great culture during one phase of his life, and as a rough and rugged workman during another period, and finally as the conspicuous "good, gray poet" in gray cape and wide-awake during his later years. This is the impulse that made him begin his *Leaves of Grass* with the line "I celebrate myself." It is the impulse that drove him to celebrate himself in his "own flesh and form, undraped, regardless of modesty or law." The same impulse moves humorously in a letter to two friends, written from Washington during the war, on March 19, 1863: "My health, strength, personal beauty, etc., are, I am happy to inform you, without diminution, but on the contrary quite the reverse. I weigh full 220 pounds avoirdupois, yet still retain my usual perfect shape—a regular model." It is an impulse to exhibition-

ism that is neither sensual nor healthy, but morbid, introverted, and very near perversion.

Narcissism is apparently produced by an adoring mother in a mother-fixated boy. Whitman loved his mother "with a sort of mariolotry" as Holloway says. He broke down, during her final illness, with a partial paralysis. At the age of fifty-six, he wrote of himself, "I occupy myself, arranging these pages for publication, still enveloped in thoughts of the death, two years since, of my dear Mother, the most perfect and magnetic character, the rarest combination of practical, moral and spiritual, and the least selfish of all and any I have ever known—and by me O so much the most deeply loved." He never married. As a young school-teacher he was "diffident with women." One of his pupils records, "The girls did not attract him. He did not especially go anywhere with them or show any extra fondness for their society. Before and after school, he was a boy among boys." A few years later, at the age of about twenty, as the editor of *The Long Islander*, he wrote of himself, "I would carefully avoid saying anything of women; because it behooves a modest personage like myself not to speak upon a class of beings whose nature, habits, notions and ways he has not been able to gather any knowledge, either by experience or observation." During his mature years in Washington, from the age of forty-seven to fifty-four, his most intimate companion was a young street-car conductor named Peter Doyle; and Doyle has said of him, "I never knew a case of Walt's being bothered up by a woman. Woman in that sense never entered his head. Walt was too clean. No trace of any kind of dissipation in him. I ought to know about him those years—we were awful close together."

The appearance of sensuality in Whitman's verse—and in his ballyhoos—is good evidence to a modern psychiatrist that Whitman never experienced the dissoluteness which he celebrates. The sexuality in his poems is a compensation, in phantasy, for his lack of potency in experience. Much of this sexual expression is dangerously near the homosexual level—which is to be expected where the sexual impulse is anchored by a mother-fixation and unable to achieve a heterosexual goal.

When an English critic, J. A. Symonds, read the homosexual poems in "Calamus," he wrote to ask Whitman the truth about himself, and Whitman, at the age of seventy-two, replied: "My life, young manhood, mid-age, times South, etc., have been jolly bodily and doubtless open to criticism. Though unmarried, I have had six children—two are dead—one living Southern grandchild, fine boy, writes to me occasionally—circumstances (connected with their fortune and benefit) have separated me from intimate relations." But that statement, written to allay the suspicion of homosexuality, is no more to be trusted than Whitman's anonymous advertisement of himself as "a lusty breeder." He wrote of himself, by the hand of John Burroughs, in Burroughs' *Notes on Walt Whitman:* "Throughout this period (1840–1855) without entering into particulars, it is enough to say that he sounded all experiences of life, with all their passions, pleasures, and abandonments. He was young, in perfect bodily condition, and had the city of New York and its ample opportunities around him. I trace this period in some of the poems of 'Children of Adam' and occasionally in other parts of his book, including 'Calamus.'" But this testimony from John Burroughs has now been wiped out by Burroughs' own confession that Whitman wrote it. He and Whitman did not meet until 1861 in Washington, and Burroughs knew nothing of Whitman's life in the years 1840–1855, except what Whitman told him.

The truth in all this elaborate deception about "passions, pleasures, and abandonments" seems to be—as Holloway suggests in his *Whitman*—that Walter Whitman, in 1848, had some sort

of love-affair in New Orleans "with a Creole octoroon," when he was working on the New Orleans *Crescent*. And it also seems probable that he ran away from that affair and never had another. Horace Traubel says, "During Walt's last sickness his grandson came to the house. I was not there at the time. When Whitman mentioned the occurrence to me, I expressed the regret that I had missed him. 'I wish I might see him.' 'God forbid!' said Whitman." Henry Bryan Binns in his *Life of Whitman* supposes that the lady in New Orleans "was of higher social rank than his own—a lady of the South where social rank is of the first consideration." And Binns asks, "Why did he leave her? Why did he allow the foulest of reproaches to blacken that whitest of reputations, a Southern lady's virtue?" The answer might seem to be that perhaps the lady was not so white as all that. And Whitman's "God forbid!" to Traubel may mean that the grandson, if he really existed at all, was also somewhat colored.

No one ever saw that grandson, or any of the "six children," or any woman with whom Walt Whitman appeared to be having a love-affair. In his relations with the women who were emotionally attracted by him—like Mrs. Gilchrist, Mrs. Berenson, and his housekeeper, Mrs. Davis—he was coolly affectionate and detached. Says Perry, "A daily companion of Whitman in Washington tells me that he never heard him utter a word that could not have been used to his mother. There is overwhelming testimony that for thirty years thereafter his conversation, though often blunt enough, was scrupulously chaste. There is also abundant evidence that from 1862 onward his life was stainless so far as sexual relations were concerned." I do not see how anyone can doubt that previous to 1862 it had been equally "stainless," except for his adventure in New Orleans. I see no evidence that he ever gave way to "passions, pleasures, and abandonments." I do not believe his story that he wrote *Franklin Evans* on gin cocktails from the "Pewter Mug." Just previous to the period of 1840–1855, "he neither smoked nor drank nor swore," says Binns. And the impulse under which he wrote *Franklin Evans* was the same impulse that made him take the glass of white wine out of the hands of the dying mutineer and let him drink to the salvation of his soul in a glass of water. Any form of dissipation is a danger to the "pure, perfect, sweet, clean-blooded, robust body" of a Narcissan. And any real "abandonment" to love is impossible for the introvert who is in love with himself.

IV

There remains to consider Whitman's pose as the true poet of democracy, "chanting, putting in form, in her own proud spirit, in first class style, for present & future time, her democratic shapes." And, in the first place, one must admit that, from his earliest days, Walter Whitman was a militant democrat in the sense that he was opposed to aristocracy, class rule, slavery, blue laws, or anything else that threatened or interfered with the freedom of the common American. As a newspaper man and a free-lance writer, he did valiant service in the paper wars that were fought for liberty and the free-soil doctrines before the firing on Fort Sumter. It is no disparagement of this service to point out that it was inspired by his own colossal egotism. He was an advocate of freedom and equality because it was necessary for him to feel himself the equal in freedom of any man. "I never yet knew," he wrote in his notes, "how it felt to think I stood in the presence of my superior." And in describing the "true, noble, expanded American character" he wrote, "It is to be illimitably proud, independent, self-possessed, generous and gentle. It is to accept nothing except what is equally free and eligible to anybody else. It is to be poor rather than rich—but to

prefer death rather than any mean dependence."

But with his failure as an editor, a free-lance writer, an art critic, and a lecturer, he receded into a purer egotism than ever—and he accepted financial dependence, at least, without any apparent qualms. Encouraged by his reading of Emerson's famous address, "The American Scholar"—America's "intellectual Declaration of Independence," as Oliver Wendell Holmes has called it—he undertook to be a new sort of poet, the poet of the New World, "with the feeling or ambition," as he wrote, "to articulate and faithfully express in literary or poetic form, and uncompromisingly, my own physical, emotional, moral, intellectual, and æsthetic Personality, in the midst of, and tallying, the momentous spirit and facts of its immediate days, and of current America —and to exploit that personality, identified with place and date, in a far more comprehensive sense than any hitherto poem or book." That is to say, instead of any longer identifying himself with his country and expressing its aspirations, he was now to identify his country with himself, "assuming to himself all its attributes," and expressing his own ego as "tallying the momentous spirit" of "current America."

He turned his back, at once, on the economic aspirations of the democracy. In the preface to the first edition of his poems, he wrote, "Beyond the independence of a little sum laid aside for burial money, and of a few clapboards around and shingles overhead on a lot of American soil owned, and the easy dollars that supply the year's plain clothing and meals, the melancholy prudence of the abandonment of such a great being as man is, to the toll and pallor of years of money-making, with all their scorching days and icy nights and all their stifling deceits and underhand dodging, or infinitesimals of parlors and shameless stuffing while others starve . . . and the issuing sickness and desperate revolt of a life without elevation of naïveté, and the ghastly chatter of a death without serenity or majesty, is the great fraud upon modern civilization." The average American, he declared, cheated by that fraud, suffered "all the loss of the bloom and odor of the earth and of the taste of women and men you pass or have to do with in youth or middle age." And Walt Whitman was to sing, rather, a sort of hobo democracy of the Open Road.

Being himself far from normal, he gave voice to few of the normal emotions of America. "The home, the fireside, the domestic allurements are not in him," says John Burroughs. "Love, as we find it in other poets, is not in him." They are not in his poetry and they were not in him. He neither felt them, appreciated them, nor understood them. What he chiefly voiced was his own egotism—swollen to the dimensions of his country—his own morbidity, his own introversion. These are not typically American nor democratic, and the democracy has never accepted him.

IN LINE FOR SOMETHING

A STORY

BY MARGARET CULKIN BANNING

IT WASN'T the defeat in itself. By the end of the next day Henry was pretty well reconciled to that. There were many soothing, healing reflections to lay upon his bruised hopes and they were recommended to him right and left. He seemed never to have been so popular. All day long men kept dropping into his office to have a word with him, saying, "If it hadn't been a light vote you'd have gone over this time, Henry. You certainly showed surprising strength." He was stopped on the street again and again with great friendliness and the slightly varying remark, "Nice work, Henry. A few more votes next time and you'll turn the trick." And at noon old Bob Bartlett had come lumbering over to his table—Bartlett, who had never yet lifted a finger for him but who had been watching all along—and said in his hoarse, whispering monotone, "That was a pretty fight. It doesn't do any harm for a young fellow to get trimmed a few times. You ought to be in line for something good one of these days. You're getting quite a following."

Yes, twenty-four hours took out the sting, the poison of not quite putting it over again. He knew that what they all told him was true. It was a defeat that could be explained. Sackett's victory was a Pyrrhic one. The congressman had spent money like water and he had never met with such resistance. Shift the totals just a little here and there, and the nomination would have been Henry's. He had made a good showing and picked up a lot of new friends without losing any of his old ones. He found it easy to take his cue and say, "Well, we all can't win. I suppose we've all got to get behind Sackett now and put him across in November. That's the next thing on the program."

Easy, that is, until he went home. It was on his own doorstep that defeat became rout, failure, repudiation. He had not forgotten Nancy, looking over the morning papers, a lithe, fine-spun figure, vivid as the scarlet-silk Chinese coat she wore. She had said with contempt, "Aren't they beasts! After the way Sackett has acted. He doesn't even have his scandals, much less his home, out here. And then they nominate him for Congress and turn you down. Well, I hope to heaven, Henry, that at last you've learned something. I hope you're through with the whole vicious, thankless business!"

Henry had remarked thoughtfully that if Pine County had come through it would have been all right.

"But it didn't!" answered Nancy impatiently. "What difference does that make now?"

"I just meant that it was interesting," said Henry.

He did not try to prove that it was. Something warned him that if he continued, that look of contempt in Nancy's eyes might turn squarely upon him. He was tarred by his own defeat. That was why the thought of it began to sting again as he reached home. He had hoped to nail the thing this time, make

her the wife of a Congressman, give her something that nobody else could give her. She liked distinguished people, and he had wanted not only to put her and himself into the approach to that class, but to prove that the only way to get there was to have an uncounted number of friends in whose hands the power to confer distinction lay. Friends were something of a moot point between them. In the last five years since the children had ceased to be babies and certain nursery intimacies had faded, their groups had become more or less separate. As Henry said, he couldn't run around with that outfit Nancy played with. They were all right, but it was too ingrowing a crowd for a man who wanted to do anything politically. When it came to votes, they probably couldn't do more than deliver their own and they might even forget to do that. They were too flip.

Flip, groaned Nancy, when he made that criticism and reminded him of the boosters. For it worked both ways. Nancy had her own story. Henry had taken her once on one of the annual goodwill boosters' trips, when most of the men had brought their wives along, wives curiously unlike Nancy. There had been dinners and bus rides and communal singing and paper caps, and Nancy had grown more frigid and detached with every noisy hour and jovial celebration. She could not sing the mimeographed parodies on popular tunes which took personal flings at the various boosters. She could not bear any of it. Henry never asked her again. When he went boosting, as he still sometimes did, he went alone, and threw away the loot and souvenirs of carnival before he came home. For he knew well enough that Nancy felt that his time might be better employed.

It was not that they needed money. Henry had a good practice, quite as large as he and his two clerks could handle, and Nancy had a small income of her own. She had no chance of becoming a destitute widow, and the children could go to college, and the car be traded in every few years. But it was only solvency and comfort, and Nancy wanted more than that, more than the adequate, broad-porched suburban house in which they had lived for nine years. The politicians called Henry young at thirty-seven. But at thirty-four Nancy felt life begin to close in about her, to withdraw its chances, to find its permanent shape, and she hated to see it lose fluidity before she was satisfied. She had hoped for either money or consequence, if not both; and Henry often felt how dull a stone he must look to her in the brilliant setting of her desires.

He had a moment's relief when she told him that they were going out for dinner. That would take her mind off him and to-night he was willing to do anything to please her.

"It's the Towers's party and we're all going to the club, but they couldn't get any of the private dining rooms, so they're coming here for a cocktail first. Hurry up and dress and mix one, Henry."

"Who's coming?"

"Just the Towers and the Burleighs and the Hoyts."

Henry said nothing, for he could think of nothing pleasant to say and he was politician enough to hold his tongue in such case. He knew it was a crowd which would put up with him because of Nancy. The Towers were the sort who could be full of humor during dinner and murderously unpleasant afterward at bridge if luck went against them. The Burleighs would come after having finished their first cocktail at home for, as they had been known to say, always confidentially, they trusted only their own liquor. Trusted it to begin on, Henry had commented before. As for the Hoyts, he liked them least of all. They were always worked up emotionally and talking about it. When Dick Hoyt wasn't making up to some woman, Jinny was taking on some man for one of the semi-public affairs she specialized in. They were both always seeking advice and collecting opinions on their relations

to each other. They were also very broad in conversation. They used raw words in raw places, words that were facts and left living images and should never be encountered in decent houses, according to Henry. Altogether, the defeated candidate for Congress, mixing a very dry one, looked forward to his evening with little trace of pleasure.

Still, if it gave Nancy any, it was up to him to help, he supposed. With all the campaign rallies and his indefatigable speech-making at every available place, he hadn't seen much of her lately. He heard her come through the swinging door at the other end of the long pantry, after speaking to the maid about chives in the canapés, and turned to look at her. She was a confusion of lovely color against the dark oak door as she pulled open a long drawer and began to count cocktail napkins. Her dress was a soft, floating thing that made Henry want to touch it, to feel it in his hands. He had curious moments of imagination, had Henry. Sometimes they got into his speeches and made the old politicians frown. Sometimes they came on him unexpectedly, as just half an hour ago, when he had said good-night to the two boys, and thought that children never could really know what happened to their parents, and that he had been as ignorant of his father's struggles as his children were of his own, that struggles were only hard because they were secret and lonely. He had another odd moment now as he looked at that gown of Nancy's, which he did not know was chiffon and made in such loose, vague ways because that was the fashion. It looked yielding and pathetically delicate. He wanted to take Nancy in his arms and tell her that he'd get her where she belonged yet, where she could find people head and shoulders over these she ran with, that the temporary setback didn't mean anything. He wanted most of all to have her say all those things back to him, so he would be sure of them.

But there was something embarrassingly dramatic in such imaginings.

"You're looking fine to-night," was what he said at length, with the restraint in compliment of the long-married. "How do you want this poison? Crippling?"

"Don't make lemonade," she suggested and came over to supervise. "That's grand vermouth. How much gin did you put in?"

"Too much. Want to taste it?"

"Not now. I hate tippling beforehand. You can always tell when people have been doing it."

He laughed at her. She didn't like liquor, and he knew it.

"You were meant for a bartender, Nancy. To dish it out and stay sober."

"Well, it spoils my face," she said briefly. "I look so blotchy if I drink. But Henry—"

"You're going to ask for something," he prophesied.

"Who has a better right?"

"No one ever."

"Well, then, kind of loosen up a little to-night, will you?"

"How do you mean?"

"Oh, you know. Don't be upstage about the liquor and everything."

"Darling, I'm mixing their grog."

"Yes, but mix yourself up too. Be friendly."

"If you mean that I should get cuckoo with that crowd, Nancy, you know I can't afford to do that."

"I mean come to the party really," she said. "Don't just attend."

"You can't do it and get anywhere in politics."

"Politics!" she exclaimed scornfully. "Why, everybody knows those conventions are full of drunken orgies. As for your friend Sackett!"

"I know all about that. But that's just the reason. It isn't that anybody minds a drink or two, of course. But my following is made up of a pretty steady sort of people."

Her gracefully plucked eyebrows arched, mocking his following.

"Your following didn't do much for you yesterday."

"I think that it did very well," he said stiffly.

She felt his hurt and withdrawal and her face changed.

"I'm sorry, Henry. I didn't mean to talk about it at all."

"There were very good reasons why it turned out the way it did," he started to explain.

"Of course." She stopped him on the verge of the reasons, with an affectionate hand on his arm. "And you really don't care. But now that you are out of the miserable business, why not forget it and go after other things?"

"What things?"

"Well," said Nancy, "I was thinking the other day of how hard you work over all those junky little cases that pay so little. You could get other kinds. That estate of Doris Tower's mother—the Wells estate—might just as well be in your hands. Doris is furious at the way the lawyers are handling it, and her mother's in her second childhood practically."

"They don't sound like the most agreeable of clients."

"There are millions in the estate—and she'd let you handle it in a minute."

"But I can't go around snatching business from other firms, Nancy."

"You wouldn't have to snatch. It would drop into your lap. But you always stand off from Doris. She doesn't know what you're like."

"I'll have to tell her," said Henry, with an obvious desire to close the subject.

But Nancy persisted, as she dropped fat olives in some glasses and little white onions into others.

"We putter along so, Henry. I hear these other men talking about the way they make money. Why, Fred Burleigh was saying that last week he made twenty thousand dollars out of stock in that automobile combine."

"He'll probably lose it next week. Anyway, whether he does or not, we can't gamble."

"I'd like to know what you think those elections are but gambling."

"That's different. Sometimes you get what you're after and sometimes not. But in any case you build up a name, an acquaintance. It puts you in line for something. That's exactly what old Bob Bartlett said to me to-day. And he's the boss."

"In line for what? You mean they've offered you something better?"

"No—not definitely. It's not done that way. To be in line only means that you've qualified in a way, if anything does turn up; that you've played a good game and behaved yourself, and that your record entitles you to consideration. You've got something coming to you."

"Wasn't that what they told you when they asked you to run?" she asked, "that it was coming to you?"

"Well, so it was."

"But it didn't."

"It didn't happen to. But don't you see what I mean?"

"Oh, I see," said Nancy impatiently. "Of course I see. It means that we stand around waiting while the rest of the world moves on. In line! Why, everybody's in a line for something. You're in line for middle-age and an income that you can scrape along with and a lot of promises that don't come off. I'm going to get in line for something else, and get it too. I can't stand this forever, Henry."

He could feel the restlessness in her like a sudden rising wind, driving her mood before it. It had happened before. It often happened. It always made him feel so helpless when she was like this. He could never find words, swiftly persuading ones that might hold her. The ones that came most readily to his lips were slightly oratorical or breezily friendly. There had been a time when he could speak to her through a caress but he was afraid to try that now. Yet he knew what possessed her. For Henry himself knew secretly what it meant to feel life short and its delays interminable.

The doorbell buzzed just above their

heads and, as the maid came through from the kitchen to answer it, he laid a quick, clumsy hand on his wife's.

"Just the same, you don't want to get in line for the wrong thing," he said. "We can't rush things, dear. We've got to sit tight and play the game."

He was so earnest that she laughed.

"You and your doddering old clichés," she murmured almost fondly, but rather at him than to him, and was off to meet her guests.

Henry automatically finished up what he had to do and followed, standing about a little awkwardly after the first greeting was over. He had little to say to these men. Walter Tower and he had been graduated from the same college within four years of each other and Henry had been more notable then than Tower. But that was vague now and only provided an occasional reminiscence for them which held little warmth of intimacy. All these men did things with their time which were different from the things Henry did. They belonged to a city club and a country club but they never went to dinners at the chamber of commerce for notable citizens or served on public committees or joined luncheon clubs. They seemed to make their very living in different coin than Henry's. He knew their financial ratings well enough. Burleigh was a lucky gambler, rich to-day and poor to-morrow, always suave and well-kept in either case. Dicky Hoyt had nothing but his job, which was well enough, for he was local manager of a public utilities company. He was smart, as everyone agreed, but he lived right up to the edge of his twenty or twenty-five thousand a year, and his bonuses cleared up extra debts. The Towers were the meat of the crowd financially. Walter Tower was a capitalist and money-maker, with the rich man's flair for profitable enterprise. He was rich without considering the money which would be his wife's when her mother died and left her the whole of the Wells estate. Nancy had been one of Doris Tower's bridesmaids, and she had also always been the beauty of the crowd. She still was, thought Henry, watching the lovely turn of her shoulder and neck as she talked to Dicky Hoyt.

"Nancy's simply glorious to-night," said Jinny Hoyt to Henry. "She's the only woman I'm ever really afraid of."

Henry recognized the tone of emotional confidence and bore up.

"I don't know what you have to be afraid of," he said, that being the first sentence he came upon, and he pressed hard upon the "you" to make it flattering.

"She's the only woman Dicky never got over," answered Jinny, lifting her face with eyes that sought almost professionally for sympathy. "I think that there's one woman like that in every man's life, don't you?"

It was a pretty face, and men had liked to console it. They had consoled it steadily for years. But now it was getting hard to find the pathos under the make-up.

"I don't know. There's one in my life," Henry said, a little heavily.

Jinny laughed and called to Nancy that she had never realized how adorable Henry was and that she was going to fall in love with him after all these years.

"Go right ahead," said Nancy, "he needs exercise."

Henry felt a fool. He poured them all another cocktail, except Nancy, who always managed to give the illusion of drinking without doing much of it. He himself ate canapés. At this time of night he was always ready for his dinner and these people had a habit of delaying it unreasonably.

"We were sorry you didn't get the nomination for Congress," said Tower, as his glass was filled again, "but I suppose that's politics."

They all remembered then and came in with their comments.

"It's too bad, Nancy. I was counting on visiting you in Washington."

"Oh, my dear, they say Congress-

men's wives haven't so much of a time. They have to go to all the deadly parties. Make Henry run for the senate or the cabinet or something. That's better."

"I don't see how Davis Sackett can drink the way he does and live! I saw him in New York last winter—with about the most stunning woman I ever saw."

"His first wife—the one who handed him on, you know—married again. Did you hear that?"

"I suppose a fellow has to put up quite a lot of money to get one of those nominations, doesn't he?" inquired Burleigh.

"It depends on how you manage your campaign," answered Henry. "It doesn't have to be an expensive proposition. Of course there's some advertising to do."

"I knew there was something I forgot to do yesterday," complained Dicky Hoyt. "I was going to vote for Henry. And nobody reminded me."

"That certainly would have turned the trick," said Henry, trying to be jovial and not managing it very well. He didn't care whether Hoyt voted for him or not. It would be accident if he marked his ballot so that it didn't have to be thrown out, thought Henry bitterly. But with headlines in red over the front of the morning papers, telling everyone not to forget that it was the day of the primaries, with a dozen important public offices to be filled and a chance of blunder in every case, Hoyt had still needed reminder. Henry ate another canapé or two, dropping a good deal of grated egg, and waited for the start. The women were already looking a little blurred, except Nancy.

"Some of those Washington women have the most fascinating political dinners," Jinny told him. "I've heard that one or two women really run the country. From behind things, you know."

Those were strong drinks, reflected Henry, agreeing with her. He disposed of what was left in the second shaker in random empty glasses, and Anna Burleigh, finishing her third cocktail, said that she was too comfortable where she was and they could just bring her dinner to her.

But they did not. They assembled at last, after driving in two automobile loads, in the dining room of the club. It was late and all the other diners had gone, except an elderly couple who grew embarrassed and hurried their ice cream and escaped from the room when the handsome, noisy party invaded it. It was a club to which Henry belonged. He rarely came to it, his membership being more of a concession to Nancy's pride than his own desire. It was a club for the leisure of rich men, and Henry was not ready or eager for either leisure or riches. Since they were alone in the room certain club rules were waived, and Tower sent a boy to the room of a resident member for some Burgundy and brandy. The dinner lasted indefinitely, rising into exhilaration over some pyramided comedy, dropping into dialogues, growing controversial over some point quickly lost in the discussion, becoming affectionate and a little promiscuous. Jinny Hoyt was beside Henry, clinging to her profession of being in love with him and sitting very close. Looking down at her bare shoulder and her fatuous little face, Henry had a queer memory of saloons that he had been in when he was much younger. If I were a little drunker, he thought, she might be pretty. But not being drunk, he could see that her nose was red and little wrinkles made patterns around her eyes.

They were making a plan. He didn't pay much attention to it at first, hardly separating it from the nonsense they were talking. The Towers had ordered a new car which was due any day. Doris Tower was telling him that. She was on his other side.

"Thirty thousand dollars is too much for any car," said Jinny pathetically, "more than we earn in a year. Except a good year. It's altogether too much to spend more for a car than we earn in a year. Did you know that new car cost more than we earn in a year? We

couldn't buy the license for it. Could you?"

"We're going on a trip," Doris was saying in his other ear. "I can't go to Europe this year because of mother. You see I simply couldn't. She needs advice all the time. And those lawyers just mix her all up and they're so stubborn and disobliging. After all it's mother's money and you'd really think it was their business to do what we tell them to. And I'm simply exhausted between them all. We thought we'd drive East and take some of those glorious drives in the mountains, and I've some friends in Detroit who have a simply magnificent place and are always asking me to come and bring simply anyone I like. I wish you and Nancy would come along. We could go on to New York and I think it's always cool there in the summer if you do the right things, don't you?"

"It sounds wonderful," said Henry, "but I'm afraid it's a little too de luxe for me."

"Why can't we all go?" asked Dicky. He was good at such plans.

"We might take our open car," said Anna Burleigh, coming lazily into the plan. "I think it sounds good. And one chauffeur for the two cars."

"You'll come, won't you, Nancy? And bring my Henry?"

"Just ask us the once," said Nancy, "and it will be all over except the coming."

Henry had no idea it was serious. When at last the party broke up at the club and adjourned to the Towers' house for a couple of embattled rubbers, over which everyone seemed to become much more keen and less affectionate, he did not take it as more than a stray idea, to be abandoned when the evening came to an end. As they said good-night he heard Doris say to Nancy, "If we started a week from Friday would that be all right? We don't want to get into the midsummer heat." But even then he imagined that it would be forgotten in the morning. He forgot it. By the time he reached his office next day he had put everything about last night's party out of his mind. He was again the genial politician who knew one out of every ten people he met along the street, hat off, hand in constant salute.

It was late afternoon when the governor called him on the long-distance wire, and the conversation was important enough to demand subsequent thought and conference. Henry did not go home to dinner. He telephoned Nancy that he would be late and when he finally got home she was asleep, with her door shut. He did not disturb her, knowing that she would hardly be interested in what had made the day so exciting for him.

But in the morning she called to him as he passed her door and he went in, surprised to find her sitting up in bed and having her cup of coffee and bran muffin. Nancy never got up for breakfast. The boys did, and so did Henry, and Nancy insisted that was quite enough of a family party.

"Aren't you early?" he asked, kissing her and lingering just a moment over the freshness of her cheek.

"I've a lot to do. It's lucky the boys go off to camp just this week. I have to buy them a bunch of gym suits and bathing suits and tennis shoes. And is there anything I can pick up for you while I'm shopping? That's what I wanted to know. What do you need?"

"I don't need anything," said Henry.

"Well—traveling like that," she said doubtfully, "you probably will."

"Oh, it will be a rough trip. I won't need much."

"Rough?" she repeated, and just as he realized that she could not be meaning the trip he contemplated because he hadn't told her yet, she seemed to guess that they weren't talking of the same thing.

"You haven't forgotten?"

"What?" asked Henry.

"That motor trip with the Towers."

"Why, they weren't in earnest, were they?"

"Of course they were in earnest. The

thing's all set. She called me up this morning. It's going to be marvellous. We're stopping in Detroit and in Cleveland and New York and spending a week or even two on Long Island at Montauk."

"But darling—"

"And it's going to be good business for you, too. Doris Tower said yesterday that she wanted to talk a lot of things over with you. She said Walter thinks you're clever. He could let you into a lot of things if he liked. You want to be nice to him. I thought we could take them out to Jane's in Cleveland. She has such a heavenly place. We want to do our share. I wrote her yesterday. You see if we start a week from Friday, we'll be gone about six weeks."

"But I couldn't, Nancy."

"Couldn't? Why?"

"I couldn't get away."

"Of course you can. You said yourself that when this election was over you'd be free for a trip. Court isn't in session and those clerks in your office ought to do something to earn their salaries."

"I know, but some things have come up."

"What things?"

He hesitated, fumbling for a beginning, but Nancy's deft mind was ahead of his.

"What did you mean when you spoke of a rough trip?"

"That's it," said Henry. "It's this way. The governor called me up yesterday. He didn't have very easy going in the primaries, you know, and he knows it isn't going to be better in the fall unless he gets busy right away. He wants to kind of get an early start. Before people get lined up. He's going to have some opposition that he'll feel."

"What are you talking about! Let him get his early start."

"He's going to make a little trip around the state right now lining up men to manage his campaign in the fall. Some of the ones he had fell down pretty badly in the primaries. And he wants me to go along. You see, I know a lot of the men around the state pretty well. I've met them in one way and another, on trips and at bar association meetings and such things."

Nancy was leaning back on her pillows regarding him quite seriously. Her face was outlined clearly, like a boy's. It was defiant.

"When did he want you to go?"

"Well, on Saturday of next week," said Henry apologetically, "only for a week or ten days though."

"You'll have to tell him you can't go."

"But I told him I would."

"Do you get paid for it?"

Henry almost wriggled. He certainly moved around inside his collar.

"It isn't that kind of a thing. Of course, it won't cost me much of anything. It's kind of a favor. It's—well, it's an honor, in a way."

"They give you quite a lot of that kind of honor."

He stiffened.

"It's a pretty big thing in its way, Nancy. Going around the state like that with the governor, picking his men for him, practically. It means that he thinks I'm a good organizer, that I've got my ear to the ground."

"But what do you get out of it?"

"Nothing, for the moment, but it puts me in line—"

She sat up bolt upright, the coffee endangered and swaying.

"Don't say that again, Henry, for heaven's sake!"

"But don't you see, my dear—"

"We're asked on this other trip. We promised to go. The plans are all made, and we've got to go. Let your precious governor get his free advice somewhere else for a change. This trip will be worth something to you."

Henry stood silent, and she took it as a triumph.

"They'll appreciate you when you get back," she ended, "all the more."

"No," said Henry, "I couldn't do it, dear. I'm sorry. I'm awfully sorry on your account. But I promised. He's arranging the thing to suit my convenience. We fixed the dates and every-

thing. I couldn't just call him up and tell him I was going off on a pleasure jaunt."

"Don't tell him that. Tell him it's a business trip. You can make it that, if you want to."

"I'm not sure I want to," he answered. "Getting business by pleasing women and hanging around them isn't my line."

She was white and she was red and there was no friendliness in her face.

"And what am I to do?" she cried. "How about me? I've counted on it."

"It's a shame. But when I get back, we could go some place together."

"Thanks. It sounds alluring."

He flushed at her tone.

"If you'd only understand how important this is," he told her.

"I've heard that before. All that silly talk about this and that boosting trip. Where has it ever got you? A small-time lawyer, that's all, at everyone's beck and call. And now when you have a chance to get somewhere—"

"I don't call that getting anywhere," he said, stung to roughness, "not with that cuckoo bunch."

"I know the kind of people you prefer."

"Well, maybe I do."

She put her hand to her head.

"Look here, don't take it so hard, Nancy."

"I take it this hard," she exclaimed, "that I'm going on that trip. You can come or stay. I'll go by myself and take what comes and do exactly what I please. You've picked your way and I'm tired of sitting around watching you addle along. Go follow your master. Get in line. Mark time and you'll be marking time," she beat her hands in march rhythm, "forever."

Henry turned and went out.

It was a neutrality for which he did not have to be armed that followed. Nancy seemed utterly indifferent to what he did. That he would not have minded so greatly, feeling under the sting that perhaps he deserved it for failing her. But she insisted that he was indifferent to her plans also and did not bother to inform him of them in any detail. The children went off to camp too excited over their woods equipment to notice the cool formality of the relation between their parents. The Tower party was to leave on Friday, but Henry had only a general idea of their route. It bothered him. He thought of flasks and motor accidents.

"You don't want to drive with any of those men at the wheel if they've been drinking," he said to Nancy, out of a long silence in which they had eaten and slept under one roof.

She looked at him, hesitated on the edge of a remark and continued the silence.

The best he could do was to give her a check. The size of it was a strain on him and a surprise to her. She lifted her eyebrows at it.

"Can you let this much go?" she asked.

"Sure."

"Thanks," said Nancy, and that was all.

The Towers were to call for her at noon on Friday. Henry wanted to see her off, but she gave him no opening, no excuse for staying around.

"Well, I suppose I won't see you again for a few weeks," he said, going into her room that morning.

"There isn't much chance of it!"

"Have a good time."

"I'm going to," she said in that level tone that shut him out.

He kissed her but there was no pleasure in it. She let the caress stay exactly where it hit her cheek.

"Good-by. My regards to everybody."

"Good-by. Mine to the governor," answered Nancy.

When he came home she was gone. The boys were gone. The house meant nothing. It was a place which only told in pantomime of what life might be without Nancy. He went to bed early and thought about various kinds of automobile accidents, carrying a violent one into his dreams. In the morning he

was glad to take his suitcase and escape from the house where the maid seemed suddenly to have turned sulky and slatternly and Nancy's room looked abandoned forever.

But in the afternoon he took his own train and joined the governor, and that eminent executive, unconscious of the trouble he had caused, took Henry home to the state house where they had dinner and fell upon the job in hand. It was a difficult one, and they both knew it. The governor had been active enough to breed a nest of enemies during his two terms, and it was going to take skill and work diffused all over the state to keep him in. He wanted to stay to finish his work and he put it up to Henry as one man to another in a tight place.

"We've got to have men who are clean workers with us," said the governor, "but they've got to know the game too. We can't use amateurs any more than we can crooks. We need men like yourself, Dana, who haven't always got their hands out. High-class fellows."

"I know," agreed Henry, taking it as fact and not flattery. "I guess we can feel around and put our fingers on a few."

He was so busy for the next week that he forgot about automobile accidents. Once he called up his house to ask for mail. There was none from Nancy, so he pretended to himself that he hadn't expected any. Lying in bed that night in a small hotel in a small town, he wondered to himself that he had ever imagined he could hold Nancy. He faced the whole thing through to the end, a logical end. Small-time lawyer, she'd said. Well, maybe that was about the size of it. She was in some place to-night that was out of his range of expectation, or desire. She was in some luxurious hotel or staying on somebody's estate—he imagined a fountain and Nancy in a colored chiffon dress beside it—or perhaps she was rolling along in a thirty-thousand-dollar car. While here he was in a room that was costing him two dollars. And it wasn't as if he minded it. Guiltily Henry knew that he was comfortable, though he could imagine Nancy's point of view on the iron bed, the electric lights hanging on cords from the ceiling, and the June bugs buzzing outside the half-screen in the window. He liked the sort of work he was doing, meeting simple people and getting close to them the way a doctor or a judge—Henry had always wanted to be a judge—or a politician could. No, he'd probably never be much. A few more tries and perhaps he might get to Congress. In ten or fifteen years he might make a stab at a district judgeship. Nancy couldn't wait for that. He thought, with a curious feeling of protecting her, that maybe he ought to let her go before she grew any older. Nancy was thirty-four now, and when a woman got older it wasn't such easy sledding. Nancy—and then his arm went out unconsciously as if she were there.

Perhaps it was well that he could not see her. For he had imagined very accurately. At the moment she was in a garden, rather a splendid one with terraces and a graceful mist-shrouded fountain. There was a man with her, and they were looking at each other intently. Perhaps they had drawn away from an embrace, perhaps they waited for the touch of passion. Her jacket of silver sequins glittered as if she were covered with a thousand moonbeams, and her face was pale and beautiful. They hesitated, as lovers pause or enemies draw breath. Then Nancy left the garden, and the mist-shrouded marble figure in the fountain soon wept alone, bent on her eternally folded arms.

The next day there was another town for Henry to visit, more people to talk things over with. He laid away his fears and dreams and went to work. A chain of sound organization was beginning to link up the towns. The governor was making new friends and was vastly encouraged.

"This is the kind of thing that gets somewhere," he kept saying. "You know how to handle people, Dana. You

understand them. We're getting results."

So they were. Henry knew. It was coherent, well-forged support that they were leaving behind them. When, at the end of two weeks, the governor found it necessary to end the tour, he parted warmly from Henry. There were no promises. It had not been that kind of an agreement. They had both thought that what the party needed, as well as the governor, was this kind of strengthening and there they left it.

But it was done. There was the house to go back to now, and the law business which was affected by a summer lassitude. It was more lonely than he had feared and no news, not so much as a postal, had come to him from Nancy. He motored down to see the boys at camp. They had heard from their mother. He read their letters and cards avidly. She was having a good time then, though to the children she wrote mostly of places that were interesting and little of herself or other people.

The boys did not need him and the camp masters did not encourage long visits from parents. Henry went home again, reflecting on the way on the excellent modern arrangements which could make fathers so unnecessary . . . and husbands. He was not quarreling with the situation. He knew quite well that the boys were learning things at camp that he could not teach them, learning to swim and ride horseback and camp out over night. Henry had never been adept at any of those things, though he swam with a splashing breast stroke. He knew that Nancy, too, was engaged in the kind of amusements in which he was no adequate instructor or companion —dancing, playing with alcohol, fencing with light talk, staying up long after midnight. Everyone in his family seemed to be all right but none of them needed him very much. He wished that he knew exactly where Nancy was so that he could send her some money. A dividend had come in on a local industry in which he had invested. The business was evidently going to surprise everyone and pay. There might be a couple of thousand a year in that after a while. It looked big to Henry until he began to think that probably it would look small to Nancy, riding in a thirty-thousand-dollar car. That reminded him to have his brakes tightened. He began to build days up out of things like that. Life was moving slowly, too slowly. He began to understand more than ever what Nancy meant and realize how little he could expect to hold her.

Then Worthing Jones died, on one hot July day. It was a sad thing about Worthing Jones, for he was only a middle-aged man and one of the best judges who had ever been elected to the district bench. He had just been re-elected two years ago at the last general election and had four years to go. After the first shock of the announcement was over, rumor began to fly about concerning his successor. There was no one really in line. The governor had the appointment, and the general guess was that he would pick a man from one of the big law firms, pick Curtis or Jennings or Lasalle.

But it was Henry whom he called on the telephone a few days later.

"Henry," said the governor, "you remember that night in the hotel in Jackson when you were telling that you'd like to be a judge if you had your way?"

"Why," answered Henry, clearing his throat and afraid of his own expectations, "I certainly remember our talk."

"Well, you're going to be a judge. I'm announcing your appointment in Worthing Jones's place, if you'll agree. You'll have four years to go and after that you ought to hold the place as long as you want it. You can, with a following like yours. I've spoken to several people about this and the choice is going to meet with general satisfaction. Bob Bartlett is strong for it. And personally I know you'll be the man for it. It doesn't mean you can't keep an eye on things and stay close to the party. But I know you understand people well, and

everyone tells me you're an excellent lawyer. It's a pleasure to make this appointment, Dana."

Henry could only thank him. He wasn't good at words when they concerned himself. They tricked him, ran away, became embarrassing. He hung up the magic receiver of the telephone and stared across his quiet desk. He could see the chambers that would be his in the splendid marble courthouse, the slow procession of justice through them, the obligation that would soon fall on him to search for wisdom and equity which people could not find for themselves. He had a curious sense of completion, as if after a long march he saw his destination in sight. There was a good salary and no expense and, with those investments beginning to yield, he and Nancy would soon be on easy street. Nancy—and then he realized that it wasn't the end of the march after all. He couldn't tell her about it. He didn't even know where his wife was. A judge, he thought, can't go on the bench and be involved in a divorce suit at the same time. It wouldn't do. Of course they might keep up appearances perhaps—in a sudden flare of anger he told himself that she'd have to come to time! He couldn't throw away a thing like that, after building it up with years of effort. But as the flare died down he knew that he didn't really care whether he had it or not now. Not if it meant putting it up to Nancy as a demand, instead of bringing it to her as a prize, as an honor to be shared.

He went home at length because, much as he disliked going back to the silent house, he was still more reluctant to see people. The news of his appointment might already be abroad, for political news is the swiftest of gossip, and Henry was not sure he was going to accept. He was not sure of anything, least of all when he saw, through the late summer dusk, the lighted windows of his wife's room. So she had come back—without a word.

He would have known she was there even if he had not seen the light. The house seemed different when he entered it, alive again, awake. He felt his nerves tighten. Perhaps the difference was not in the house but in himself. He had the old familiar feeling of not knowing what to expect, of wondering what mood she was in.

The rooms were more habitable, though he did not know exactly what she had done to them. He saw that the untidy pile of newspapers on the hall table was gone. There was more air, more lamps lit, softer shadow. Yet she must have just come. Her bags were unpacked and she was still in a light travelling suit, though she had taken off her hat.

"Hello, dear," said Henry, and tried to put confidence into his voice. "Well, here you are!"

He made as if to kiss her, but she spoke first.

"Here I am," she repeated. "Perhaps it seems an unimaginative choice. But I couldn't go anywhere else. I haven't held a decent card in three weeks and I just managed the fare home."

"You didn't come with the rest?"

"No. As a matter of fact they put me out. That is, Doris did. It was, after all, her car. She has a strong sense of possession, that girl."

Her voice was too trivial. It was brittle. Under that ice tears might rush. But Henry was concerned with fact.

"Put you out!" he exclaimed in outrage. "Why?"

"As I said, Doris has a sense of possession. She thought I wanted her husband."

Henry's words were chilled now.

"And did you?"

She sighed as if the answer to that question had troubled her, had worn her out.

"No," she said, "not really. A little perhaps. I like him. There were one or two times when I thought it might be more than that. Luxury does things to you, Henry. No, not to you. But to me. Beauty and riches and the power

they give. You may as well know the kind of person I am."

"You could have wired for money. You needn't have come back," he said slowly.

"Yes. I could have done that. Instead of disturbing you. But I didn't. What have you been doing, Henry? In my delightful absence?"

"I've been made a judge," he announced absurdly, rather pompously. "The governor is putting me in Worthing Jones's place."

He flung the announcement at her and waited for its importance to wilt her. He made it a challenge and a rebuke, but they failed to reach her.

"A judge! Judge Dana. And now, poor dear, you never can take a drink," she said, and laughed, which was what she always did when she was fond of him. "Darling Henry, what an elegant judge you'll make! So you were in line for something all the time!"

He knew he should not be laughed at. Not now. And yet it reassured him, melted him, made him feel absurd and at home and loved. It was when he saw the tears follow her laugh that he put his arms around her.

"Henry, dear," she whispered, and he guessed how tired she was, how much struggle there had been which she would never talk about, "you're so restful! Henry—what do you think will become of me? What do you suppose I'm in line for?"

He didn't know. He could only hold her close, promise her protection, claim her from herself.

FIDO

BY LEONORA SPEYER

SHE made a pet of grief,
Trained it and taught it many a trick:
It begged and fetched and carried,
Hid, waiting to be found,
Or played at being dead,
Lying limp-heaped upon the ground;
Ran by her side,
Lay warm within her bed;
And on her heart immoderately was fed.

Grief was the lady's pride,
(A jealous brute at best);
How it would growl and snap
At any joy that dared draw near,
Leaping upon her lap,
Teeth bared. . . . She'd frown
A little wistfully, and say,
"Down, naughty grief!
My dear . . . my dear . . .
Sweet pest . . ."
And hold the sly head closer to her breast.

MUST OUR CHILDREN START WHERE WE DID?

BY EMILY NEWELL BLAIR

"I WANT Mr. Collins to buy them a house, but he thinks a young man ought to win his own way." Mrs. Collins was talking to me about her young married daughter and her husband. I had expressed my admiration for them and my belief in his future as a lawyer.

"Oh, but it's such a pity they can't have it while they are young," I said, realizing the kind of house which the Collinses would be able to give their daughter.

"That's the way I feel about it, but I can't make Mr. Collins understand. He thinks they ought to start where we did."

"But why should they, when you have all this money?"

"That's what I tell Mr. Collins. If we were to die they'd have it all. And I don't want to have to die before Elizabeth can enjoy it. I wish you'd write an article about it and see if you can't make him understand."

Elizabeth is an only daughter, the adored of her father and beloved of her mother. Always until her marriage she had had everything they could give her, years away at school, college, a trip to Europe, pretty clothes. The Collins home is a large, luxurious brick house of the nineties. Not that Elizabeth was a "spoiled darling"—by no means. She could cook and, on occasion, made cake and fancy desserts and, in lapses between cooks, prepared her father's breakfasts and even washed the dishes. Her advice was sought by her mother's friends on wallpaper and chintzes. She could skilfully remake her last year's frocks to serve another season. She played a fair game of golf and a better game of bridge, and was an officer in the American Association of University Women. She was not extravagant but she had never known rigid economy. She was not a breadwinner but she earned her board and keep. In short, she was an energetic, ambitious, industrious young woman, able and ready to make a life for herself.

Mr. Collins was a self-made man. Mrs. Collins was an ambitious woman. Her ambition was that Elizabeth should be born to an avenue of trees, brick houses, and tradition, and that she should go on from them, free from poverty and the necessity of worrying about money, wherever ambition and opportunity might carry her.

At first Mrs. Collins's ambitions for Elizabeth were more or less nebulous. The girl must have the education Mrs. Collins had craved, she must know the delights of music, have an acquaintance with the best in pictures, and be at home among cultivated men and women. But as Elizabeth grew up these ambitions became more specialized. She should marry a brilliant young man, move to Kansas City, have a lovely house there, and make for herself a distinguished position in the community. And Elizabeth did not disappoint her. The boy next door graduated from the Harvard Law School with honors. He was offered a partnership in one of the best offices in Kansas City. And Elizabeth married him. There was no ques-

tion as to his ability or his ambition. He had made many friends, some of them influential. Elizabeth seemed to have plenty of opportunity to "go on and on."

All she needed was a little help from her father, a pretty house for a wedding present, the small car they no longer needed now that she was gone, and the continuance of an allowance of a hundred dollars a month. All of this would not make a dent in the property which, according to the terms of Mr. Collins's carefully drawn will, was to go to Elizabeth's children after her mother's and her own life interest were forfeited by death.

Mrs. Collins did not ask enough from Mr. Collins to permit any wild extravagance on Elizabeth's part: merely enough to enable her to begin her married life in surroundings somewhat like those which they had delighted to give her as a girl, and with a sense of building permanently. Elizabeth's husband's salary was not proportionate to his future promise. It could provide a small apartment if they did not mind living over a grocery store. It could furnish food provided Elizabeth could cook it. Clothes? Well, not the kind she had been accustomed to wearing. Entertainment? None at all. After a while, perhaps, after his son-in-law had "shown what he could do," Mr. Collins would give Elizabeth a house. But, said he, "he must make his own way or he'll never amount to anything."

"But can't you see?" Mrs. Collins would explain, "either they won't need it or it will be too late. They will have lost all their opportunities and have to begin all over again."

But Mr. Collins could not see. Pamper his children into weakness and failure? Not he. Let them, too, know the advantage of beginning with nothing, the *necessity* of winning their way. What he could not understand, or would not, was that an inflicted necessity is hardly the same thing as an inevitable one.

II

When Mr. Collins married he not only had no money but he had no one to whom he could appeal for assistance. If he was to gain a competence, a position in the world, he had to work hard to get it. And he did work hard; he was industrious, able, and disciplined. The result is that he now thinks it was having nothing which made him industrious and disciplined. Ergo, there is a special virtue in the necessity of getting money for yourself. To hear Mr. Collins one would think that only those who begin with nothing can, or do, exercise the virtues of hard work or self-denial.

This is a dogma favored of pioneers. Nor is it difficult to see why. Since work on the frontier is hard and the conditions of life are trying, if not dangerous, naturally the frontier is unlikely to attract men who are already successful or can find opportunities elsewhere under easier, more pleasant conditions. Thus the majority of the pioneers were men who began with nothing. Many among them won wealth and success. What more natural than for them to emphasize the fact that they had been able to begin with nothing and end with so much? From this it was but a step to the dogma that the smaller the beginning, the greater the virtue. Besides, whatever a man does acquires in his eyes a special importance because he does it. Exalt it and in a way you exalt him. Naturally these successful pioneers, taking pride in what they had done, exalted the whole process until they came to confuse the qualities that brought them success with their starting point (or their necessity). The queer thing is that even to the second and third generation they still hold firmly to this dogma of the virtue of beginning with nothing.

But let no one think that the idea is prevalent only in those communities where the fathers and mothers of this generation were pioneers. For America is a pioneer country. It was built from the beginning by pioneers, pioneers from

England to New England and Virginia; pioneers from New England and Virginia to Ohio and Kentucky; from Ohio and Kentucky to Missouri and Kansas; yes, and from New York and Pennsylvania to Oregon and California. Perhaps it is putting it too strongly to say that it is *only* in those communities and among those families which have been in close contact with European or English standards that the pioneer point of view has weakened; but certainly the chief opposition to it has been among those who have derived their social customs from abroad. It is indeed this very fact that hardens the pioneer against such "softness." Take, for instance, the matter of marriage settlements. A marriage with an Englishman of family required that a sum of money be settled on the girl who was to marry him. At first the suggestion was met with scorn by all "red-blooded" American men. It connoted decadence and idleness and its concomitants. But as girls would insist on marrying these foreign "ne'er-do-wells" the devotion of the fathers to their daughters began to overcome their pioneer standards, and they reluctantly gave in. In due time, as Americans adjusted themselves to such strange foreign customs, the scorn decreased. Perhaps the logical thought struck some of these fathers: Why penalize the daughters who marry Americans? And settlements were accordingly made on those daughters who married American men. And then the still more logical thought occurred to some man: Why penalize my son? And so a settlement was made on him. But the custom does not spread so fast as others derived from the same source.

And even to-day we read in the newspaper of the son or daughter of a man of billions in cosmopolitan New York itself driving a Ford or "doing her own work." Still, this man of billions probably is a pioneer in his way; for sixty years ago—when he was born—all but a very few were pioneers, pioneers in a business if not in a community; and a man may be a pioneer to the extent of holding throughout his life the pioneer's philosophy of wealth, his standards, and customs, even though he comes from Cleveland or Pittsburgh or even Boston or New York.

There are, certainly, other ideas back of this "start at scratch and win your own way" standard. There is the egotistical one, "What was good enough for me is good enough for my boy." There is that of simple logic, "I started with nothing and made good; therefore, if he starts with nothing he will make good." And there is the one springing from a father's vanity, "So long as I have all the money in my own hands I shall remain the important member of my family, the big man in the community." I recall hearing a man make the naïve suggestion that he intended to leave all his money to his son, because if he left any of it to his daughter, her portion, added to what her husband already had, would make his son-in-law more important in the community than his son. Every father, he thought, should leave his money to his sons, as their rating depends on their money. And there is what may be the most powerful idea of all: that the making and ownership of money are the chief tests of worth. If a man's place in the community is due solely to the amount of money he has made, naturally he will want to emphasize the importance and the value of money, as this will emphasize his own importance. How do it better than to deny it to the younger generation, make them get it for themselves, keep them envying those that already have it? Nothing would so lessen its importance and his own as to treat it casually as a means rather than as an end. These ideas actuate parents without regard to location or amount of income. They are present in the minds of Boston mill owners as in those of Kansas farmers, in those of newspaper proprietors as in those of copper dukes, in those of New York banker billionaires as in those of small-town merchants.

III

To discover how foolish is this dogma that there is a special virtue in starting at scratch, Mr. Collins has only to forget how he made his money, or how he started, and think of his son-in-law's situation. He would then see that a son-in-law who desires to make a name and place for himself as an able lawyer would find it of distinct advantage if he could, perhaps, refuse to spend his time and thought on the collection of bills or the examination of abstracts in order to make every possible cent, and could devote himself to the cases which would bring him to the attention of bar, court, and more important clients, cases which might not bring him money at all. Mr. Collins has certainly seen young lawyers of fine talents and energy diverted into collection agents by the necessity of providing a house, car, and allowance for a wife at the earliest possible moment. Surely he cannot think that freedom from such compulsion would lessen his son-in-law's ambition. That would be to think that the only possible incentive to work is the necessity of providing necessities. Mr. Collins knows that this is not so. He has seen men with one million dollars struggle to increase it to two million dollars. Men continually strive to take something and make of it something more. Why, then, may they not start with something and make out of it something else? Why not begin with money and make out of it a profession, a success, a career? The career will call for work, energy, ability, and self-control in quite as large proportions as Mr. Collins's success in making money called for it. If Mr. Collins will stop and think he will realize that his son-in-law cannot succeed in his ambitions without a liberal exercise of these qualities, even if his wife has more than a house, a car, and an allowance. He will know that reputations are as difficult to win as fees—and political placement even harder.

But this dogma of the self-made man dies hard. Since lack of money was Mr. Collins's incentive, he fears the lack of this incentive will in some way make a weakling of his son-in-law.

I have a friend who is engaged in the wholesale grocery business. Starting with nothing, he was by dint of economy, good management, and unstinted labor able to save money which, invested cannily in stocks, has made him a very rich man. He longs to retire and travel. But he has a young son on whom his heart is set. He wants this son, also, to know the joys of success. So he holds on to his grocery store in order that his son may follow his footsteps. He pays the son a fair salary as manager, requiring him to reach the store each morning at 7:30 and stay, with an hour for lunch, until 5:30, returning Saturday evenings to stay until 10:30. He gave the boy a house as a wedding gift but he expects him to save from his salary enough to invest in his turn in stocks or bonds or whatever is on the rise at that time. The son, it happens, loathes the grocery business. In college he was devoted to his economics and his literature. He is an inveterate reader. He has ideas. Given a sum of money, he would probably buy a newspaper. If he had freedom, he would find a congenial job. As it is, he does hard labor at a business he hates, hoping the money he is saving may enable him, if his father ever gets ready to retire, to buy the time to express some of these ideas of his on paper.

Surely it is no mean ambition for a man to wish to express his thoughts so that other men may heed them and gather therefrom hope or inspiration or even information. I can bear witness that it is one which calls for energy and self-control—far more, perhaps, than selling flour or beans. Why should his father fear he would become a weakling if his incentive were to succeed at such work rather than to earn enough money to be as rich at fifty as his father?

Ah, but his father might say, "Let him earn his way. He cannot earn his living by writing. When he has earned

enough to enable him to play at writing, why, then he can." Why need he wait to earn it if his father already has plenty? Why waste these years when he might be putting them to such splendid use, given a subsidy by his parents?

"Live on unearned money? Be supported by his father?" I can hear the tones of scorn from the middle-class everywhere. But would the effect on the boy really be any different if his father settled the money on him to-morrow from what it would be if his father died to-morrow and left it to him? In either case he would be living on unearned money, he would be supported by his father's labor and savings.

"Would you then advocate," I can hear this father ask, "that we settle money on our children when they marry?"

I know the very question calls to his mind the profligacy which his democratic prejudices associate with the aristocracy of a degenerate social system. Yet why not? Every Christmas he gave that boy every toy he could purchase. He took him fishing and hunting. He gave his son the best possible education. He provided him a good home, backed his athletic expenses, saw that he had good clothes, sent him abroad. He let him drive the family car as his own from the time he was fourteen. He gave the boy everything he wanted until he was twenty-two and did not spoil him. Why, then, suddenly deny him the most precious gift of all—opportunity to use those years of young enthusiasm, great ambitions, abundant energies in the work he wants to do? Many of us must spend these years in making money, in the hope that later we may have the time to exercise our talents—only, alas, to find that by the time we have the money there is neither energy nor the ability left for the ambitions. With us, with so many, there is no choice. We must start with nothing, so naturally we must spend ourselves trying to get the necessary money. But what a waste for those who might start with something to be held back as we are, making believe they start with nothing and duplicating our efforts, because their fathers think there is more virtue in making money than in doing work you want to do!

There really are men in America—strange as the news may be to many of these self-made men—who are not moved by the competitive spirit, to whom the "good life" is one in which they may do work in which they are interested and build up a reputation for proficiency in that work, regardless of financial profit. I know a man, for instance, whose ambition in life it was to win for himself in his community—a small one—a reputation as a lawyer of integrity and ability. He did not want money or care for a financial success. What appealed to him was the work itself and success in it. To have to bother with bills, to have to chase the dollar to pay them took his mind off the problems involved in his cases and disturbed his mental balance.

It is true that the need to meet expenses is an incentive to some men; but it is equally true that to others it is a terrible handicap, preventing the entire absorption in their task which is necessary for their success. Still others require a sense of mental peace, a sense of security, before they can do their best. The necessity of making a certain amount of money and the fear of not being able to make it often destroy the balance necessary for the finest kind of creative work. Men and women like this would do much better work if they could be assured of a certain amount of money. It is the need for such assurance that drives many men of transcendent abilities into government positions—such as those in the Bureau of Standards, the Public Health Service, the Geological Survey—and into university professorships. They want to forget money so that they may do good work; and they must be assured a competence, however modest, before they can forget it.

Often there is a direct clash between

good work in the professions and the necessity of making money. Shall a man wait until the project he is engaged in is completed to his own satisfaction or shall he get what he can for it now? Shall he sell out the ultimate perfection for the present satisfaction? There are the hundreds of such daily temptations that meet the professional man or the artist. Shall he take this case which means monetary rewards and give up that case which may determine the interpretation of a law and protect the helpless? Shall he keep on spending his energy on this rich old woman's hypochondria or devote himself to stamping out that epidemic? Shall he accept this newspaper syndicate contract or keep on with that book? Parents ought to be happy to think that they can save their children from such sacrifices of time and energy to the immediate and the trivial. It is a great privilege to be able to make their children's lives so much freer and richer. And yet I remember the banker who said to me of his son who yearned to go to Paris and study art, "I don't know what I've done to deserve an artist for a son; of course he is going into the bank." And I am reminded again of that dry-goods merchant who pushed his son behind a counter because music never paid. They, I am afraid, are more representative of the typical parental point of view than the man who said to me, "If what my son wants is to play the violin, then he shall do it if only to compensate for the thirty years I've spent in a drug store every day of which I longed to be a soldier."

IV

And after all it is only make-believe, this enforced starting with nothing. However much the wealthy parent may try, he cannot create artificially the conditions that exist when a son actually starts with nothing. There is a world of difference between the necessity that springs from knowing one can never have anything he does not earn with his brain and brawn and the compulsion that comes from a parent's refusing or postponing gifts or assistance. In one case there is no alternative; it is sink or swim. In the other the possibility of a gift is always there. There is no possibility of sinking: the son or daughter is like a swimmer with a full life-saving crew right at hand. No sternness on the part of the parent can give the poor little rich child what saving grace there is in necessity. All it does is to rob the child of the compensations of starting with something.

The wise parent knows this; and so, instead of attempting the impossible, he seeks to get for his boy by some other means the sort of advantage that comes from "starting with nothing." The easiest and the best way to do this is to stimulate his son to want something which his wealth may help him to achieve but which it cannot achieve alone or entirely. It may be success in another business, or in a profession, or in some art, or in scholarship. It may even be success in seeing how much money can be made with the money he is given. Or it may be success in the art of wise spending. The parent may, perhaps, stimulate his son to see what he can do with his money, how much beauty or happiness or power he can get with it. There is a very real opportunity for starting with money and turning it into taste, knowledge, or action. In many cases a man or woman can begin with nothing except money and achieve a real success such as money alone could not bring: he or she may, for example, start without taste and end an authority.

Any and all of these substitutes can develop in the child the same courage, daring, determination, ability to take punishment, caution, sportsmanship, self-control, industry, and economy as are supposed to be developed in the journey from poverty to fortune.

But the finding of these substitutes requires imagination, and—alas for the child—it is so much easier for the parent to demand an imitation of his

own experience! In this connection I recall what a very rich mother once told me of her plan with her daughters. They had two homes, one on the Hudson and one on an island in Maine, and any number of servants in each. There was a housekeeper, of course, and everything was done in a formal manner. The mother, a Quaker, had not herself been brought up to wealth and she could not forget her own mother's old-fashioned training of her in the care of a house, of her wardrobe, of her person.

"It worried me for a long time," she said. "I did not want my daughters to grow up without any feeling of responsibility or knowledge of how to work, and yet I could see that the kind of training I had had would be ridiculous for them. I could set them daily tasks such as making their beds, darning their stockings, ordering meals, inspecting the kitchens; but once they had learned how to do those things, the mere doing of them with servants standing by to watch them had no relation to their needs and could teach them nothing except that I arbitrarily was inflicting a disagreeable routine on them. To say that they must darn their stockings or go with holes in them would have been ridiculous. The maids would gladly do the darning in return for their old stockings; and anyhow, any fair allowance would purchase new ones. So I set about trying to find tasks for them that grew logically out of their money and would do for them what the tasks my mother set me had done for me.

"Each girl when she was fourteen was given a budget to do over her room. She had to study decoration long enough to learn to do it right, to buy the furniture proper to the room. From doing over their own rooms they came to take an interest in the rest of the house, and at times each one has redecorated other rooms. I let each one buy one good picture a year from an unknown artist. This led them to make acquaintances among young artists, to attend exhibits, and to know pictures. They have exchanged their pictures many times. Each one has a garden of her own, and each a responsibility for buying the new books on certain subjects.

"When the eldest daughter was eighteen we built a community house in the village and moved the pictures and books there. As each girl reached sixteen she took on the responsibility for some activity connected with this house. One had charge of a nursery, another of a cafeteria. Each spent certain hours there each day, was responsible for spending money and raising money for the house, and for organizing it into a success. There was rivalry among them as to the success of their departments, both financially and in terms of accomplishment. A financial loss was charged off their yearly allowance. If they wanted to add to the house, as on occasion they did, we advanced the money and charged it against their inheritance. One girl did not care for the community house but loved animals. We set her up with a kennel of her own, advancing the money and charging the loss against her future.

"I think they have learned as much economy and carefulness and have gained as much knowledge of the value of time, and as much sense of responsibility, as I ever did. At the same time they have been meeting a responsibility which goes with their inheritance. There never has been any sense of compulsion because they see that what they do is a logical result of their fortune, not something arbitrarily forced on them."

If only Mr. Collins would learn this difference between something forced on children and something growing logically out of their situation, he would not seek to make Elizabeth start where he did. For then he would know he was trying to defeat a law of logic.

V

The symbol for a family is a tree which has limbs growing out of the trunk and smaller branches growing out of

these limbs and others out of these and so on; not a hardy annual which grows up, bears seeds, drops them into the same spot from which it started, and then dies, leaving the seeds to go through the same process from the same beginning to the same end, repeating it endlessly. The limb draws sustenance from the soil through the trunk, the branches through the limb. Society is a forest of trees. True, some die. Some are hewn down. But a tree may live for many generations, each year growing stronger and more beautiful, the growth of each generation of leaves enriching the next, the tree itself sending forth ever higher and higher branches.

I know a man who has ten million dollars invested in railroad securities. He can hardly lose it. He has one son who was married a year or so ago. At first the son lived in a tiny two-room apartment, but when the grandson was born the father gave the son a small five-room cottage in the railroad town where the boy works. The son took a position on one of his father's railroads and now, I am told, is winning his father's favor by investing a certain per cent of his salary in stock in his father's roads which his father sells him. The daughter-in-law, a charming college graduate who does her own work and makes her own clothes, cannot afford to entertain her friends or indulge her taste for the sports in which she used to excel or the study she enjoyed before her marriage. The father is delighted to find her so "sensible." He lives alone in a large and handsome house which, I have heard, he is offering for sale. His son cannot afford to live in it. And the father prefers a hotel.

Could anything be more senseless? What value has this ten million dollars? While it keeps piling up compound interest, the man's only son, living little better than a peasant, is setting out to make ten million dollars of his own. If he is successful, by the time he is fifty he may have ten million, twenty or maybe thirty million—which is all right if that is what he wants or needs. But what his wife wants, I happen to know, is a family, and space to house them, plenty of ground in which they may play, a good servant, leisure to keep up her music and read, time to play a little golf. By the time she is fifty it will be too late to get these things. What good will a palace do her then when her children have left her? It is when children are young and their habits and ideas of life are being formed that a mother wants dignity and ease and comfort in her home. When she is old she can be content in an apartment. How futile is this American system which houses old and deserted husbands and wives in large handsome houses and places the young and growing families in tiny cottages!

In the days when there was no wealth and all alike were pioneers, starting with nothing and trying to get ahead, there was no alternative. But why should grandparents who have piled up fortunes sit complacently in their big houses while their grandchildren are huddled in tiny nurseries?

Suppose a father, instead of forcing his son to walk in his footsteps, said to him, "Here, take this house. I want my grandson to grow up in a place like this with a sense of space—high ceilings, a sleeping porch, a playroom." And to his daughter, "Here, take this stock and use the dividends to pay for a servant, or two, if you want them. And I've settled enough on you so that you can have as large a family as you wish, without worry. I want my grandchildren to have a healthy, rested mother, informed, active, a mother of whom they can always be proud and who will have much to give them. My life is lived and I want its fruits to be used to enable you to begin here where I've ended."

Would he be afraid his son could not take care of property thus come by, that it would make him shiftless, profligate? Is it not possible that it would do the very opposite? That it would make the boy feel he must do his best to deserve his good fortune by making the most of

it, so that his children in their turn might start still farther on? Or would he be afraid that sons and daughters could not appreciate the value of money unless they have had to earn it? But anyone who has ever lived in a community where fortunes have been quickly and easily made knows how utterly false is this assumption. Those who have not can easily recall the history of the Pittsburgh steel millionaires and compare the first and second and third generations as to recklessness of expenditures. Anyone who has compared the lavishness of the new rich in New York, Newport, and Washington with the careful expenditure of those who inherit large houses, established social positions, and an unearned income, knows that the fear of losing money, the possession of tastes dependent on it for satisfaction, and of a social position which requires large amounts of it, furnish a greater appreciation of its value than the earning of it. No one has ever charged the English upper class with failing to appreciate money. On the contrary they have such a horror of having to earn it that they overvalue the keeping of it. The theory that one must make money to appreciate its value is a theory divorced from experience.

Not long ago the papers heralded the fact that an heiress to millions would do her own work. Great was the rejoicing among the bourgeoisie. "Fine girl." "Sensible." "She's all right. No nonsense about her." The phrases expressed the simple faith of the pioneer that there was a virtue in forgoing a servant. And why? If she could not afford one, certainly. But there was no question of that. Everyone knew she could. What virtue then was there in her putting on a "house-dress," fussing in the kitchen, waiting on the table, when she might be preparing herself for the responsibility of that great fortune? She had much better have given her time to a study of economics and sociology and a survey of social conditions. That would have been virtuous. The present English ruling family could teach the American billionaire a lot about bringing up his children to meet great responsibilities. No one has accused this generation of Windsors of failing to meet them; but they do not do it by playing at being cooks or by driving Ford cars.

If fathers—and mothers, too, I suppose in these days—can start with nothing and end with ten million dollars, can they not use it to get the next generation beyond the starting point, so that instead of doing a sort of merry-go-round here in America, each generation repeating the history of its predecessor, each may develop a pattern of living more satisfying than that of their fathers?

If each generation began a little earlier to consider the quality and enjoyment of life, might we not be able to put more of beauty into the technic and mechanism of living, and even, perhaps, achieve a higher national standard of culture and taste?

The begin-with-nothing system means practically no ease, dignity, beauty, and little order for the child from birth until the time he or she is twelve or so, when father begins to "arrive" financially. From that time until marriage, a pretty house, "advantages," lovely clothes, extravagance. After marriage, denial and privation again and work, for ten or fifteen years. Then from fifty to death, luxury and extravagance again. Surely this is not a cycle calculated to evolve any beauty or order in the mechanism of living.

A plain, sweet-faced, gentle little woman came to our town. She was simply but perfectly dressed, she had a retiring but completely self-possessed manner and manners, she was unobtrusive but dignified. There was something about her "different" from the rest of us. "Don't you know what it is?" asked a keen observer. "Haven't you noticed? Not once has she ever mentioned *things*. You've never heard her refer to her house, or her table, or her silver, or her horses, or her garden, or her car, or—anything. She rests on herself."

"But of course," answered another, "she has always had them. That's why. They are as much a part of her as our shoes and gloves and hats are of us."

"Yes," said our philosopher, "and that's what gives her poise and assurance."

Her father, fortunately for her, had not been a Mr. Collins. He had not started with nothing; he had gone on from where his father ended, and his father before him had done the same thing. This is how aristocracies are made, be they only aristocracies of character and breeding.

We want the best for our children, yes. But too often it is *our* best that we desire. Why not make it possible for them to attain *their* best, give them the freedom to seek it? A college boy was talking to me. "I mean to make money, Aunt Emily," he said. "I see you've got to have it before you can be free and do the things you want to do. I want to make enough money to retire by the time I'm fifty, and I know that means I've got to think, talk, eat, sleep money and nothing else if I'm going to get it. But what worries me is not making the money. I know I can do that if I work hard enough. What worries me is the fear that by the time I've got the money I'll have forgotten all about what to do with it. I've noticed these rich men. They've forgotten, or never knew, how to spend money right, how to enjoy it. I'm afraid I'll get to be like them if I give myself to money-making. I've about made up my mind that the only way to avoid it is to marry a girl who has the sense of what is beautiful and let her keep her mind on that so that when I get the money we won't have forgotten what to do with it. I'll make the money but let her spend it."

How much of our standardization, our lack of originality or appreciation of beauty, our poverty of interests, I wonder, may be charged to the fact that all the years of youth must be spent in slaving to become able to gratify tastes or express real desires?

Surely, the excuse for accumulated, stored-up wealth, if there is any, is that it frees men, some men, from the necessity of struggle for a livelihood, so that they may spend their time and energy making something more of life than a mere struggle for physical survival. Do not advocates of the capitalist system tell us that this is its advantage? But what is gained from this store of wealth if it may only be utilized by the middle-aged?

VI

Never was there a time when society had such need for men without the competitive sense. With the cost of living high, the wage scale high, and the demand for capital investment not decreased, the monetary rewards of the professional classes grow so small that only those without the competitive sense will enter them. But the needs they serve do not decrease: those of justice, those of health, those of education. Yet only those can enter them who have small need to make money—or are willing to do without many of the things which make life orderly and beautiful. When rich fathers die they leave their quota to the hospital, the college, the art gallery; and the public commends them. Thus they discharge their social obligation in return for the opportunity to amass wealth which society offered them. How much better if some of these same fathers would endow their sons, as it were, to man those hospitals, fill those galleries, sit in those colleges! Without such endowment these vital tasks must be left to the mediocre, to those who can do nothing else, or to those—and they are always very few in any society—who will pay the price of self-denial for the privilege of service, or of being true to their own tastes. That is what happens in a society that has no reward for the non-competitive. But suppose this competitive society says in effect, To those who want to win in the contest for money, the financial rewards; to those who do not, the professional re-

wards. What better can money-makers do than give to society some sons who may enter this non-competitive class? But they make this enrichment of the arts and professions impossible if they insist on demanding that all their sons shall contest alike for money.

Do I seem to make too much of this? If so, it is because there are too many Mr. Collinses; they must somehow be made to see that it is not enough to begin with nothing and end with something, but that this something should be made to go on to something else—a more stable, a more beautiful mode of living for each generation in its turn.

I cannot hope to have converted Mr. Collins. He will go on insisting that his son-in-law shall begin where he did. I can only hope I have given Mrs. Collins a few new arguments, so that Elizabeth —if not now, at least soon—may have the house and the allowance which will enable her to devote herself to living, instead of spending all her youth getting the wherewithal to live.

PARTING SONG

BY HELENE MULLINS

GOOD-BY, my love, and do not fear
For me when you have gone.
The days we held each other dear
Are few to brood upon.

Spring will not fail to come again
Though you no longer come;
The circling skylark or the wren
Will not be stricken dumb.

Men will not cease to laugh or build,
Nor earth to yield its grass;
I need not grieve, that never willed
This hour should come to pass.

I need not weep unless I choose,
Nor call myself bereft;
I've blue and silver dancing-shoes
And tinkling bracelets left.

I've found a curious Spanish ring,
A dead queen's book of prayers—
It may be you shall hear me sing
As you go down the stairs.

THE EXPLORATION OF SPACE

BY EDWIN HUBBLE

Mount Wilson Observatory, Pasadena, California

THE romance of science lies in its explorations. Equipped with his five senses, man explores the universe around him and calls the adventure Science. He is confined to the surface of the planet Earth, hence his explorations of outer space are restricted to the interpretation of light-waves which come flooding in from all directions. In this manner he has found that the sun is merely one of the stars, one of the many millions which, together, make up the stellar system—the system of the Milky Way. From his position in the midst of this system, man looks out through the swarm of stars, past the boundaries, into the universe beyond. For ages he has speculated upon those distant realms, but only to-day have his instruments reached the powers required for the actual exploration.

The last and greatest of these instruments is on Mt. Wilson in southern California. With the 100-inch reflector one could detect a candle at 5,000 miles, one could detect an arc-light on the moon. And with this magic mirror we are now exploring the remoter regions of the universe, far beyond the Milky Way. There is the habitat of the nebulæ—those faint patches of light which have been identified as vast independent stellar systems, comparable with our own system, the system of the Milky Way. There they lie, thinly scattered through the depths of space, out as far as the telescope can reach.

We know something of their actual dimensions, something of their real luminosities, hence their mere appearance in the telescope indicates the general order of their distances. We see a few that appear large and bright: these are the nearer nebulæ. Then we find them smaller and fainter in constantly increasing numbers, and we know that we are reaching out into space farther and ever farther until, with the faintest nebulæ that can be detected with the greatest telescope, we have reached the frontiers of the known universe.

It is distant, this last horizon. Light travels for two hundred million years to make the journey. Yet it defines the observable region of space and restricts our knowledge to a definite portion of the universe. Within the vast sphere are scattered several millions of nebulæ—stellar systems—in various stages of their evolutional histories. One of the multitude is our own stellar system, the system of the Milky Way. It is, we believe, one of the older and more mature organizations.

The nebulæ are found singly, in groups, and even in great clusters; but when large volumes of space are considered, the tendency to cluster averages out and, to the limits of the telescopes, the distribution is approximately uniform. There is no evidence of a thinning out, no trace of a physical boundary. The universe, we must suppose, stretches out beyond the frontiers, far into the realms of speculation.

Yet it cannot continue indefinitely. An infinite homogeneous universe is not compatible with the laws and the phenomena of nature. The best working

hypothesis of the day, the general theory of relativity, postulates a universe which is finite. The dimensions can be calculated, in a tentative way, by assuming the observable region to be typical of space in general. It then appears that we are actually observing an appreciable, though very minute, fraction of the entire universe. Such is the present status of the explorations of space—our adventures in cosmography. A definite region has been sketched in outline, a definite boundary established, at least as a working hypothesis, and astronomers are now proceeding with the task of mapping in the details.

II

Such is the present status. Tomorrow the outlook may change, may fade into a newer, broader vision of the universe. For the history of astronomy is a history of receding horizons. Again and again the narrow frontiers of the ancients have swept outward on surging waves of discovery.

The Greeks formulated the first complete system of astronomy, in the centuries immediately preceding the present era. Their great contribution was the realization that the earth is a sphere. They believed it to be at rest in the very center of the universe—that around it at great distances revolved the sun, the moon, and the lesser planets, each in its own particular sphere. The stars, because of their daily rising and setting, they believed to be fastened to a spherical shell which rotated once a day around the axis of the universe. This shell lay just beyond the orbit of the outermost planet, and they believed it to be the visible boundary of the universe.

The size of the earth they knew very accurately and the size and distance of the moon as well. They even attempted to measure the distance of the sun; but there, as for all the other heavenly bodies, their instruments were too crude. Aristarchus, in the third century B.C., placed the sun at nineteen times the distance of the moon. Although this is only five per cent of its true distance, no improvement was made for more than eighteen centuries. But where the measures failed, they resorted to speculation. The planets were squeezed into a universe as compact as their motions would allow, and around them was snugly fitted the shell of the fixed stars. Even so, the boundary shell had to be placed at 20,000 times the radius of the earth—80,000,000 miles—in order to clear the orbit of Saturn.

The smallness of this universe was a necessity arising from the daily rotation of the boundary shell. The larger they made the shell, the more terrific would be the linear speed of its rotation. Even at 80,000,000 miles, a star on the celestial equator travelled 500,000,000 miles each day, 6,000 miles each second. Small wonder the mind rebelled at enlarging the scale.

This snug universe of the Greeks, with its restricted frontiers, dominated the minds of men for many centuries until Copernicus heralded the dawn of modern science. Then the mad whirl of the universe was seen to be an illusion and was replaced by the more sober rotation of the little earth. The axis of the universe was recognized as the axis of the earth itself. The boundary shell of the fixed stars, no longer a necessity, faded away into nothingness. The stars themselves receded to distances immeasurable. The sun, with its family of tiny planets, was left isolated and lonely in the bleak emptiness of space.

III

The systems of the planets offered a restricted field for accurate investigation. The telescope came and with it brought undreamed precision in measuring. The laws of motion were formulated and the majestic law of universal gravitation. Out of these factors emerged the Astronomy of Position. Distances, dimensions, and motions were accurately measured with the micrometer, and the

motions were explained according to the law of gravity. The stars to the austere priests of this sect were merely convenient fixed points in the sky by reference to which the motions of the planets and comets could be followed. The Astronomy of Position reigned supreme during the eighteenth century and much of the nineteenth. The micrometer became a symbol. Its results were certain, all else was speculation.

But while the Astronomy of Position was busy with the planets, laboriously accumulating the measures which signify positive knowledge, the imagination was roaming wide and free through the realms of the stars. Those realms lay beyond the reach of the micrometer, hence the orthodox astronomer paid them scant attention. But bolder spirits, daring greatly, invoked the vague growing principle of the Uniformity of Nature and assumed that the stars were distant suns. As a first approximation they supposed that all stars were exactly as bright as the sun and hence that we see them distributed through space according to their apparent faintness. Distances could be estimated by calculating how far the sun would have to be removed in order to appear as faint as the stars appear. Grand theories were constructed by interpreting the phenomena on this assumption. The stars thinned out as they became fainter, that is, more distant; and hence before a single stellar distance had been actually measured, it was realized that the stars themselves form a definite system, of vast dimensions, but quite isolated in space. This system was called the Galactic System because the Milky Way, or Galaxy, was the most conspicuous feature.

All this *was* speculation but, beyond the frontiers of positive knowledge, speculation was legitimate. Verification had to wait until the Astronomy of Position had developed an accuracy sufficient to measure directly the distances of a few stars and hence to test the assumptions on which the speculations were based. Attempts were made with each advance in instruments and in technic and, finally, about ninety years ago, the feat was accomplished.

Direct measures of stellar distances by triangulation from opposite sides of the earth's orbit around the sun marked an epoch. They introduced the second chapter in the history of modern astronomy—the study of the stars in the Galactic System.

Precision in measuring has increased, thanks to the methods of photography. The feats accomplished to-day are almost unbelievable. Imagine measuring —not merely detecting, but actually measuring with reasonable accuracy— the change in direction of a point seventy miles away when the observer moves his instrument to right or left a single inch. This represents what can now be done with the micrometer in observing stars from opposite sides of the earth's orbit. Increase the inch to 186,000,000 miles, and the seventy miles is increased to the 160 light years, the greatest stellar distance which can be measured directly. A light year is about 6,000,000,000,000 miles, the distance which light travels in one year going at a speed of 186,000 miles per second. Yet even so, the micrometer penetrates but a very little way into the swarm of stars which surrounds us. Were our knowledge of the universe confined to the distances that can be measured directly, our knowledge would be limited indeed.

IV

The great merit of the micrometer was that it bridged the wide expanse of space around the sun and gained a foothold among the nearer stars. It did verify the general trend of the speculations, but best of all, it presented for our inspection a few hundred stars whose distances and hence whose real luminosities and actual motions were definitely known. From the intimate study of these stars, the new and powerful methods of Stellar Astronomy have been formulated. These were

calibrated by the Astronomy of Position, but once established, they pushed out into space far beyond the range of the micrometer. It is with these new, indirect methods that the remoter regions of the Galactic System are being explored.

As an example of the new methods, the stars whose distances are known have been classified according to certain easily recognizable characteristics of the light which they emit, and the physical features of each class have been carefully determined. To-day, wherever a star may be, if only it can be classified, we know at once a considerable mass of information concerning the physical features which it shares with all other stars in its particular class. Among other things, we know the real luminosity—accurately in some cases, approximately in others—and hence, from its apparent faintness, we can estimate its distance.

But with all our knowledge of individual stars the study of the Galactic System, as a system, progresses slowly. We are in the very midst of the swarm, hence the details of structure are blurred. If only we could step outside the system and inspect it from some vast distance, we should see at a glance those broad structural features which patient investigation is so slowly revealing.

We know, however, that the swarm of stars is very much flattened in the plane of the Milky Way—imagine two saucers, rim to rim, bottoms out, and you have the lenticular shape of the Galactic System. There are several billion stars in the system. The diameter is uncertainly estimated as of the order of 200,000 light years and the thickness at the center, perhaps 20,000. The system is rotating in the plane of the Milky Way, with a period of the order of 150,000,000 years. The sun is at a considerable distance from the center in a *local cluster*, one of many such subordinate aggregations in the great system. The Milky Way indicates the rim of the system—in the direction of the Milky Way we look through great depths of star-filled space, the stars appear crowded together, and hence we have the impression of a luminous belt around the sky.

V

The methods of Stellar Astronomy are well established, and the study of the Galactic System is the dominating theme of the day. It has replaced in general interest the study of the Planetary System by the methods of Position Astronomy. But now a third phase is opening. History is repeating itself. Once the limited extent of the stellar system was realized, speculation immediately busied itself with space beyond the Milky Way. Again assuming the Uniformity of Nature, men supposed that, scattered through space, there must be numberless other systems of the same general order as our own. Unresolved nebulæ were seized upon as visible evidence. The grand vague theory of Island Universes was launched upon its career.

While speculation swept through the new field, the empirical study of nebulæ was slowly developing. A half dozen of these small cloudy spots in the sky were known to naked-eye observers. With the growth of the telescope and continued exploration of the sky, the numbers grew, slowly at first, finally by thousands. Some were resolved into clusters of stars. These were weeded out, and around them has grown up a separate department of research. The star clusters are minor members of our own stellar system.

Among the unresolved objects, two utterly different sorts were distinguished. The one consists of clouds of dust and gas found along the Milky Way. They are called Galactic nebulæ, for they are part of the Galactic System itself, unused remnants, perhaps, of the material from which stars were formed. They are dark for the most part and are seen silhouetted against the background of the more distant stars; but here and

there small portions are illuminated by bright stars actually involved or conveniently near, and we see the shining surfaces.

The other sort of nebulæ, the spirals and other small symmetrical bodies, are found by the thousands everywhere in the sky outside of the Milky Way itself. Nothing definite was known concerning either their distances or their true nature, but among them alone of all the heavenly bodies, did it seem profitable to search for Island Universes. Speculation generally placed them outside the stellar system—in extra-galactic space. It remained for positive investigation to verify or to disprove the guess.

The Astronomy of Position gave no definite answer—these nebulæ were too remote for direct measures of the distances. The methods of Stellar Astronomy applied only to stars; and with the smaller telescopes, at least, no stars were found in the spirals. But telescopes developed, and finally the great modern reflectors have resolved the larger and brighter of the spirals into swarms of actual stars. They appear very faint, even with the great reflectors, but they are stars, none the less, and can be studied by the methods of Stellar Astronomy. After long and careful investigation, many of these stars have been identified as belonging to various well-known classes—Novæ, for instance, Cepheid variable stars, Red Irregular variables, Blue Helium stars. All of these classes are known to consist of very brilliant giant stars, among the very brightest in the entire Galactic System. In order to appear so faint they must be vastly remote. Distances derived from all of the various classes agree reasonably well, and hence we feel confident that the status of these nebulæ has finally been established.

Detailed study of the stars involved has led to reliable distances of seven extra-galactic nebulæ, and this is about all we can expect from existing instruments. These systems are at distances ranging from 100,000 to 1,500,000 light years, their diameters range from 4,000 to 45,000 light years, and the total luminosities from 20 to 500 million times the luminosity of the sun. They are Island Universes in very fact—our nearest neighbors in space.

Estimates, less reliable, but good enough for statistical purposes, are available for 40 or 50 fainter, more distant nebulæ. It appears that there is an upper limit to the real luminosity of stars, some 60,000 times the luminosity of the sun. This limit is generally attained and seldom surpassed in all the great isolated systems. Advantage is taken of this fact and, from the apparent faintness of the brightest stars involved, distances can be roughly estimated for all nebulæ in which any stars at all can be detected with the great telescope. Beyond some four or five million light years, however, even the brightest stars can no longer be detected as individuals. This represents the maximum range of the methods of Stellar Astronomy.

But, just as the micrometer reached out beyond the system of the planets and gained a foothold among the nearer stars, so the methods of Stellar Astronomy have reached out beyond the stellar system and have gained a foothold among the nearer nebulæ. Just as the stellar methods were calibrated by the micrometer, so new and distinctly nebular methods have been devised and have been calibrated by the stellar methods. Once established, these new methods have pushed out into regions where even the brightest stars can no longer be detected—out to the very frontier of the known universe.

These methods emerged from the statistical study of nebulæ in general. On casual inspection, they exhibit a bewildering variety of structural forms, but persistent investigation soon indicates a high degree of order. The characteristic feature of extra-galactic nebulæ is rotational symmetry around dominating central nuclei. A few objects are irregular in the sense that they lack this feature; such, for instance, are

the Magellanic Clouds, the nearest of all the nebulæ. More than ninety-seven per cent, however, are regular and fall naturally into a progressive sequence of structural forms which probably represents their evolutional history.

The sequence ranges from globular masses of unresolved nebulosity, through flattening ellipsoids, to a limiting lenticular form, and thence on into a succession of flat spirals with gradually opening arms. Fairly early in the sequence of spirals, stars begin to appear in the outer regions of the arms. As the arms unwind, the resolution approaches the nuclei, until, at the end of the sequence, the spirals, like the irregular nebulæ, appear to be swarms of stars. If the sequence of types does represent an evolutional history, then the presence of bright stars is an indication of age. Our own stellar system, the system of the Milky Way, is at the very end of the sequence, hence it should be classed among the oldest organizations that are known. There is independent evidence for the vast age of our system. Certain binary stars show the effects of occasional encounters with other stars, which must have required at least several millions of millions of years to accumulate—and the life of a star is doubtless but a fraction of the life of a stellar system.

The sequence of types is an expanding sequence. If nebulæ of the same apparent brightness are arranged in order, the diameters increase steadily along the sequence. From the small bright globular forms, they develop into the large, faint open spirals. The progression is so smooth and uniform that, in spite of wide varieties of structure, all the nebulæ can be reduced to a single standard type, or stage in the sequence, and can be discussed as a single group. When the variation in diameter along the sequence is corrected, a new and very significant relation appears. All the nebulæ are constructed on the same pattern; the small ones are correct miniatures of the large ones. They may appear large and bright or small and faint; but the relation between size and brightness is precisely that which would be observed if the nebulæ were all of about the same dimensions but were distributed through space at different distances.

The correctness of the interpretation is established by two independent criteria. First, there are the nebulæ whose distances, and hence dimensions, have been determined by the methods of Stellar Astronomy. These are all of the same order of intrinsic luminosity and, when reduced to a standard type, of the same order of actual size. Second, there are the clusters of nebulæ, physical organizations each containing three or four hundred individuals. Less than a dozen clusters are known, but they all appear to be comparable organizations distributed at different distances. We observe a large cluster of large nebulæ, smaller clusters of smaller nebulæ, and tiny clusters of tiny nebulæ. Each cluster offers a group of several hundred individuals at the same distance in space. Although we may not know the actual distances of the various clusters, yet the differences in apparent size and brightness among the individual nebulæ of a particular cluster indicate the range in the intrinsic dimensions of the nebulæ.

The various criteria all lead to consistent results. The nebulæ are cast from a single mold. There is some variation; the nebulæ are not so uniform as the globular clusters, but they are incomparably more so than the stars. The brightest nebula may be a hundred times brighter than the faintest, but it very clearly is not ten thousand times brighter. For statistical purposes, they can be treated as all equally luminous; and this mean luminosity, as derived from the nebulæ whose distances are determined from the stars involved, is about 100,000,000 times the luminosity of the sun. Thus, for statistical purposes, the apparent faintness of nebulæ indicates their distances.

This offers a simple way of determin-

ing both the average dimensions of nebulæ and their distribution through space. The progressive sequence of structural forms ranges from the dense globular nebulæ, about 1200 light years in diameter, through steadily expanding forms up to faint open spirals, about 10,000 light years across. The actual count of the number brighter than a particular limit of faintness indicates the numbers within a sphere of a certain radius. For instance, the 150 nebulæ brighter than the stellar magnitude 11.0 (100 times fainter than the faintest star seen with the naked eye) are all within 5,500,000 light years of the earth. Counts to successive limits of faintness indicate the numbers in successive spheres, and hence the distribution in successive zones of the visible universe. It is estimated that 10,000,000 nebulæ are within reach of the 100-inch reflector. The faintest are more than 100,000 times fainter than the faintest stars that can be seen with the naked eye, and their average distance is of the order of 200,000,000 light years. A sphere of this radius represents the observable region of space.

The distribution of nebulæ out to these limits appears to be fairly uniform, hence we must suppose that the inhabited universe stretches on beyond the frontiers and that for a while, at least, the unexplored regions are much the same as the known. Speculations concerning the entire universe can be based on the assumption that the known region is typical of space in general. The observed motions and luminosities of stars and nebulæ rule out all possibility of an infinite homogeneous universe, hence the speculator welcomes the theory of general relativity which postulates a universe finite but boundless.

The form of this universe is one of the ultimate problems of science. Alternative theoretical solutions have been offered, one by Einstein and the other by De Sitter. Both solutions are enveloped in a fog of mathematics, the famous tensor calculus of relativity, and both incorporate curved space-time which cannot be visualized. Out of the welter of equations, however, there emerges a certain constant, R, the radius of curvature, which measures the size of the world. The actual determination of this constant depends upon which of the two solutions is nearer the truth. Fortunately there is a critical test which should distinguish between them, even within the observable region of the universe. The necessary investigations are now under way with the odds, for the moment, favoring De Sitter.

If Einstein's solution were correct, we could say at once that the radius of curvature of the universe, which depends only on the mean density, must be about 10^{10} (one followed by ten ciphers) light years, and we could easily calculate the volume and the mass. If De Sitter's solution is preferred, we must wait for more data before calculating the dimensions. At present we can only say that the radius of curvature of the universe is greater than the radius of the observable region, possibly many times greater, and hence we can only estimate a lower limit, say of the order of 10^9 light years.

We can write the figures but they are utterly beyond our comprehension. The vast scale of the universe is more readily grasped in terms of time. In the study of cosmography—in observing the nebulæ of extra-galactic space—we are witnessing scenes and events which occurred in past ages. When we look out into the depths of space we are gazing back into history. The nearest star we see to-day as it was four and a half years ago; the nearest nebulæ, the irregular Magellanic Clouds, as they were 100,000 years ago; the frontiers of the known universe, as they were 200,000,000 years ago back in the Carboniferous Age of the geologists.

OPTIMIST

BY JAMES STEPHENS

I HAVE always tried to get
A better song than any yet
That has been written—and I sense,
In moments lonely and intense,
A something whirling in a blue—
But, no matter what I do,
How I keep awake, or how
I wrinkle wrinkles on my brow,
With my love and hate and wit;
With every faculty of me
Exercising ceaselessly,
I but rarely get the theme
That is every poet's dream.

Late a Muse gave me to sing
Just half of just not anything:
Then I soared into my will;
I bawled upon them there until
The Nine came, horrified, and swore
They would give me all and more
If I would only stop the noise. . . .
But they gave me toys and toys,
Poetic-stuff for little boys,
Love-stuff! Wisdom! That and This!
Enough to make a poet hiss
For very rage who wants the theme
That is every poet's dream.

I refuse to be a saint.
I have reason for complaint.
Times and times already they
Gave my poesy away:
Shakespeare got a lyric I
Could have swifted better; why
Did they send to Wordsworth such
A clutch of sonnets? Keats as much
Of odes and what-nots? And A. E.
Has a song was meant for me—
A Song of Beauty . . . So I fear
That, ere the mellowing of the year,
They may give away the theme
That is every poet's dream.

(ENVOI)

Prince: I have paper and a pen!
I'm as good as other men!
Here I am, and here I sit—
Let the Muse take note of it—
Ripe and ready for the theme
That is every poet's dream.

THE NO-GOOD COASTER

A STORY

BY JOHN W. VANDERCOOK

A FAINT tinkle of ice against glass came from the darkness around the corner of the verandah where Reynolds' boy was busy preparing the inevitable West African vermouths. The pad of naked feet and the faint creak of occasional rickshaws taking diners from the hotel home through the fast-thickening dusk filtered up from below. Hard flies pit-pitted themselves to disaster against the blazing white gasoline lantern that hung motionless in the still air at the far end of the porch.

Reynolds had left me for a moment. I had hung my helmet and white coat beside his on the wall and slumped into the depth of a battered wicker armchair. I welcomed the slight physical tension produced by its lack of a foreleg. It helped keep one awake.

Conakry, I decided, was charming, by far the most agreeable place I'd encountered in a fortnight of slow progress down the Coast.

I said as much when my host—with attendant vermouths—reappeared. He smiled feebly.

"Yes, Ballay, the man who laid this place out knew what he was about. He was a doctor. You don't see a mosquito once a month. It's a grand place. I hate it like hell."

"What's the matter?" We had met an hour before at the Hotel Grand down near the jetty.

Reynolds, deeply absorbed in pouring a drink, didn't reply for a moment.

"I don't know. Listen!" He tossed his head, a rather heavy, young, good-looking head, in the general direction of the street. The low-pitched sing-song of two natives in leisurely altercation on the road below had added itself to the collection of subdued noises. Nothing else.

He went on. "That's it. Not a darned thing. If I wasn't a good Coaster I'd have gone mad a year ago. Africa's a big continent. Perhaps they told you that in school; but nobody who hasn't lived down here has any idea just how big it is." His gray eyes stared at me curiously. "At night this whole hot world seems to twist up toward the moon and then grow big soft sweaty hands that reach for your throat. . . . That's not my own. Peachy, a friend of mine, made that up. In a place like Conakry where there aren't but four people who talk English you give up trying to say something new every time, you know. . . . Peachy used to say he was afraid of the dark. You haven't been out long enough to know what he meant." Reynolds shook his head jerkily and grinned across the table. "The white man's grave is right. Have some white man's gravy." He shoved a monstrously tall glass toward me.

He turned his head to wipe a drop of perspiration from his chin onto his shirt collar and grinned again. "French Guinea has some nice things about it, though. Have you noticed no one's heard the news down here that the franc isn't so good any more? I get a hundred and fifty Canadian gold dollars a week and pay my house boy fifteen shillings

a month. That's how Africa's got me. I can't quit! When I'm up at the mines it's not bad though. I won't let the office send out another engineer for that end of things. . . . Africa does get you one way or another, it's funny. Not that many like it! You come to lick Africa, and it doesn't even seem to know you're here. Good Coasters don't give a damn. It doesn't bother me, but sometimes there's a fellow like Peachy and it does him in plenty."

"Who's Peachy? And what the deuce is a Coaster? I'm new out here, you know."

Reynolds hoisted himself out of the chair and slopped a new supply of vermouth into my glass. "This is a good drink for any time—unless you want something else? You're new to all tropics, aren't you? If you weren't you'd know what a Coaster is. Every white colonial from Hobart to Delhi knows there's only one Coast—West Africa from Senegal to Congo. A Coaster is just a white who is or has been damn' fool enough to live out here for a while. We all know one another, every white man in every port. But we don't like one another very much." He paused reflectively. "And who was Peachy? Nobody much, really. Just a no-good Coaster."

He stopped once more, staring intently into his glass, shaking it in a spiral so the ice tinkled. "You know, it's a great occasion for me to have someone new to talk to. Not you especially. Matter of fact, when I first saw you down at the hotel I thought you were just a damn' missionary, but I wanted to talk to you anyway. Now when I get started I don't really seem to want to—not about anything serious, Peachy for instance. A good Coaster—a fellow who makes a go of it out here—learns to get in a what-the-hell state of mind and think about nothing but the job and the next drink. . . . Come in!"

My chair dipped dangerously. Reynolds' sudden shout had startled me into forgetfulness of the wounded foreleg. He laughed delightedly. "Someone knocked downstairs. I can hear a mouse sneeze at fifty yards." He tipped back and craned his neck to look around the corner of the porch. "Hello, Mamada. You come round here, huh? What you want?" Reynolds spoke the pidgin of the Coast.

A tall old black man in green fez and long, well-worn blue and white Sudan robe appeared noiselessly out of the shadows and made us a slow, most gallant bow.

"Afternoon, Mister Reynolds, sir. And you, sir." His voice quavered and was very low. Reynolds, with a look of curious respect, leaned forward to hear better. "I do not like to trouble you, sir. But—" the negro's long, tapering brown fingers toyed at his grizzled goatee and he eyed me doubtfully. "But, sir, I am very hungry. Perhaps, sir, you could . . ." he leaned forward so I shouldn't hear and whispered, quite audibly, "give me fifty centimes?"

Reynolds jerked his head up reassuringly. "What you do, Mamada, if I give you five franc, huh?" he asked.

The old man stood erect and inclined his head slightly. "You would make me very happy, sir. I should be grateful, sir. My sons have all left me and it is sometimes hard." The English came slowly, with a soft mingling of African and French accents that added peculiar emphasis. His demeanor, in spite of his errand, was haughty, almost kingly, in a foreign, somehow antique way.

Reynolds looked at him with a puzzled expression which twisted the corners of his eyes—corners already wrinkled by the glare of the sun. "Mamada," he said suddenly, rather harshly, "why you always talk so with me? You no used to talk to Mr. Peachy like that. *Pourquoi tant de cérémonie,* huh? You know me, Mamada. You think you better than me?"

Mamada relaxed from his erect pose and spread his long hands deprecatingly; smiled quietly, revealing white little

teeth between his crackled, narrow lips. He shook his head. "No, sir, I not think so. But you my master, sir. Mis' Peachy wer' my friend. I loved him, sir. All Fulah people in Conakry love him, sir. Even no-good Landuman and Timini people, they love him too." The old man halted the flow of soft syllables and, astonishingly, his eyes filled with tears. "Except maybe one, sir. But maybe he love him too . . . maybe he love him most of all." For an instant he stared past us out of the ring of light into the dark beyond.

Reynolds ended the pause abruptly. "Would you have done it, Mamada?" he asked.

The old man looked down upon him and did not reply at once. "He not ask me, sir. He too proud, even in that time, to come to friend. But, sir, when black man and white man fight, black man must fight to kill. It is best black man take beating and do nothing. When black man fight back, white man afraid and go crazy—so black man must help himself with knife. That one man, sir, know what Mis' Peachy want. . . . White men are not brave in this country." The white teeth flashed again in a fleeting smile—aristocratic, superior.

Reynolds, his eyes still upon the old man's face, fumbled in his pocket for a moment and then put some tightly rolled notes in the negro's hand, closing the brown fingers over them. "You go eat now, Mamada. When you get hungry you come to me, see?"

Mamada lifted his fez and made us a short bow. I found myself automatically rising half out of my chair, returning it somewhat confusedly. "Thank you, sir," he said, gathered his robes about him, turned, and swept with haunting majesty into the dark around the turn of the porch.

"He used to be night watchman at our warehouse before we sent our machinery up into the bush," Reynolds explained. "He makes one feel devilish young, doesn't he? His ancestors were chiefs back in the Fouta Dialon when ours still had long hair on their arms. You better have another drink. No?"

Reynolds looked at me quizzically. "I suppose you couldn't make much sense out of what he was saying, about the fighting and what Peachy wanted and all, could you? I'll tell you how it was and what happened and you can figure it out your own way."

He took a long swallow and then began to talk.

"Peachy was a Canadian. He came out to the Coast just after the War. He was engaged to a girl, but they decided they could wait until he was fixed here and then she was to come out and join him. They were about as much in love as any two people can be, I think. I didn't know either of them then, but I knew all about it later on.

"Peachy's job was to go back in the hills behind here—the Fouta Dialon—examine some gold claims another man had located and, if they looked good, he had instructions to arrange everything—concessions, getting machinery, hiring labor, and establishing communications with the coast. It was a responsible job, but Peachy took to it like a mosquito to a green Coaster. He was in town first and then went back into the bush and was up there without seeing a white man for a year; but the climate in the hills is very decent, so he kept healthy, and the native trade caravans kept him in supplies and got his mail to him pretty regularly. Letters from Dorothy—she was the girl in Canada—used to arrive a bale at a time, and he'd send his back with every native who passed by his place on the way to the coast. He was making a hundred a week and banking about ninety of it. It was arranged that she was to come out as soon as he could make his headquarters here in Conakry."

Reynolds stared for a moment over the high balustrade into the soft darkness that rimmed close around the circle of light from the lantern. The rapid narrative tone of his voice when at last

he went on had changed, was more reflective. He spoke slowly.

"But something was happening to Peachy. He didn't know it at the time, but it was. When I say he loved Africa, you won't understand what I mean. But that was just it. Every white man who comes here, you see, has been filled up all his life with the notion that he, as a white man, is just about the greatest thing in the world. We're taught that niggers are just poor devils our God stopped worrying about when he'd only half done with them. We know that America or Canada or England or wherever it is we come from is the only important place on earth. That's all right. I believe it. I'm a good Coaster and I hate Africa. But Peachy didn't believe it hard enough. Back at the mines he lived with niggers like old Mamada—wise old black Mohammedans who know how great and just how unimportant Allah is—how unimportant everything is except the sun, the sand, the forest, and the moon. He learned their language, went about as deep as an outsider can go into their customs and magic and all. He went so far he realized he could never go farther, never, just because he was white, go really to the source of things and find out what's behind those strange quiet eyes of theirs. Often when he was out prospecting he'd sleep somewhere in the hills and listen alone by his fire to the queer whisperings of the night and try to understand what it was saying too. But he never learned the key of that at all. It was so old it had forgotten him.

"At first he was angry. He'd never encountered anything before in his life he couldn't understand. No white man does who stays at home. That's why we think so highly of ourselves. But Africa was one too many for him.

"All this showed itself in a peculiar way. I didn't know until just last summer when I met Dorothy when I was home on leave. She told me. She said that about this time—it was the beginning of his second year on the coast—he began in his letters to say a lot about how he wasn't good enough for her. Of course, she didn't think much of it at first. I suppose they'd been telling and writing each other ever since they first fell in love how he wasn't good enough for her and she wasn't good enough for him, and all that. I used to be that way myself. . . . It wasn't just a pretty phrase with Peachy, though. He meant it. The two big things in his life were Africa and that girl—a funny combination—and Africa was telling him with every silence, with every whack of the sun on the back of his head that he wasn't as big as it was. And the more he realized it the more he loved Africa—and the more he thought about that girl and loved her, the surer he was that he wasn't good enough, big enough, that is, for her either.

"You can imagine what happens to a fellow when a girl and a continent get all mixed up in his head. He wasn't proud any more. And that's the devil of a thing to happen to a Coaster. He didn't know what was happening to him. I don't really know either, even now. It was just that Africa grew so big in the front of his mind that all the strength and decision he had went into the effort to understand Africa and to adjust his littleness to its bigness. His love for Dorothy didn't die—didn't even dim—but it changed. It became abstract, secondary in its place in his emotions, secondary to the emotion of wonder and awe and strangeness that this queer world of jungle and sky and sun bred in him.

"Not long after this I came out. Peachy had got everything in the bush up to the point where he was ready really to start mining and he'd written home to the office asking that someone be sent out who could take charge of the work there while he stayed down here and ran the business end of things. It was partly true that he did need another man, but it was mostly fake. He didn't like Conakry and he did like the bush; so he'd figured it out in his muddled head

that if he quit the bush he'd maybe be able to think straight again.

"It sounds silly, but I think Africa made him feel somehow unfaithful. He'd catch himself thinking about Africa—trying to make the place and the people and its vastness all fit into a customary pattern like our lives at home. Then he'd suddenly realize he should have been thinking of Dorothy all this time and he'd feel badly that he'd forgotten her. He took this house here—the darned place has sixteen rooms. He was all ready for her. There was no reason on God's earth why he couldn't cable her to take the next boat. But he didn't. Then he started drinking." Reynolds lifted his glass with a quick smile, toasted me in pantomime, and emptied it.

"I don't know you very well. You may be brighter than most, but I'll wager you've never thought about one thing steadily for more than two minutes in your life. I know I never have. Very few white men have. That's why Peachy drank too much—he felt he simply had to think—think about his girl and himself and Africa and what, exactly, was the matter with the lot of them and, naturally, he found his mind began to wander off on other things before he'd put in more than three consecutive minutes at it. Anyone's will. But Peachy didn't realize that. He just took it as another proof that something was wrong with him. He felt *little*—so damned little he couldn't even face this simple business of writing a letter to his girl and telling her to come on out here to him. If she had come she might have made a good Coaster out of him even then. I don't know.

"So he'd have a drink on it. He found that after he'd had seven or eight he got in that half-sleepy state where one idea at a time is plenty. Of course, when he got like that he really wasn't thinking about anything, but he thought he was thinking about himself and her and the Coast and it made him feel some of his old courage had come back to him —at least he felt so at the time. Next morning he'd realize he was a sneak."

The boy appeared in the circle of light and put some dirty glasses on a tray. Reynolds stared vaguely at him until he went into the dark. Then he continued.

"He wrote to Dorothy less and less. She was getting impatient. She loved him and she was frightened. She did the worst thing she could have done. She asked him questions, 'Why don't you send for me?' 'What is the matter?'—that sort of thing, and they scared Peachy. He'd walk around town for a couple of days after a letter like that with an old helmet on the back of his head and his hands way down in some white drill pants that needed washing, looking like he was going to die. Peachy was tall with not much meat on him. He wore a little mustache that didn't seem to belong to him and he had blue eyes like a girl's. A pretty boy, really. But after one of those letters he'd look like he was sick at his stomach. He'd frame one answer after another, sitting down at the hotel with a bottle on the table, and tear them all up, and after about a pint of liquor sometimes he'd cry. Because there wasn't any reason for anything."

Reynolds opened his hand toward me with a jerk and leaned across the table. "Don't you see? No man wants a girl he loves to give herself to him if he honestly doesn't think he's good enough for her. He felt—what d'y'call it?—inferior. He couldn't make sense out of anything. . . . This was the sort of thing. He told me that once up in the bush a young black woman's baby died while he was staying in a native town—the usual little cluster of round clay huts with pointed roofs hidden away in a clearing in the middle of the jungle. He knew the mother, she had washed his clothes and cooked for him before the child came. She'd never had any children although she was nearly thirty and she wanted one. She couldn't think or talk about anything else, and when it

was born and turned out to be a boy she was the happiest woman Peachy'd ever seen—laughing, singing all the time, as proud as if that kid was the only one of its kind in Africa. Then one night when it was about three weeks old it died. Peachy said he thought the woman would lose her mind. She cried for three days and nights without stopping—and she lived in a hut just four yards from the one where Peachy was trying to sleep—which naturally didn't do his nerves any good. But on the third morning she came out of her hut with the dead baby in her arms and laid it on the ground just in front of the door. It was naked and weazened and brown. She wasn't crying now, though Peachy said her lids were swollen so she could hardly see. She grabbed a white rooster that was pecking around at her feet and, before Peachy knew what was happening, she twisted its head off and let the blood drip down on the body of her baby. Then, very slowly, she stepped over the body into her house, then out again, and then in—three times. She was perfectly calm and after a minute she called to her brother and he took the baby away and buried it. An hour later Peachy saw her pounding coffee in a mortar with the other women of the village as if nothing had happened.

"That apparently silly little bit of flimflam—I can't explain it, it's a very old native custom, a kind of sacrifice and sending back of the dead into eternity—had cured the most terrific and genuine sorrow of that black woman's life.

"But it didn't help Peachy a bit. He couldn't get it at all. He thought and thought and asked questions and finally got to feel that he just wasn't anything at all. He, a white man, couldn't straighten out his own trouble—a fairly simple question of whether a fellow that isn't man enough to understand the mood of a continent can still be man enough to deserve a girl—it sounds absolutely senseless when you put it like that, doesn't it?—and here this half-naked black mother, just because she belonged and knew old important things he couldn't know—had mended her life with a rooster's blood and three steps over a clay doorstep in a sun-baked nigger town.

"I was making only short trips back to the mines then and would come back to Conakry as soon as I could. I liked Peachy. I was a good Coaster from the start, and he sort of leaned on me. He was two years younger than I and different entirely, but we got on fine. I'd buck him up and try to get him to write something—anything—right away. A few times I wrote letters for him, and he'd sit down at this table here as tame as a whipped child and copy them out and just hand them to me to mail without saying anything but 'thank you.' Then he'd get up and put on an old overcoat—a crazy thing to have brought out here with him; but it does get pretty chilly after dark sometimes—and walk around in the native quarter 'most all night. Once or twice I got worried about him and couldn't sleep and I'd go out to find him. He'd always be in the same place—over in the other end of town, sitting by himself in the shadows beyond the light of a little fire in front of a mud hut, his chin in his hands and his eyes so wide and still they'd scare me. There's not another white man in Conakry who'd have the nerve to go in that part of the city at night. But the blacks, like old Mamada said, understood him. He'd just sit there listening to their soft murmuring talk that makes one feel it's the same conversation that began back when the world was born and won't be done forever. And when they'd bring out a drum and dance and sing he'd stiffen and watch and listen harder still, trying hard, so hard his poor half-drunk head must have ached, to make sense out of the thing. He thought, I imagine, that if he could just understand the drums, find even one thing he could get his hands on so it wouldn't slip away he would be all right.

"He didn't pick out the slums of an African city because things are simpler there, either. Nothing really easy would have satisfied him. He knew as well as every Coaster knows that if you want to get to the bottom of anything in Africa, whether it's just the incomprehensible, old, hating mood of the land, or some bit of native magic, the very last place to look is in a town. In places like Conakry the new has met the old and only the new has lost by it—really. Though it doesn't look like that on the outside. The niggers have forgotten nothing. They've taken some of what we have to give and they laugh because we think that what we've got is all there is. They hide their secrets from us behind the pidgin talk and the sleek manners and the crooked tricks we've taught them, just like they hide—when we're around—their bodies with the dirty undershirts we sell them. Most Coasters, all good Coasters, don't look any farther, but Peachy did. But he'd come home near daylight looking more puzzled, vaguer—younger, if you know what I mean, than before. Once he came in and woke me up. He sat on the edge of my bed in that old overcoat with his hands way down in its pockets and told me for Jesus' sake to talk to him. He said he was afraid of the dark. I told him if he felt that way about it he shouldn't go wandering around at night; but he didn't mean that. He was half drunk, of course, or he wouldn't have opened up. He laughed in a queer sort of way as if he thought I was really funny and then went into his room and to bed." Reynolds stopped again, and looked out into the night. The moon had risen, the trees were taking fairy shapes.

"Then I went up into the Fouta Dialon and was gone six months. I was worried about Peachy but there wasn't anything I could do about it. I had to go. I did one thing, though. I shifted a lot of work onto him, thinking it would be good for him to keep busy. The last two months of the six I was away I didn't hear from him at all. As a matter of fact, I didn't write either. The machinery had arrived, and I was busy. I was trying to teach a crowd of black cannibals how to operate a mercury amalgam outfit without either blowing up the Guinea coast or burning their fingers. But as soon as I could I came down for a drink with ice in it and a look at Peachy.

"There was the devil to pay. Peachy hadn't done a day's work since I'd left. He made such a complete mess that the people at home had sent a man out to see what was the matter. One of the directors came himself. There was a forty-page typewritten letter waiting for me that he'd written while he was here. It was a funny letter. Most of it was just instructions, of course, but he finished up with a long list of suggestions to me as to how I should treat Peachy, and how he'd send some books out, and didn't I think in Peachy's 'run-down condition' he ought to have special food—one of the queerest letters! The director who came out was pretty old. He'd already been gone a month. But Peachy hadn't bucked up. He was all to pieces. It wasn't just that he was half drunk all the time. . . . By the way, have another? Good."

Reynolds bellowed directions to his invisible boy for requisite ice and a new bottle, then went on, his voice thickened a little by this last and longest quaff. "No, it wasn't that. First place, he was so thin his cheek bones threw streaky shadows into his three-day whiskers. That was bad enough, but he was steady calm all the time. He looked licked.

"You're from New York. Have you ever seen a bookkeeper about sixty years old coming home on the subway in the rush? An old man who's very white and clean and dry—not wrinkled at all, but sort of loose around the temples and with folds of soft skin that hang a little under the chin? They're always carrying umbrellas so tight all the bones in their hands show white. You can't miss one. He's always the only Gen-

tile in sight and doesn't even seem to be proud of that. Just patient, as if he'd waited and waited so long he might as well wait a little longer. Completely licked, not caring terribly. Well, Peachy looked like that. Like he was one of the little fellows. But he wasn't, not when he came out first.

"He didn't speak of Dorothy for a few days, so I didn't want to either. But it was fairly clear that something had happened. Peachy wouldn't have been so quiet if he'd still been worrying about that business. Then I asked him, straight out. I'd guessed it. He hadn't written her for six months—not since the last letter I'd written for him. He'd just let it slip, waiting for something to say. Where there's never any winter, never anything but sun and drowsy mango flies and rickshaw boys asleep in the shade, and the same drinks every afternoon down on the verandah of the Grand, to-morrows and to-days slip one into the other, forward and back, so one hardly notices at all. I suppose Peachy had put it off a day or two at a time and then realized all of a sudden a month or more had passed. Then he couldn't write. There was no excuse. He knew he'd lost his nerve."

Reynolds cleared his throat loudly and went on. "Of course, after a while she stopped writing, too. His letters, what with the ones I'd written and all, had been sort of taming down for a long time, and when they stopped altogether it was pretty clear to her Peachy didn't care about her any more. She told me this herself last winter when we talked. She learned from his people that he wasn't sick or anything. It must have hurt her pretty bad. She'd waited a long time, you know. If only she hadn't been proud and he had, it would have been altogether different.

"That girl and Africa—Peachy loved them both and it looked to him now like neither gave a damn about him. But though he'd crawl in the mud for a damn' old continent to try to understand it, he didn't know how to do anything to try to make his girl understand what was the matter with him.

"Then the mail from home came in one morning, a whole bag of it. The boy brought it over from the post office while we were having late breakfast out here on the porch. Peachy, I remember, had shaved for a change that morning and he had on a clean white shirt, and his suit and shoes were decent, too. His little mustache was trimmed neat as could be and his skin, especially where it was drawn too tight over the bones of his temples and cheeks, was burned a dark clean brown. If you'd come in you'd have sized Peachy up as a fellow who'd just come out of a long shot of fever, but was getting on fine. That is, you'd have thought so until you'd seen his eyes. They were like I told you, puzzled and licked.

"We pushed the plates aside and dumped the mail on the table and both began to sort it. First thing I picked up was a letter addressed to Peachy in his girl's handwriting. Of course, I made some fool bright remark, and tossed it over to him. He didn't seem at all excited, just opened it, folded it open with his left hand and looked at it—just a glance—then threw it across the table to me. I saw what it was, but I read it through to give me time to think of something to say: 'Mr. and Mrs. Paul Lansing take pleasure in announcing the marriage of their daughter, Dorothy Gabriel, to—' some damn' skunk I'd never heard of. Can y' beat it? You can't predict what a girl will do. This was her answer to Peachy. She wasn't going to let him think she cared if he'd forgotten her. But she did, the little fool. She does yet—she told me so las' winter.

"Peachy's face was queer. He got kind of white underneath the brown and he chewed with his lower teeth at his mustache, and his eyes got watery like a baby's who's getting ready to cry, but just the same he made a bluff at looking like a missionary—sort of sanctimonious and 'I-told-you-so' and 'God-bless-her-

in-her-happiness.' He really meant it, too. A funny kid. He made some queer gaspin' attempts to say somethin', but the first thing he got out was, 'Don't you want me to help you go through the office mail?'

"That was all right with me. I was thinking fast but I had nothing to say that seemed worth sayin'. We just sat there, not looking at each other, and made two little piles of letters. A few were personal, but there was mostly office stuff, all of it, struck me as funny right away, addressed to me. We split just the same though and both began to read.

"I was reading a long assayers' report on some ore I'd sent home when Peachy gave a little laugh that made me look up. I knew something had gone wrong. I was still thinkin' about the girl, you know. The report hadn't made any deep impression. I was feeling kind of sick—then that little laugh he gave made the sick feeling twitch into a nasty ball in my insides. The trouble was he sounded as if all of a sudden he shared the joke—he was laughing too—at himself. I asked what was the matter, and he began to read from the letter he was holding."

Reynolds was mouthing his words a shade too carefully.

"It was from the company director who had been out. It wasn' a business letter and it wasn' meant for Peachy to read. I remember some of the expressions he used. 'You will understand me when I say I have come to the conclusion our friend is not the sort of man Africa wants. . . . A certain lack of strength, ill adapted to the peculiar loneliness of the work. . . . I mean this no way as reflection upon Mis' Peachy's ability as an engineer or value as an employe. . . . But, we have agreed that Mis' Peachy is better suited to a position at home, 'mong people of his own kind. Arrange for his return on the earliest convenient steamer. . . . Mis' Peachy's salary will not be changed when he takes over th' new duties which I am sure we will be able to find for him.'

"Don't you see?" Reynolds flung his hand out. "He didn't mean to, God knows, but nothing he could have said would have hurt Peachy more, not if he'd tried. 'A certain lack o' strength—not the sort o' man Africa wants.' And he wanted Africa—loved its mystery, its heat, its quiet. . . . He loved it because it was old and he was too damned new.

"He wouldn't quit laughin', if you could call it that. He'd stop now and then, but it would come again, under his breath, very soft. He was a no-good Coaster to the bone! Seeing what the hell of a joke man is is dangerous anywhere but out here simply doesn't do. You got to keep a straight face and curse the dirty niggers and do the job and never walk in the moon."

Reynolds stopped for a long minute. A scratchy victrola playing a song of the Paris music halls of two years back came obscenely through the warm shadows of the empty street. He poured himself another drink, with the steady concentration of a chemist, examined the glass against the white blaze of the gasoline lantern and went on, his voice slurring, thickening a little. His head showed a tendency to slip weakly to one side, but he twitched it back.

"That night I stayed downstairs in the office till past our usual time for dinner. I was gettin' some of the letters answered for the boat that went out the next morning. I thought Peachy would wait. But when I came upstairs, it was about seven, an hour after dark, the boy told me he'd had some supper and then put on his old overcoat and gone out for a walk. He hadn't left any message. It struck me as a pretty good idea. He'd done nothing all day 'cept sit on the porch and smoke and take a small one now and then—not enough to bother him. The exercise, I figured, would do him good. Sure! Hmm!"

Reynolds' head reeled and twitched again. He emptied his glass angrily.

"'Bout four in the morning I got worried. I got up and got some clothes on and went down th' native quarter. The moon was full and it was as bright as the dickens. The fires in front of the mud shanties looked ver' pretty. There was a big goin's-on by one of 'em. Bunch of Timinis and Fulahs without much clothes on, all half-tight with palm-wine. A couple of 'em were beatin' drums now and then. You could hear 'em, very low, but quick as your pulse when you're afraid. I figured Peachy'd be there and went up to 'em. They all shut up when they saw me. Just sat there on the ground and looked at me like so many dogs. Not a sound. I swore at 'em and asked 'em where Peachy was. One headman, an old fellow I knew—you know him too, it was Mamada, man who's here tonight—said he didn't know. But when I started to walk away I heard 'em laugh. It was so faint I could hardly be sure. And altogether, starting low, then fading away, scattered, uncertain, pale as the moonlight on the road.

"I went on up the long road—th' old road that goes to Timbuctoo. I stopped at nearly every hut, stuck my head in the door and yelled at whoever was inside and asked if they knew where Peachy was. Nobody did, said not, anyway. I was getting kind o' nervous. Couldn't get the sound of that queer laugh outa' my head. I kep' askin' everyone I met. Some niggers were coming in with market stuff but they didn' seem to know. Don' know really what t' hell I did do. Don' know why I kep' on so long, think it was that laugh. Seemed to tell me plain as words somethin' bad had happened. The moon kep' starin' at me and that laugh kep' ringin' in my ears.

"It got sorta' mixed up with the sound of the surf on the sea wall, 'way the other side of town in th' European quarter. That was the only place I didn't look. Knew perfec'ly well Peachy wouldn't be anywheres over there. Pretty soon it began to get light. I'd been everywhere by then, and I fin'ly got it into my head I ought to go back where Mamada and the dancin' had been. I was sure that funny laugh must have meant somethin'. It struck me all of a sudden it was sort of like Peachy's laugh that mornin', just as still and queer as his. But there wasn't anything or anyone there. The fire was smoking a little, mixin' with the mist that was liftin' off the ground. There was a wonderful sunrise going on over the jungle in the east, all red and gold and gray. I stood there a minute. Everyone was still asleep—except a baby cryin' in one of the huts—and the sound of the surf came very plain. The laugh, the surf, Peachy's laugh . . . I don't know just why, but it came to me all of a sudden I had to go over the other side of town. I jus' had to.

"I started in to run, but only a little way. It struck me as silly after all this time to be in any hurry now. But I kept on. It wasn't far. The light there was still gray and misty, but it was strong enough to see by. A man was standing on the sand below the breakwater 'bout thirty yards away, right at the edge of the sea.

"I knew right away who it was. It was Mamada. He's one of the tallest, straightest old men in town, and I recognized his long blue and white robe. I jumped off the wall and began to walk out toward him, but just then he started to move and I stopped, thought he'd gone crazy. He was walking right straight out to sea, not even botherin' to pick up his skirts. There's a shallow beach just there and he got way out—almost lost in the mist, before the water came to his waist. It was ebb tide, y'understand. Then I saw him reach out and pick up something in his arms. He turned, and I knew it was Peachy. He walked in as slow as if he had all day. He saw me and came straight toward me, not staggerin' at all from Peachy's weight. He walked up out of the sea and put him on the sand and we kneeled down by him. Both of us had tears in our eyes, couldn' really help it. I thought he'd drowned, but it wasn't that.

"There was a big knife cut in his throat right under his chin. He still had on that damn' old overcoat of his, but he wasn't bloody. The sea had washed all that away. He'd been dead a good while. The tide had taken him out and brought him back again. Then I saw his hands were broken, all swollen and purple and queer, not like Peachy's hands at all. I couldn' understand. I began to swear, but Mamada told me how it was. . . . I don't just remember his words, but he explained that Peachy had wanted to die, but because he knew he didn' have the nerve to do it himself he'd hired some black to kill him. His hands explained what happened then. When the fellow started to do the job he lost his nerve again and fought—fought for the life he didn't want—fought till he'd broken his hands. Then the fellow just had to kill him, I suppose. . . .

"Like Mamada said to-night. Black and white can't fight clean—they fight to kill—and Peachy lost . . . though I guess he got what he really wanted most of all."

Reynolds chewed at his lower lip. For a long minute he stared at the floor. His eyelids drooped heavily, seemed ready to drop shut. But he lifted his head and went on.

"Naturally I asked Mamada why the devil he hadn't done somethin' to stop it if he'd had an idea wha' was goin' to happen. . . . I remember this time what he said. It was queer and backwards like everything these Africans say, but I sort of got what he meant." Reynolds cleared his throat huskily. "He said, 'In my country all men cannot go long journey. When stranger come to us an' he tired we give him hut. We not say he must go on. Africa so big it not matter how far one man go.' Y'understand?"

Reynolds' head rolled doubtfully; his words, almost inaudible toward the last, trailed off into silence. The head slipped down. My host was asleep.

No sounds came up now from the street. The moon was high and Conakry was bathed in a hard, white radiance. The shadows, by contrast, were black and still. . . . I could hear the surf booming on the sea wall not very far away.

TEETH AND HEALTH

BY LOUIS I. DUBLIN, PH.D., AND THADDEUS P. HYATT, D.D.S.

"MY CLINICAL experience satisfies me," wrote Sir William Hunter, the distinguished pathologist and physician of Charing Cross Hospital, London, "that if oral sepsis (mouth infection) . . . could be excluded, the other channels by which medical sepsis gains entrance into the body might almost be ignored." In the very nature of the case, the starting point of the infective process cannot always be recognized; but that the chief entry is by way of the mouth and the nearby passages is to-day the opinion of the best medical authority. The great Sir William Osler, long an internationally recognized figure in medical education, was much impressed with the original and painstaking work of Hunter and concurred in the opinion that the hygiene of the mouth and the preservation of the teeth were matters of fundamental health significance. Yet, in spite of their great importance, both have been woefully neglected by the medical profession and by the general public. Fortunately, this attitude is changing and, in our own country at least, the practice of dentistry is rapidly rising to the position and dignity of a medical science co-ordinate with other specialties. This new development is one of the most promising phases of the public health movement in the United States.

The mouth is an ideal breeding place for bacteria and, because of its warmth and moisture, fosters rapid growth much in the same manner as an incubator does. Moreover, it constantly harbors bacteria, some of which are disease-producing. These germs may cause a general poisoning of the system or be transmitted to distant parts of the body, where they may produce definite lesions or injuries. Undoubtedly, some types of heart disease, kidney disease, disorders of the gall-bladder, appendicitis, pernicious anæmia, rheumatism, neuritis, diseases of the eye and ear, certain forms of headache, and various disturbances of the nervous system, sometimes considered functional in origin, may be initiated by unhealthy mouth conditions. In short, there are few tissues of the human body in which bacteria from a dental focus may not locate. The lesions most frequently seen in patients are those of the locomotor and digestive systems; those of the nervous system are fairly common. In recent years there has been much discussion of the part dental infection plays in the causation of mental disease; but the best opinion to-day holds that the favorable results which have followed corrective dentistry in a few cases have been much overemphasized, and that present knowledge does not warrant the assumption that a causal relationship exists between focal infection and neurotic or psychotic conditions.

II

An abundance of evidence demonstrates that many of the claims made by the dentists are not exaggerated and that often diseases of obscure origin are cured as if by magic after the source of infection in the mouth, usually at the roots of one or more teeth, is removed. The histories of individual cases in which

amazing improvement in general health has resulted from treating and curing the mouth conditions that had caused a general poisoning of the entire system are most instructive. Cases like the following are creating discussion and wonder in medical circles: For example, P. G. had had several attacks of typhoid and, intermittently for a long time, had been running a temperature several degrees above normal, although the cause of the fever could not be determined. He suffered from cough, loss of weight, and general weakness. Tuberculosis was suspected; but no test showed any signs of chest, heart, or kidney complication. It was clear that some source of infection must exist, even though it could not be detected. His doctors reported, "We are of the opinion that he has a chronic appendix which may or may not be the focus producing pathology." And four months later they decided that "the focus of infection is most probably his gall-bladder, with appendiceal inflammation as a secondary or contributory cause." Consequently the patient had his appendix removed and underwent a gall-bladder operation. A few months later he was somewhat better, but after another month or two had a relapse. Then for the first time his mouth was thoroughly examined and infected teeth were discovered. After the offending teeth were extracted and the pus, which had been poisoning his system for years, had been drained, his temperature went down to normal, and his condition gradually though steadily improved. Six months afterwards the patient himself reported that never in his life had he felt better and was certainly fit for work. The doctors on the case comment that "all P. G.'s sickness has had for its beginning the pathology around his teeth."

Another patient was called into special army service some years ago and stationed in Mexico, where the food apparently injured his stomach and affected his general health. He became very anæmic and, after several months of ineffectual medical treatment, his condition grew so serious that he had to be sent to a sanatorium. There was no evidence of tuberculosis. He did, however, suffer from mitral insufficiency (a valvular heart disease.) Pernicious anæmia was suspected, as well as gastric ulcers. For several months he was kept in bed and then improved decidedly, until after nearly a year's treatment he returned to work, although it was feared that if the case was really pernicious anæmia the patient would probably have a relapse. At that time he had the necessary dental work done, one tooth was extracted and several root canals were filled. Thereafter his health improved so rapidly that several months later he was called into military service and passed all the required physical examinations successfully. He saw almost two years of the hardest kind of service during the War and, though gassed twice, came through all these ordeals in good health and with the greatest distinction.

Doctor Head in his *Modern Dentistry* cites some interesting cases, the most spectacular among them being one where spinal irritation was apparently connected with mouth infection. An automobile accident had resulted in an injury to the base of the patient's spine so severe that for five years she had been unable to sit up for more than half an hour at a stretch. During this time several teeth showed irritation at the root tips characteristic of spinal irritation. But so acute was her condition that any attempt to fill the nerve canals was accompanied by such pain and signs of suppuration that no progress could be made. Finally, a sterilized piano wire drill was passed down a root canal and plunged into the sensitive area at the root tip; a material was obtained that yielded only a single type of streptococcus. From this an autogenous vaccine was made, and the patient treated with it. After the fourth treatment it was possible to fill the canals of all teeth where the nerves had been removed.

After the eighth treatment she was able to sit up, and since that time has had no further trouble with her spine. Evidently the infection of the teeth and the infection of the spine came from the same germ, and the autogenous vaccine that was used cured the mouth condition and at the same time cured the infection which had affected her spine.

And finally, Doctor Hunter describes two extremely interesting cases. The first was that of a man admitted into a surgical ward of the hospital because of severe gastric symptoms which suggested cancer. On examination, no findings of a surgical nature to justify an operation were found, and it was decided to transfer the patient to a medical ward. His anæmia was profound and his temperature above normal. When Doctor Hunter examined his mouth he found that the gums and teeth appeared good with the exception of one upper bicuspid, which contained a considerable amount of pus, and that the antrum above it showed infection. The necrosed root was extracted, the antrum opened up, and found full of pus. The patient had undoubtedly been swallowing and absorbing this pus daily for months, and even possibly for years, with the disastrous results described. In this case, acute gastritis and severe anæmia caused by medical sepsis brought about an emergency condition which apparently called for surgical intervention.

The second case was one in which a surgeon had called him to see a woman in a state of profound septic poisoning, who had been running for several days a temperature of more than one hundred and five degrees. She had had a tooth removed, but the roots still remained, and pus had accumulated around the gums. As a result of local dental treatment, despite the woman's desperate condition, she showed considerable improvement within forty-eight hours, although at the time treatment was given she was almost moribund with septic pneumonia. She eventually recovered; but Doctor Hunter comments that it took several physicians, a surgeon, and a dentist "to rescue that patient from an illness which could, with certainty, have been avoided, if in the first instance, after the extraction of her tooth, her mouth had been washed daily with an antiseptic lotion."

III

From these records, which could be multiplied indefinitely, it is clear that the connection between mouth infection and health conditions is real and serious. Even more grave is the part which focal infection plays as a cause of mortality. A few years ago a study was made by the writers, with the co-operation of the New York State Dental Society, to determine, if possible, the degree to which certain organic diseases could be traced to original foci of infection in the mouth. Letters of inquiry were sent to a large number of physicians who had signed the certificate of death upon which insurance was paid whenever it had appeared that the death of the policy holder might have been due to systemic infection. Each of these doctors was asked whether in his opinion the original cause of the fatal illness could be attributed to dental infection. The results of the questionnaire were extremely suggestive. Out of the 774 replies which were received, 167, or 22 per cent of the cases, stated that infection of the buccal (or mouth) cavity was evident, and in 61 cases it was considered a distinctly causative factor. A substantial number of fatal cases of articular rheumatism, myocarditis, mitral regurgitation, anæmia, ulcer of the stomach, and infectious endocarditis gave buccal infection as a contributing cause of death. In addition, the replies indicated that mouth infection frequently caused fatal arthritis deformans, septicemia, chronic gastritis, and meningitis. Undoubtedly the score against mouth infection as a cause of death would be still more unfavorable could all the morbid processes resulting therefrom be detected. We know that

often physicians make no record of the original infection when signing death certificates. There is, therefore, good ground for believing that many deaths due to diseases of obscure origin should rightly be attributed to mouth infection.

These facts assume great significance because all available studies showing the results of dental examinations given to large groups of individuals disclose a shocking number of defects and abnormalities of all kinds. Mouth infection is probably the commonest of all human diseases; practically all adults, and a majority of the children, suffer from greater or less dental infection. More than ten million children in the United States have seriously defective teeth, according to one estimate. Another authority states that between 75 and 95 per cent of all children have one or more defective teeth. Ninety-eight out of every 100 first-grade children examined recently in New York City had cavities in their first permanent molars, so that between the ages of five and eight these children's permanent teeth were already impaired. Another New York investigation in a group of nearly 1,400 children showed that 96.5 per cent had defective teeth and that these children averaged nearly seven cavities each. The largest number of cavities were found among the seven- and eight-year-old children, who averaged 7.6 cavities each. An examination of 6,768 first- and second-grade children in Bridgeport, Connecticut, showed an average of seven cavities per child. Ten per cent of these children had open sores on their gums which were the outlet of root abscesses. In Milwaukee, out of 26,700, more than 23,000 had defective teeth; in Chicago, examination of 33,381 public school children showed more than 30,000 with carious teeth.

Examination of high-school children showed that more than 13 per cent of the first molars were missing. Another estimate made upon very good authority is that 18 to 22 per cent of the first permanent molars are lost by the time students reach high school, and that 48 per cent of the people between 30 and 40 years of age have lost permanent molars. As the first permanent molars are the most important teeth, serving both as a keystone to the dental arch and as the most efficient grinders of food, their loss brings about serious damage to the rest of the teeth, to the soft tissues of the mouth, and to the general health. Artificial teeth to the number of more than one hundred million are manufactured in this country each year, to replace teeth many of which with proper care and attention would not have been lost.

IV

Let us now examine some of the opinions and facts regarding the cause or origin of tooth decay, before we attempt to review the modern program of preventive dental hygiene. Dental decay, or "caries," is essentially a process of decalcification and disintegration. It is a disease in which the enamel and dentine of the teeth are first affected; later the tissues of the pulp and gums may be attacked. Although much has been written on the subject, probably less is really known about its causation than about other medical conditions equally important and widespread. Undoubtedly many factors play a part in causing this disease, the main ones being bacterial and dietary, although anatomical structure, the activity of the glands of internal secretion, and the composition of the saliva must also be considered.

All authorities agree that the unclean mouth is always a source of danger. This opinion is based on the fact that bacteria exist in all cases of caries. Some of these bacteria are harmless; others are disease-bearing and may cause infection if the general resistance of the body becomes lowered, or if the care of the mouth is too long neglected. The theory first set forth by Dr. Willoughby D. Miller about forty years ago is still the accepted point of view of the dental

profession, namely that the micro-organisms in the mouth, working especially on sugars and starches, produce lactic acid, which acts as a solvent and etches the enamel of the teeth. Such deterioration can be prevented only by rigid cleanliness. At the same time, it must be admitted that by no means all persons with unclean mouths suffer from dental decay or general ill health.

The bacteriological condition of the mouth is not, however, the only factor involved in dental caries. Defects in the structure of the teeth, their position and relation to one another are also important. Crowding and overlapping favor the collection of food particles and make mouth cleanliness more difficult to achieve. Again, bad dental work is often a serious item. The poor dental appliances sometimes used may be worse than useless and, in fact, may even cause the loss of hitherto sound teeth. The incorrect position of a filling or a poorly-fitting crown may hasten the process of disintegration, since teeth in a faulty position are more likely to be attacked by the process of decay than are teeth in proper alignment. Pockets of infection between the teeth may even owe their origin to the projecting edges of fillings and ill-fitting crowns. Moreover, poor dental work may cover over, with its neat superficial appearance, undetected sources of infection; and infection may follow from uncleanable bridges being inserted over gums already infected. Plates made primarily to aid mastication may hasten the destruction of the very teeth they were designed to supplement.

Other facts in the causation of dental decay require much more research before we can arrive at a clear conception of their method of operation. Many students are much interested in trying to determine how far faulty functioning of the glands of internal secretion is responsible for defective tooth structure and susceptibility to caries. There are likewise in process many experiments which seek to throw light upon the composition of the saliva, its amount, and the influence these two factors exert upon the formation of dental decay and their relationship to the whole disease problem. These are all fruitful fields of study from which much valuable information is expected in the near future.

But undoubtedly the most important single factor determining the structure of the teeth and their susceptibility to disease is the influence of diet. Both the physical and chemical properties of food have a direct effect upon dental hygiene. Teeth need the exercise which is supplied by the right kind of food; a diet of soft pulpy food weakens them and invites trouble. The teeth and their supporting structures need exercise if under-development of the jaws and a subsequent crowding is to be prevented. On the other hand, a fibrous diet, in addition to its stimulating effect upon the process of mastication, serves also in a measure as a cleaning agent. The surfaces of the teeth are polished in the process of chewing. That is probably one reason why the teeth of peasants and primitive people are better than those of modern city dwellers, since their customary diets of hard, coarse foodstuffs, vegetables, and fruit tend to keep teeth in good condition. Another difference between the dietary habits of European peasants and Americans which bears upon the health of the teeth is the amount of sugar consumed; and as we have already pointed out, sugar is a predisposing agent of injurious bacterial action. During the War our draft examinations disclosed that Italians had remarkably good teeth. These Italian recruits stated that they did not care for sweetened foods. This is a consistent dietary idiosyncrasy; for the sugar consumption in Italy is notoriously low, averaging (according to one authority) but thirteen pounds per capita per year —or less than a teaspoonful per day. Compare this with an annual per capita sugar consumption of well over one-hundred pounds in the United States.

Other factors are necessary to explain the obvious racial differences in the soundness of teeth. Bone calcification upon which sound teeth depend is apparently due to the presence in the diet of certain vitamins. One investigator (Doctor Mellanby of England) claims that vitamin D is especially important. The effect of most foods upon the teeth, according to her researches, is due to their vitamin D, their salt, or their cereal content. The last-named constituent is probably very important, since recent experiments indicate that inordinate cereal consumption hinders the calcifying process. Ultra-violet radiation, such as is given by sunlight or the mercury vapor lamp, on the other hand, acts as a stimulant and has the same influence on calcification as would the ingestion of additional quantities of vitamin D. If this is so, deficient diet together with the lack of ultra-violet radiation would explain the relatively bad teeth of the English, whose land is more or less sunless and whose diet contains large amounts of cereals and sweets and small amounts of the products containing vitamin D, such as milk, butter, cheese, and eggs. The good teeth of the natives of tropical lands and of Eskimos may be explained in the same way. Indians, who eat much cereal, are exposed to strong sunlight which counterbalances the faults of their diet; Eskimos, whose native diet is composed largely of fish, blubber, and meat and contains little or no cereal, have food adequate to produce sound teeth even though they lack sunlight. Again, scientists have observed that the teeth of paleolithic men were apparently very good but degenerated as civilization advanced. Perhaps this was because, instead of the animal products, which primitive man ate in such large quantities when his luck was good, cereals were introduced into the diet and were consumed in ever-increasing amounts.

Another extremely interesting series of studies has been made by Professor McCollum and his co-workers at Johns Hopkins who concluded that "it is not possible at this time to name any one definite diet which specifically causes dental or oral disease; it would appear that any slight variation in the American diet, which always so dangerously approaches the level of dietary deficiency, might become active at any period of lowered resistance or of physical or nervous stress." Their clinical findings seem to indicate that the type of diet which produced the greatest percentage of dental abnormalities was one deficient in "protein, calcium, and fat soluble A." But when all is said and done, much uncertainty still exists regarding the effect of the chemical composition of food upon mouth hygiene. Researches now in progress dealing with vitamins and other factors should soon give us more definite knowledge and enable us to formulate a sound nutrition program. At the present time all that we can state with any degree of definiteness is that diet is tremendously important—in fact, probably the most important single factor in determining the structure of teeth and their health. It is also clear that the two periods in which nutrition most strongly influences dental hygiene are the time of gestation, when the diet of the mother determines, to a large extent, the tooth structure of the coming child, and the first two years of life, when the diet of the infant undoubtedly affects the healthy formation of the teeth. Experts have called attention to the fact that the artificial feeding of infants may be a predisposing factor in causing dental decay. In fact, one authority goes so far as to conclude that the predisposition to dental caries increases in the same ratio as bottle feeding. The importance of adequate nutrition during the prenatal period and early babyhood, at all events, cannot be over-stressed. Adequate diet and oral cleanliness are, perhaps, the two points which all investigators regard as essential.

The emphasis in dentistry to-day is, therefore, along the lines of prevention. Health workers look forward to the time

when curative and repair work will be reduced to a minimum and when few mechanical devices and artificial teeth will be required. Such a program demands that the mother eat the proper food during pregnancy and during the nursing period, that the infant be adequately nourished, and that the preschool and school child be given the necessary dental attention. Even the very young child should be taken to the dentist regularly; the age of two is not too soon for him to pay his first visit. Thereafter, according to the best prevailing opinion, his teeth should be cleaned about twice a year. Equally important is teaching the child to take proper care of his mouth at home. When these two procedures are followed there will still remain a small amount of curative work. When defective teeth are found, whether in the temporary or in the later permanent set, they must be filled, treated, or extracted. Fortunately many people are beginning to understand that taking care of the teeth from the very beginning will not only help to avert pain at some future date, but also will definitely promote the general health. Dental prophylaxis among children is highly beneficial, and can be done at a reasonable cost. If teeth are kept in good condition until the age of twenty-five, habits of dental hygiene will be firmly established, and little serious trouble is to be anticipated in adult life. The problem of dental work among adults is different from that among children. As we have seen, work for children is largely preventive; that for adults is mainly remedial and includes the repair or replacement of diseased teeth, the relief of pain, and the removal of infection. But the amount of this kind of dental care is tremendous in volume, especially when teeth have been neglected in youth.

V

Turning now to the practical consideration of a constructive program, two problems face us at the outset. First, the number of dentists at the present time is too small to provide the curative and preventive service which the country needs; and second, the cost of dental service is too high to be within the means of the great majority of families with small incomes. In consequence, much necessary dental work is neglected. It is estimated that only about twenty per cent of the population visit the dentist at regular intervals; the remainder go only when they have a toothache. In fact, if this last group, instead of waiting for an emergency, demanded anything like the dental service they actually need, the number of dentists would be quite unable to handle the situation. For there are now only about 68,000 dentists in the United States, or roughly one to every 1,760 persons. Even with the most efficient organization, it is estimated that one dentist can care for only 1,000 patients a year; and under present conditions he cannot treat effectively anything like that number. In short, even though it is true that all dentists are not busy during the entire day because work is unevenly distributed, nevertheless several times the existing number of dentists could be occupied profitably in taking care of the needs (not the present demands) of the American people. Nor is the outlook for the future much better. Only about 3,000 graduates are coming from the dental schools each year. On this basis, it would take a long time for the number of dentists to catch up with the requirements of the people.

A hopeful development is the growing recognition of the valuable services which dental hygienists can render. These young women who assist the dentist are trained to do prophylactic work, such as cleansing teeth, and to aid in furthering an educational program. From the time the first class of hygienists was graduated in 1914, progressive dentists have added them in ever-increasing numbers to their staffs. They are also giving an excellent account of themselves

in dental clinics attached to schools and other organizations where there is much routine work to be done. At the present time the supply of dental hygienists (there are about 1,600) is quite inadequate to meet the demand, and larger numbers are being graduated each year. They will assuredly play an important role in the dentistry of the future, especially since the length of the dental course in the best schools has been increased. As entrance requirements have stiffened, standards have naturally improved; but the cost of dental education has risen to such heights that the services of less expensively trained workers must be utilized to care for the more or less mechanical and routine tasks, carry out much of the preventive work, and leave the time of the dentist free for the skilled remedial work which he alone is qualified to undertake.

Only by more adequate preventive measures can we hope to reduce the amount of corrective work which inevitably looms before our dentists in the future. We must educate the public to realize that by filling the little pin-holes in children's teeth they could materially reduce the highly costly restorative work now often necessary in later life. The tiny fillings cost very little, last indefinitely, and prevent extensive decay. A few dollars spent on preventive dentistry may save hundreds of dollars for inlays, crowns, and artificial teeth and, at the same time, obviate much unnecessary disease and suffering. The vast majority of people cannot afford restorative dentistry; but preventive work all can afford. To-day we are going round in a vicious circle. Neglecting our teeth has resulted in so much remedial work that dentists can attend only to urgent repairs and have little time and energy left for prevention. This in turn will necessitate much corrective work in days to come, and so on, *ad infinitum*, unless the dental hygienist saves the situation. Efficient preventive work, which the hygienist is well qualified to do, will enable the dentist to attend to many more patients a year than is now possible and to give the population the service it actually requires.

VI

Part of the neglect we have been deprecating is undoubtedly due to economic factors—the high cost of dentistry in relation to the average family income. The fees charged in dentistry have necessarily risen with the general advance in the price level and the technological progress in dental science. The use of the X-ray and other elaborate equipment, while they have enormously aided dental knowledge, have at the same time greatly added to its expense. The public demands highly skilled and scientifically trained dentists; professional standards are constantly being raised, and there is even talk of requiring a medical education as a prerequisite to dental licensure. Naturally all these factors help to raise the costs too high for the great mass of people.

What happens? A study of middle-class family expenditures shows that scarcely any allowance in the budget is made for dentistry except the most pressing emergency work; practically none of the people of this income-level seek preventive service. Conditions among the working-class families are even worse. The Illinois Health Insurance Commission, investigating actual expenditures of working-class families, found that only 38 per cent of the 2,600 families studied had dental work of any kind done during the year of the survey. The United States Bureau of Labor Statistics, which has made the most careful cost of living study ever undertaken in this country, found that as the size of the family income increased the average expenditure for dental care grew likewise. Only 22 per cent of the families of the lowest income level had had any dental expense in the course of a year; whereas in the highest income group, over 62 per cent of the families reported dental expenses. In general,

the amount expended on dental care was obviously inadequate. The average for all income groups amounted to but $8.23 per family and $1.69 per person; its range was from $1.99 for the group of families whose income was under $900 a year to almost $18 for the families with an income of $2,500 a year and over. Investigation of health expenditures among employees of a large life insurance company disclosed, on the other hand, that when dental expenses occurred they were comparable with medical costs. In fact, it appears that the average family desiring adequate dental care must provide almost as large an allowance as for medical service.

We are thus brought face to face with a real dilemma. We have no reason to believe that as a class dentists are overcharging for their services. A reliable estimate places the average income of dentists in the neighborhood of $2,500 a year—obviously not an exorbitant figure when we consider the high quality of work demanded and the expense of the dentist's training. And yet in spite of our vaunted prosperity, the rank and file of the population are unable to pay for the dental care they require. What is the way out? If large groups cannot afford to go to private practitioners, it would appear the part of common sense to devise some other method of treatment and to provide some type of public or semi-public facility. Consequently, many are coming to believe that dental clinics must be relied upon to furnish almost all of the preventive work which children require and also to supply a very large part of the prophylactic dental care for the adult population. In the case of the children, one practical arrangement would be to give automatically the necessary dental service to every member of the school population and to regard the dental clinic as an integral part of the public-school system, its benefits to be as free as education itself. The cost of cleansing teeth and of instruction in the principles of mouth hygiene are not very great. It has been estimated that satisfactory service could be had annually for about five per cent of the usual per capita cost of schooling; and those interested in dental hygiene have pointed out on many occasions that such a measure would make far more effective the other 95 per cent of the present expenditure for public education. For dental care other than prophylaxis, a charge could be made by the clinic, which would cover the cost of all materials used and perhaps include an additional fee for service. In the case of adults, it is suggested that charges should cover the entire cost of the service and should be high enough to allow the payment of an adequate salary to all members of the dental staff.

The considerable recent growth of dental clinics shows that the need for them is now being recognized. A careful study made in New York City has just been published by the New York Tuberculosis and Health Association and the Welfare Council. The number of dental clinics increased almost 50 per cent during the past four years, rising from 104 in 1923 to 152 in 1927. Dental service is offered by hospitals, schools, family welfare and health agencies, settlements, churches, institutional homes, and dental colleges. To these can be added one United Workers' Cooperative Association Clinic, and also dental clinics operated by industrial and commercial organizations which were not included in the study. One interesting fact was the increase from 39 to 60 in the number of dental clinics attached to hospitals. This growth is undoubtedly due to the realization that mouth hygiene makes a definite contribution to the cure of disease and is often a necessary therapeutic agent. Almost two-thirds of the hospitals (61 per cent) recognize dentistry as a hospital department equal in rank to other services. Routine mouth examination of ward patients or special groups in hospitals has increased threefold in the period under discussion.

It is clear that henceforth preventive

dentistry and mouth hygiene must be considered an important branch of preventive medicine. It is necessary, however, to sound a word of caution. The intimate connection between sound mouth conditions and general good health is a comparatively recent discovery. As is perhaps inevitable, the new knowledge has often resulted in rash and unwarranted assumptions, extravagant claims, and unjustifiable procedures. The unwary, when confronted with a baffling disease for which no definite cause can be assigned, may in their desperation advise that teeth be extracted without clearly knowing what benefits might result. Patients and physicians are often disappointed when after the removal of decayed teeth there follows no improvement in the condition for which radical measures were taken. Dental infection is only one of several factors to be considered when dealing with an obscure disease, though it is one which should always be kept in mind and not ignored as heretofore. But in spite of the harm done by a few extremists, the profession of dentistry has made great progress in recent years. Serious efforts are being made to raise standards and to attract a higher grade of practitioners. The relationship of the physician to the dentist has, moreover, changed greatly for the better, and the two professions now work together for the benefit of their patients instead of giving conflicting advice and mutually deprecating each other's work. The next step is to devise such an educational program as will arouse the enthusiasm of the people and make them realize the great importance of keeping their mouths clean and in a healthy condition. When they fully understand the positive benefits in health that will thereby accrue, they will demand the services of an adequate number of dentists and hygienists and the organization of clinic facilities which will place within the reach of all dental skill of a high order.

UNSEASONABLE

BY MARGARET EMERSON BAILEY

IF sullen winter were your mood,
How easy it would be
To make an ulster of my pride
And put off organdie.

But so inconstant is your mood
That sometimes thrice a day,
I'm muffled for December gales
Who should be smocked for May.

MAKING TROUT MEDICINE

BY BRENDAN LEE

OF ALMOST any trout fisherman in the springtime you might say, at least half reasonably, what Mercutio said of Romeo in love: "O flesh, flesh, how art thou fishified!" Long before the first bluebird appears, some nameless *sursum* of earth or sky has brought the awakening call; and from that magic moment he is a man who must make fish medicine. By day he has a look in his eye as if he saw the gleam of sunlight on distant water; by night he is so busy with rods, reels, lines, flies, and all the superfluities of a fishing trip that he goes unwillingly to bed and wakes in the morning with the boyish feeling that no day is long enough to do so many things worth doing.

Thus for weeks before opening day your fisherman lives in a world where sentiment is again fresh and natural. As he is dreaming most of the time not of trout but of *the* trout, let me tell you of mine. So shall you understand that great brotherhood of the rod whose members are young so long as rivers run to the sea and there are fish in the rivers.

He lived, my big trout, and probably still lives in the East Branch of the Penobscot, just below the mouth of a cold brook that comes singing down from the Traveller Mountains till it enters a wild-beaver meadow. There, as if shy of a bull moose that haunts the place, my little brook hushes its song, stealing under bending grasses with a finger to its lips, and entering the river amid such a tangle of alders that no other man, as I devoutly hope, has ever found it or suspected what hides in a certain pool which is spring-cold even in midsummer.

Yes, I lost that trout; to my grief at the time, but to my everlasting joy, I lost him. He rose not to my fly but to another trout that I had hooked and that rushed about in a way to stir up the pool and the old boy's anger, or perchance his appetite. For be assured of this, on the word of a fisherman who has camped by many waters: on lake or river you may lure big trout to your fly, but never the biggest trout that sees your fly. Always there are a few "lunkers" that will not rise, and for a double reason—because they want a mouthful whenever they are moved to feed, which is not often; and because they are too age-wise to be fooled by a feather fraud at the end of a leader which (though I grieve to spoil your illusion) is never invisible in any water, low or high, gin-clear or roiled by the earth that every brook brings down in spate.

Just to show you what is otherwise hard to believe, a few miles above where my trout lives, a much larger brook, called Filfish, comes in from the west; and at its mouth is a pool where trout of goodly size will rise to a fly when the hour or the light is in harmony with their mood. Thoreau camped there with his guide, by the way, and wrote that fishing was much better in Concord. Indeed, he wrote many things in his *Maine Woods* that are not so, probably because he was so sure that his Walden was superior to all other ponds and his Concord to all other rivers that no strange waters or woods could show anything of interest. His fishing, which but gives him opportunity for talk, reminds us of anglers one has seen beside French rivers, with a lunch basket ten times the size of their

creel, and on their rod a tiny battery with a bell that rings when a minnow nibbles. Every fisherman must be happy in his own way. . . . To come back to our trout.

A short distance up Filfish Brook the water spreads over golden sand and gravel, which bubbles here or there from springs beneath. There on a summer day you may see a tingling sight, or might have seen it twenty-odd years ago. As the river warms in the sun, trout come up the brook to enjoy the spring water, more and more, till they and their shadows fairly cover the sand. In that clear, shallow water you can see every motion, even to their gill-breathing; and as they can see every glint of your rod and every knot on your finest leader, it is idle to angle in that teeming place. Among them one September day, after a long spell of weather that was both hot and rainless, lay a sea salmon whose weight I estimated at twelve pounds, making allowance for the fact that he had eaten nothing since entering the river and that a submerged fish looks smaller than he is. Just below him, nose to tail, was a brook trout to make one gasp, his fins already kindled with that flaming beauty, as of liquid fire, which a male trout puts on for his mating. He was fully as long as the salmon, and thicker in the back, and deeper—such a trout, in sum, as no man has ever caught on that river.

On northern lakes, also, one has occasionally had the luck to see trout and landlocked salmon gather to their spawning beds at a time when the new ice permits a fair view of them. Never an accurate view, to be sure, but clear enough to judge their size and weight; for if you lie perfectly still a little while, they will pass only a foot or two under your eyes. As they are hardly fit to eat at the time, or indeed at any time after they don a heavy coat of slime in preparation for the rough experience of spawning, I never fish for them in the fall, when fishing is said to be at its best, because trout, being then ravenous, will rise to almost any fly, and as well to a bit of yarn or tobacco foil tied up with a string as to the daintiest lure in your fly book. Once, however, in the November woods when grub was lacking, I was hungry enough to stalk a spawning bed and pick a five-pounder (not the largest by any means), and to stun him by a blow of an axe on the ice, which turned him belly up, and to chop him out before he could recover. 'Twas a shameless kind of fishing. I mention it simply to recall the fact that among such spawning and thronging fish are always a few to dwarf the largest of their kind that have ever awakened the song of a reel on those waters.

You may know, therefore, that when the big one came my way at last, though the surprise of him staggered me, he brought only what every fisherman all his life long is expecting.

One morning when the trout were not in their cold den under the alders, having been warned out by falling water, I followed the flow of my little brook out into the river channel, where the current ran strong and deep. There I found them again, and they were "on the rise." After catching four good ones, which were plenty for one day, I let my fly drift far down the current to clear a line tangle that was made when my reel overran while playing the last fish. I was reeling in again, my Silver Doctor skittering on the surface, when a trout rose and I struck—unthinkingly, for I did not want him. Seldom can a fly fisherman so school his nerves that his hand will not snap at the electric flash of a trout. Indeed, many a fisherman has seen a dream fish rise in his sleep, and has been awakened by the twitch of a responsive arm. My trout, a pound fish as I judged, was raising much ado as I haled him through the pool, intending to let him go and have done with his pother, when suddenly he bore deeper and shot downstream, tearing out thirty yards of line in a single rush. Only by a side pull, which strained my tackle to its limit, did I get him out of the current before the last foot of line was gone.

My eye! this was no pounder, but the strongest trout that had ever bent my rod. The puzzle was to explain how one could have been so deceived by his rise. Most carefully now I played him—if one can speak of playing a fish that is bound to have his own way, and that has ample power to go where he will. Only in one thing did I oppose him: again and again a steady side-pull led him out of the swiftest water before he ran out all the line and broke free. Thus a half-hour passed before he showed himself, rolling up beside the canoe to give me such a sight as might cause heart-failure in any fly fisherman. I had struck a pound trout, or better, and my fly had the best of all grips, a tongue hold. A monster trout had grabbed this fish across the middle and was shaking him as a dog shakes a woodchuck. All this appeared in one flashing glimpse, before he saw me or some other unwelcome thing that sent him downstream in another rush, which again tore off most of the line before I could turn him.

A dozen times after that I coaxed him alongside, always deep in the current where he could not be seen. When near the canoe he would surge under it with the force of a seal, and I must instantly slip the line around the stern, to play him from the other side, or have the light rod smashed to smithereens as it doubled to the trout's rush. Some friendly Indian water-fairy or *puckwudgie* of that place must have kept him from going upstream and tangling with the anchor line, which quivered the while like a stretched wire. Why he held his fish, whether from surprise or anger or mulishness, who can say? It was enough for me that he held fast till he wearied and, with a thrill that was half regret, one knew that the gallant old fighter was beaten, not by me but by his own stubborn will. Had he dropped his fish then, leaving a slack line and that all-gone feeling in the pit of a fisherman's stomach, I must have doffed my hat to him; but drop it he would not. So by a steady pull I led him above the canoe, risking the chancy anchor line, and "pumped" him, oh, so carefully! up to the surface. A low exclamation that seemed to have swear words but that breathed pure wonder broke from the guide as the trout lay motionless, all sheen and glory of color, the sunlight rippling in waves over his mottled side. Another pull brought him into the current; then down he came with the water, just as I wanted him to come, still threshing his great head to give his prize another shake.

"Net him, Ed; he's mine," I called exultingly. And then, for the first and only time, I think, that good guide went completely off his head. He had been coached to hold the net submerged in such a way that a captive might be led into it, gently, as into an open door; which is the only right way to land a large fish on light tackle. Now in his excitement, for he had never imagined such a trout, he made a swoop—the worst thing that could have been done to a fish that was not hooked. Up he heaved, the handle of the landing net cracking at the strain of lifting an enormous trout that balanced an instant across the fifteen-inch bow. Head and shoulders projected over one side, a foot of flipping tail over the other. With a convulsive twitch of all his body muscles he up-ended, and *plunk!* he dropped into the current, tearing off the belly of the hooked trout as he went. A broad tail waved once like a semaphore as he vanished.

How much would he weigh? You would have no sporting blood or be otherwise less than human if you refrained from that question. I could say within a pound, but why say it? 'Tis a canny fisherman who keeps the best of a story to himself. When the eighteen "ghostlike men," all that were left of Magellan's three hundred, brought the battered old *Victoria* home to Spain and said that they had sailed her round the world, they were called liars and cast into prison with the transgressors. We fishermen know how they felt. Donne, the metaphysical poet, must have been thinking of us when he wrote:

For thou hast done a nobler thing
Than all the worthies did;
But yet a nobler thence doth spring,
Which is to keep that hid.

Just to satisfy your curiosity, or whet it, I might add that I have seen an eleven-pound squaretail weighed, but this East Branch trout was the *big* one. Every summer these twenty years have I thought, "I'll go back and tent there till I catch him"; but always has something prevented, something for my good, I have no doubt. It is perhaps enough for one man and one lifetime to have felt the pull of such a trout, and to enjoy it forever. Often do I play him till he lurches out of my net and is gone. Again his red spots gleam in the sun. Again his tail waves me *au revoir*, broad as the tail of a sea salmon.

When the time comes for me to go bodily back to that wilderness pool, as a fisherman must, I shall not waste time in casting flies to such a trout. No, but I'll catch a large chub in the still water below, and use him to stir up the pool and the old boy's anger once more. Why a chub, do you ask? Because his kind are not permitted in a pool which nobler fish are using, and no chub in his senses would make a disturbance in presence of a trout big enough to swallow him. It is always a part of the annual anticipation to prepare or to revise a sinker rig for a fly rod; such a delicately adjusted rig as will hold the chub down where my trout lives, and yet break clear, leaving a free leader, at the first explosive rush downstream.

II

Meanwhile bluebirds will soon be calling another spring, and the ice will again be going out of Moosehead. For my vacation of eight days, eight weeks are none too many for making medicine. To begin with flies, which accumulate like neckties, examination shows all sorts, sizes, and color patterns of trout flies, salmon flies, wet flies, dry flies, eyed flies, snelled flies—galore of flies to last a Methuselah to the end of his days. But what fly fisherman ever had enough flies! Once when leaving a Newfoundland river I met an incoming Englishman who had over three thousand, in such a stupendous fly book as called for a pack strap or, at least, a Sam Browne belt to carry it. When he saw the strange patterns in my own portly book and was told that such and such were "taking," he was not happy with the few good ones I freely gave him. He wanted to buy the whole bookful, though nine-tenths of its flies were merely ornamental. To him, as to every other incurable, there is always a new pattern around the corner; and with every pattern comes a new hope, a rejuvenated expectation, another lease of life.

Nor is fly fishing the only art of angling that catches perpetual youth. Up at a Moosehead camp last spring were forty-odd fishermen, and the youngest in heart was nearing ninety years. His legs were so wobbly that when he came to a log across the trail he must stoop to lift a foot over by a pull on his trouser leg; then from the other side he would drag over the other foot. As a canoe was out of the question, for he would have upset in hauling his feet aboard, he used to camp at the end of the dock, his fur collar up when the wind was chill, and fish with worm or frog or minnow all day long. The first time one saw him sitting there one felt like crying; but to talk with him at his lone sport was to find one's heart singing like a lark at his tale of good fishing, past or yet to come.

To-night, therefore (and I hope you feel the logical connection), when my day's work is done and my supper packed where I like best to carry it, I shall disappear in an attic room that looks as if some riotous wind had furnished it. No discomforting Eve ever enters that paradise, where Adam would rather have a snake at large than a broom. There, safely denned, I shall sit me down and hatch me up a symphony of gray feathers that looks like a fish.

"Crazy," you will say to that, "clean gone, poor nut, quite mad." But though

undoubtedly somewhat lunatic, as anglers are and, therefore, allied to genius, still in such a simple matter as trout flies one knows a hawk from a hernshaw when the wind sits in the right quarter. To prove it one might demonstrate that when Shakespearean editors make Hamlet say, "I am but mad north-northwest; when the wind is southerly I know a hawk from a handsaw" they are more nutty than was ever a fisherman. A hern, as Shakespeare well knew, was a heron; and a shaw was the stuffed effigy that a falconer used in training hawks to swoop and strike. What Hamlet really said was that he knew the hawk from its victim the hernshaw; which was appropriate to time and mood and circumstance. The "handsaw" is mere gibberish.

That gray symphony, on which my mind works at sundry times when the boss thinks me working at something else (appearances being especially deceitful in a fisherman), is only a new streamer fly, which must look like a fish or there's no virtue in it. The expensive streamers now found in tackle stores are not all together worth a hooraw in Ellsworth because the hackles, being foolishly tied, look like nothing in the heavens above or the earth beneath or the waters under the earth, unless it be a fragment of a broken kaleidoscope. That is why they sell so well. The whole art of fly-tying, in a word, is to make one fly to the trout's taste and a hundred more to the fisherman's taste. For a trout, as a Maine guide has it, is "a dreffful notional critter, alluz bitin' at whodger ain't got," and is consequently hard to catch at times; but with any fly at any time you can easily catch a fisherman. Were it not for this subtle distinction, tackle dealers would pay no income tax.

As a matter of sober truth—of truth, that is, unadorned by transcendentalism, which is the very rainbow of philosophy—if from a dun-colored leaf of the fly book you pick one fly with your eyes shut and use it all season, you will get about as many rises as if you employed twenty different patterns for different conditions of water, and as many more for changes in the weather. Nevertheless, so transcendental is your true fisherman that he can never at the same time see a new fly and keep money in his pocket.

Take a Jenny Lind now, what a pretty thing it is, what a dainty dream! On many waters have I cast it; never have I seen a trout rise to it; yet I should not think of going off on a fishing trip without a few of that sweet pattern in my fly book. They make one happy just to look at them. And what is fishing but the better part of life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness? Thus a streamer fly is, as it were, another turn in the trail that leads to the unattainable.

Do you ask, "But what *is* a streamer?" At the risk of being as tiresome as other explanations, let me answer that the new fly has a body of silk or foil, or what you will, and behind that a long hackle which wiggles like a tail when drawn through the water. From an old fly fisherman I learned its virtue last spring, and paid well for the lesson by losing a pool that was of the jackpot rather than the trouty kind. But then, what man ever learned anything worth knowing that he did not pay for in money or experience?

In the spring of the year, let me further explain, when the ice goes out of northern lakes, there are no creepy bugs in the water and no fluttery wings upon it. Trout and landlocked salmon that come up from the depths where they have wintered are then hungry, and want a mawful, and can't be content unless they get it. That is why they haunt the shoreline or some other place where minnows are shoaling. Ninety-nine fishermen go trolling with shiner or spinner or both at this season, but the hundredth man scorns every lure but a fly. With his Parmacheenee Belle wet or his Wickham's Fancy dry he will whip the cold surface of Moosehead, hour after hour, though for all outward results he might as well be fishing with Simple Simon. Outward results are

specified, because inwardly your fly fisherman is as joyful as any other, and more satisfied with himself; for, by some freak of heredity peculiar to fly fishermen and piccolo players, he glories in his little art and looks down as from Olympus upon the abandoned fellow who likes to catch fish as well as to go fishing.

As we were saying, when explanation interrupted, one morning I paddled off alone to whip a shoal that I had discovered at daybreak, when the big lake was still as breathing, as if hushed by the coming miracle of sunrise. On one edge of the shoal, at the inner curve of a bight of deeper water were two hidden rocks, their tops near together just below the surface, their bases spread apart to form an arched den. And there was a trout in that den, just where I expected him. Uncommonly notional he was, rising to any wet fly I cast to him. No, not rising or even rising short (as trout do when they see the shadow rather than the fly) but just rolling lazily under my every offering, as if it pleased him to know how hopeful a lunatic was casting feathers and making bubbles on that glad morning. Every time he turned down from his roll he left a swirl like that of an oar blade.

It happened that I was resting the pool, thinking to tempt the trout by changing my fly to a darker pattern, when the old fisherman appeared in a canoe with his guide. With triple disdain he looked upon me, knowing that I was a newcomer, that I had somehow got ahead of him, and that I was not averse to trolling or the higher art of stillfishing if the trout thought better of it.

"How the devil did *you* find that place?" he hailed at last, with a somewhat ungracious emphasis on the personal pronoun.

"Found it before breakfast, by the help of kind heaven and a sounding line," was the soft answer to turn away wrath. He was older, you know, and had fished the lake some forty springs, and I had evidently blundered into his pet spot; which is a thing to give any fisherman the jaundiced eye. "No doubt," I went on to mollify him, "you have often tried that rock den in the bight yonder. No?" as he shook his head but snapped to attention. "Then watch my fly."

At the word I sent a Brown Palmer over the trout, to be answered by the same underswirl of a mighty tail. "Try him with your fly from a different angle; he doesn't want anything in my fly book," I urged.

That fisherman was a good sport, one who knew and honored the rules; but even as he refused my invitation, as a sportsman should, his grinning guide maneuvered the canoe into position. Then out shot a long line from a perfect back cast. The fly, a monstrosity in my eyes, splashed over the crack in the den, a plumb-center shot, and up came the trout. No lazy roll this time, but a rush that made you tingle to your finger tips. Even as the water boiled, the fly struck home, and the fight was on—rod twitching, reel singing its war song, fisherman's face as jocund as the harvest moon when it peeps over the horizon. He "knew his onions," did that fisherman. Never have I seen a large fish better played.

Such was my introduction to the streamer fly. A monstrosity it was, in sooth, the more so as I examined it; yet it pleased the taste of one particular fish, and of others that same day, both trout and landlocked salmon. So, of course, I sent by telegraph to a tackle store; but of the dozen varieties of streamers that came to my hurry call only one was good, or even half good, and that by accident rather than by design. Or so I judged from the fact that all the others had titles, high sounding and sonorous, but the one that had virtue was nameless as a foundling. In a freakish humor, apparently, the fly tier had put a bottle-green stripe down the whole length of a white hackle, and was too ashamed of the freak to give it a name. It looked

like a bad dream to me; yet it caught two trout before it went off hurriedly in the lip of a salmon. But I am getting ahead of my tale.

The old fly fisherman warmed, expanded, became as confident of the universal goodness as a setter pup when his guide netted a four-pound trout from my den. Then he proved himself "the rale MacKye" by offering me a mate to his homemade streamer, a generosity which I refused for the better gift of his company. All that day, and for many days thereafter, we whipped the same shoals under all conditions of sun or cloud, of rough water or smooth, and steadily he won the daily pool that with his streamer he would raise five fish, at least, to the one that rose to any surface fly I might offer.

Later in the season, when the weather warmed and the under-water hatch of insects came up to see what manner of good world they lived in, the odds were reversed; for trout and salmon were then on the rise, and an ordinary fly fished wet was the more attractive. Even so we noticed this difference, that when a fish did take a streamer he was commonly much larger than those of his kind that were lured by surface flies. Our conclusion was, again, that because large fish want a mouthful when feeding, they prefer a streamer which suggests a minnow above any ordinary fly that suggests an insect.

III

Another discovery which was new to me (though, I fancy, many fly fishermen use it when no inquisitor is looking) appeared one day when large fish were breaking everywhere on the shoals off the head of Sugar Island but made no response whatever to fly or bait or minnow. Some big motor boats came down from Kineo that day; each put overboard two or three canoes, and each canoe had its keen angler; but in hours of trolling only one small fish was struck where large fish were plainly plentiful. The old fly fisherman was being paddled hither and yon by his guide, covering an immense stretch of water with his streamers; while I, being alone and leisurely, was content to wait till a fish broke and then flick a fly over the ripples which told where he was loafing. "Fishing to the rise" it is called; but to-day the fish were not rising. They were rolling to the surface in that odd humor, perhaps playful, which invariably spells poor fishing. After vainly offering my best surface flies all morning, I changed to a brown streamer, a poor thing, and homely as an old hat. For an hour or more I offered this ugly duckling to a dozen different fish, then for a half hour steadily to one fish, a two-pound trout, that kept breaking where the point of a shoal reached out to deeper water. Thus my duckling proved, what I expected, that she was no swan among trout flies.

It is true, as Walton said, that angling is like mathematics in that no man can ever learn the whole of it, but any man can always learn something additional. For it happened, while I was wondering how to make an unresponsive trout take something of mine, that I remembered an old wreck of a fly book in my fishing coat, one that I had found afloat in the lake, long after some angler had either lost it or left it behind him. In the crumpled pockets were a few groggy flies, some hooks on utterly unreliable snells, and a miscellany of such other "junk" as is kept in perpetual storage, being too disreputable for use and much too precious to throw away. Poking through this wreck for possible medicine, my fingers touched a hard little thing, deep in a corner, and fished out a tiny gold spinner. Most forlorn it seemed, its luster gone, its face green and greasy from long contact with damp leather.

Now I had never used a trout spinner; but on a day when trout will neither rise nor bite—well, one may fairly try anything once. Rubbing the sad little spinner on a sleeve till its eye began to wink youthfully, I put it on the brown streamer and waited till my two-pounder broke again over the point of the shoal.

Then I sent the contraption to the center of his ripples and let it sink a foot or two below the surface. And the first jerky upward motion brought a smashing rise from a five-pound salmon that had not showed himself. It seems to be a principle of trout and salmon sociology that no little fish will rise first from a place where a big fish has an intention of rising. Nor was this salmon the only fish that thought well of an ugly-duckling fly with a glittering head.

When the day comes, therefore, as come it will, in which trout refuse everything in your fly book, if you put a spinner about the size of your little-finger nail at the head of your streamer, gold for a bright day or silver for a dull—why, then, very likely, you will find yourself fast to a good one. But don't give this medicine to any inquisitorial fly fishermen, if such there are; let our brotherhood of the rod still be without envy or malice or any uncharitableness.

To be honest then, as fishermen are by inner compulsion, fishing with a streamer fly is not fly fishing but a glorified kind of bait fishing. And "glorified" because you can do it with a fly rod and still keep your fond illusion of superiority over the fellow who catches fish with a minnow, or even with a worm.

To be honest about that last, also, the only thing one should object to is the borrowed bad habit of writers who call it "worming," which is not harmless lunacy but offensive idiocy. Trouting is catching trout or trying to; woodcocking is shooting woodcock or shooting at them; and worming, at its best, must be digging worms or going out on a misty-moisty evening to pick them from the lawn by aid of a lantern. At its worst, worming is nothing now but expelling vermin from a dog, since we no longer suffer from the mental disorder of expelling them from infants by aid of a concoction which doctors, who are forever scaring us by bad names, used to call a potent anthelmintic.

Eheu! what childish horrors are hid in that word. In those days doctors and parents suffered from worms on the brain, as now they suffer from psycho-analysis. Only in winter, when worms hibernate, were we youngsters freed from the affliction of our elders. At the first sign of spring, a fearful dose of some nauseous vermifuge was forced upon us as a hygienic rite, more compelling than voodoo. In the summer time, at any feverish protest from a tummy that had overdone its bit of everything, dear Grandmother, who thought she knew more about children than any doctor, and probably did, would put on her Day o' Judgment look to declare, "That boy has *worms*." It was of no use to protest our innocence of tenants, or to confess manfully that we had eaten forbidden green apples. Earth had no mercy, and heaven was deaf to our howls. Down came that awful bottle and out came the cork, filling the kitchen with fumes as of a burnt rag quenched in a rotten egg. Let the rest be silence. Even now my stomach shudders with me at the recollection of what purgatorial torment we endured before our time.

IV

Pardon this digression to old, unhappy, far-off things! One meant only to beseech you by the tender mercies of God never again to apply that horrible word "worming" to the lovable fellow who follows his bait down a babbling brook, the golden glow of cowslips on his face, and in his heart the springtime.

To resume our medicine making: the streamer with its plump body and wiggling hackle, like a swimming tail, has in a trout's eye some hearty suggestion of a minnow. Fishermen who know will tell you that a good streamer must have a dark longitudinal line on the hackle, and some will declare that such a streamer is the only fly to which a trout will rise when he is "on the feed." Being right, they are content to exploit the fact without explaining the mystery; which is simple enough, as all mysteries are when you have the key. That dark center

line of the streamer is to imitate the *stripe* on a particularly luscious kind of minnow. Such is the reason of the thing, if indeed there be any reason in a trout's psychology, or in a fisherman's.

And our gray symphony? I think now to make it a gold-gray, with body of tinsel, hackles from the neck of a Brahma rooster, and a stripe of darker tone. Then I shall make a silver-gray symphony, with a dab of red at the gills to imitate the pectorals of a redfin minnow; and with this I hope to do what I have never yet done—make a lake trout, or namaycush, rise to the fly. Soon, ah! soon now I shall be flicking this concord of sweet colors over the shoals of Moosehead and learning what the fish think of my creation. Because they are as temperamental as any singer, I shall put a second fly rod over the side of my old canoe, and under its delicate tip a real-to-goodness redfin will be swimming around, swimming around. Occasionally one strikes two strong fish on two rods at once; and then there's a merry time, like leading two bull calves, to bring one trout to net before the other tangles your leader with the anchor line.

Landlocked salmon always go in pairs, you should know. There is no record of such a couple in Noah's ark; but doubtless they were under it, as they still haunt the shadow of a boom of logs. Wherever you catch one landlocked salmon, therefore, stay there for the other. Once, when playing a noble fish that had risen to my fly, the other took my redfin. In true salmon fashion, they slanted swiftly to the surface and leaped out; then away with a rush and back again, jumping, jumping, as if a Witch of Endor were astride of each tail. Holding one rod between my knees, I had played the first fish up to the net, when the second—

No, I refuse to tell that story, because you will not believe it until a hooked salmon jumps into *your* canoe. Till then one can only say, modestly, that for the first and only time one landed two salmon from two rods at once; which calls for more luck and leaves more happy memories than a double at flushed grouse. Some sportsmen may object to this, as they object to mouse or minnow as a trout lure, but blame them not. They are not yet young enough to know that all kinds of fishing are good, some being merely better or more to our taste than others.

It takes a boy, after all, to teach us the serenity of wisdom. Once on a trout brook, in May, I met a little fellow on his way home, his pole (for it was not a rod) over his shoulder in a dejected kind of way, as sad looking as a surrender.

"What luck, son?" I hailed him.

"Tough luck, mister. Lost my fish-hook."

Whereupon I gave him a couple of such hooks as he had but dreamed of—beautiful hooks, with snells on them, and no fear of the snells pulling out. Because you can never trust a snelled hook from a tackle store, I always "make my own" as a part of the spring medicine. The boy grew expansive as we fished together and told me his angling secrets, all but one. He knew that brook much better than I could know; for it had sung to him in his cradle, and offered to his young feet the first trail of adventure. Thinking to profit by his wisdom, I asked, "What is the best time to fish this brook?" meaning what hour of morning or afternoon or evening.

The boy snuggled up close, and for my two poor hooks gave me his whole confidence.

"Tell ye, mister, if ye won't tell, the *best* time to fish this brook is 'bout a week afore the law goes off."

Which also is trout medicine of a kind. It may explain why we oldtimers have poor luck on opening day, when we come home with the alibi that the water is too cold from melting snow, or too high or clear or what not, and proceed hopefully to make more medicine. That is how a fisherman preserves and treasures the best thing any man ever had—the boy that is left in him.

PEOPLE WHO WANT TO BE EDUCATED

BY LOLA JEAN SIMPSON

ANY Friday evening between October and May, if you are in the vicinity of Eighth Street and Astor Place in New York City, you will see more than a thousand people moving steadily and quietly into the Great Hall of Cooper Union. You may have known vaguely that the People's Institute was a school of some sort; but surely these people are not students. Many of them are no longer young. From the rather heavy alien faces among them, their rough clothes, work-worn hands, and shambling gait they must be belated factory workers. What are they doing here?

Follow them into the vast hall. By a quarter past eight the seats are well filled—rows upon rows of quiet faces intent upon some absorbing business soon to begin upon the platform. The man seated in the speaker's chair rises and steps forward. Instantly the audience is crystallized into a fixed, rigid attention. The speaker is Everett Dean Martin, Director of the People's Institute, and his lecture has to do with the America which made Emerson and Barnum, or perhaps the Rise and Meaning of Individualism.

As he develops his subject, bringing into play the varied resources of a trained social psychologist, his listeners are a remarkable study. They are following his every word, weighing each syllable with a detachment which separates them sharply from an ordinary audience. When the long lecture at last draws to a close a motion sweeps over the throng. Hands flash up all over the hall. Some of the more impetuous hearers leap to their feet. The speaker's statements are challenged; he is appealed to, admonished, opposed. For half an hour volleys of sharp questions from the audience are met by keen answers. Sparks fly. Almost every subject in the range of human knowledge is touched upon—history, sociology, politics, science, literature. Ideas are suggested to be thrashed out in another session.

Ten o'clock cuts short this stimulating scene. The fireworks of forensics die out as the lights are lowered. In a brief space the great basement hall, whose heavy arches suggest the catacombs, is as richly dark as are those ancient Roman crypts. You have attended the famous Cooper Union Forum, the outstanding activity of the People's Institute, justly considered one of the most celebrated public platforms in America. Its program and procedure have become a model for many forums throughout the country.

Every Friday night the same rows of questioning, absorbed faces gather in the Great Hall. More than half of the audience is foreign born—Russian, Austrian, English, Polish, German, South African, Armenian, Siamese, Japanese. Some who follow the lectures with close interest are unable to write. Many have had only elementary school training. About fifty per cent are engaged in business or professional work, twenty per cent are industrial workers, ten per cent unskilled laborers and a few are unemployed. Seventy per cent of these people have been coming to the Institute's lectures from one to twenty

years, and four per cent have a record of attendance for the complete thirty years.

What holds these people? What do they get from the work? The Institute offers no credits, no examinations, no required attendance. People come if they choose. If not, they stay away. And there is plenty to amuse them elsewhere if they wish to be beguiled. Down the street jazz ricochets from dance halls and motion-picture palaces. Lights flare invitingly. Distractions of all sorts after the day's drudgery offer a relief from the exhausting pressure of the American industrial system. And yet, from year to year the audience at Cooper Union increases. These indefatigable people, ranging from foreign-born illiterates to doctors of philosophy, sit in the Great Hall, attentive to the long lecture—the speaker makes no effort to hold them by forensic or pyrotechnic—their faces fixed in absorbed interest. And here two-thirds of them remain afterwards, ready to shoot their challenging questions. These questions fly sometimes wide of the mark, are couched occasionally in broken English, may be incoherent through the questioner's emotional intensity. But Mr. Martin transmutes the stammering, muddled phrases into real questions and then answers them, hammering home the questioner's point or revealing his mistakes and clearing the way to set him thinking in newer and more constructive lines. You have the feeling that glimmering sparks are struck here which will kindle into a blaze of concepts at the lecture the following week. For these same people—many of whom will sit up nights reading from the stiff bibliography provided—will be there to argue, question, challenge, agree.

The subjects of Mr. Martin's lectures range widely, and they are a challenge to sound thinking instead of popular bunk. Can it be that these people are interested in ideas for their own sake? Cranks there are certain to be in such an audience, but the majority of this throng which weekly fills the Great Hall of Cooper Union are not chasers of illusive dreams. Is it possible that an ardor for learning *per se* possesses them? That they do not wish to sell what they gain? If so, here are the manner of men that make up the intellectual aristocracy of New York. A quaint idea that Cooper Union, instead of stately university or foundation buildings, should be housing the city's intellectual oligarchy—homely Cooper Union on the border of that seething quarter of New York where the intermingled nationalities of Europe move restless and bewildered through the first stages of entry on the American scene.

In spite of all skepticism one is forced to a reluctant conclusion. When nearly half an audience has difficulty in breaking through the barriers of a strange language—no slight obstacle in the educative process—and is not yet adjusted to its new environment, when many of its members work as long as ten hours a day and yet are in their accustomed seats on every Friday evening, when there is no immediate monetary value in what they learn, but one conclusion is obvious. They are moved by a desire for knowledge, a love of learning. Like the ancient Greeks or the humanists of the Renaissance, they feel that life is enriched by the pursuit of ideas. Here is a large-scale phenomenon so unique in education, so refreshingly impractical that it is worth investigating. These men and women emerge night after night from the solid arches of the Great Hall as from the gateway to a new and stimulating universe. It is they rather than people who endow colleges, who sit on regents' boards or lark as students in crowded classrooms, who are the intellectual aristocracy of New York.

II

Chaucer's Canterbury pilgrims were no more diversified in complexion and calling than are these people who for

years have streamed in and out of the Institute lectures and classes. The range of their occupations is a wide one. Salesmen, bookkeepers, school teachers, laboratory workers, dentists, commercial artists, inspectors, clerks, electricians, housekeepers, plasterers, technical-journal editors, department-store directors, shipping clerks, dressmakers, auditors, credit men, cloak operators, skilled bench workers, gamblers, private secretaries, tailors, carpenters, draughtsmen, interpreters, bakers, cigar makers, real estate dealers, doormen, college students make up the registration list. The subjects of the lectures are such as: The Psychological Influence of the Backgrounds of the American Population; The Religious "Revival" and the Crowd—from Jonathan Edwards to Billy Sunday; The Poor Man's Country—from John Jacob Astor to Henry Ford; The Psychology of the American Frontier; Do Americans Know How to Play? What Is Taking the Place of the "Older American Ideals"? With Mr. Martin's method of handling ideas, and the freedom of the open discussion afterwards, the more independent, the more fearless and intelligent are forced into the foreground. They would grow, would finally, through reading, listening, asking, challenging, reach a point of demanding more intensive treatment of the ideas which intrigued and held them.

Mr. Martin said to himself when he began his lectures, "I am going to encourage among these people a spirit of questioning, honest skepticism, criticism, and adventure in ideas. It is thus they will come to realize life in sounder terms." He has been free to do this—a freedom in one sense bought by the very poverty of the Institute. For it is without endowment, and hence is wholly unharassed by the supervision of millionaires or State legislatures.

How could it be hampered when its avowed purpose is to provide a center for free discussion for people of every religion, race, and brand of politics? Unlike other institutions of learning, it has no endowment, conducts no drives, is dependent entirely upon voluntary contributions. Yet this lack of means, which cramps its stride, paradoxically strengthens its wings. Obligations are tied to trust funds, endowments, memorial gifts. The Institute, if poor, buys with that very poverty its freedom. It need do none of the things opposed to the intelligent judgment of its director and his associates. Therefore, it has no entrance requirements, no formal examinations, and a program uncontrolled by public board of education, political, social, or labor groups. Its program has been formed by the slow, normal adaptation of its curriculum to its students' expanding thoughts and needs.

But the penalty Mr. Martin had to pay for letting the students' demands shape the patterns of the Institute's work was the facing of that very demand. One day shortly after the completion of his first course of lectures on the Psychology of the Crowd, he found himself confronted by a group of his students. "Will you give us a critical course on the philosophy of William James?" They faced him as one. Their eyes were searching, their mien eager. Here was the demand in earnest.

They were probably unaware that the spirit which had been fostered among them by the lectures they had been attending with such avidity was strongly akin to that which existed in Athens in the fifth century B.C. when the Sophists harangued the people in the market place, upsetting their prejudices and uncovering their ignorance. But Martin was conscious of the analogy. Plato realized that it was a death blow to dogmatism to reveal to men the extent of what they did not know. Upon this realization he founded his Academy, gathering together a group of those hostile Sophists upon whose unstable doctrines he turned the searchlight of their own method of reasoning. Mr. Martin's experience at the beginning of his Institute lectures was somewhat

similar to Plato's experiment with the Sophists. More than once he had been challenged angrily from the floor. One of the very men who now stood before him with that dogged insistent request had once flared out in the Great Hall. Before the close of one of the lectures he had sprung to his feet, barked out, "You're a liar," and stamped stormily from the auditorium. But the next day he was back, hungry-eyed and tight-lipped, and had remained ever since. And now he was here with the others, knocking at the Director's door, asking with an implied demand in his tone and look for more intellectual meat.

When the Institute was founded in 1897 by a group of New York's public-spirited citizens on the initiative of Charles Sprague Smith, its main functions were those of a lyceum and forum with various social service features and a humanitarian interest in International Literature. But as the American social and intellectual background changed, the character of the Institute was also transformed. Sharp on the heels of the War came a burst of interest in the social sciences, in politics, in social reform. The Institute, following the general current of thought, offered lectures in those fields. Then the intellectual currents veered again. People were finding their interest in still other channels—in science, psychology, and philosophy. Here was this little group of ordinary working men knocking at the door of the Institute, demanding an intensive course in the philosophy of William James. Could it be that they and other similar groups would develop into students like those who met and debated with Plato beneath the classic porticoes of ancient Athens? There was nothing in America quite comparable to the spirit of that Attic group. Could a spirit of fearless inquiry, a love of learning, a pursuit of ideas, such as the Socratic method fostered, be fanned into flame in New York, the heart of materialistic America?

The question, the demand of the group was still unanswered. The Director, having put his hand to the plow, could not turn back. He had said that if the Institute was to be an adequate experiment in adult education it must meet the needs of its students. Here was a desire expressed in a direct question by a group of representative Institute students. And the course was promised.

The decision was one of signal importance, for soon after the class had been formed three others were in regular session in a building near Cooper Union. Thus from the hunger of a group of students for learning was born the School of the People's Institute—a natural evolution of the lectures in the Great Hall. As these lectures provided mass education, so the School would take care of individual needs. It would give the student stirred by intellectual curiosity the opportunity to explore every corner of his chosen field. The Canterbury pilgrims traveling through the sunny English countryside to the shrine of St. Thomas jaunted forward with no greater zest than did these students adventuring into the realm of ideas.

III

The scene shifts to a week-day evening at the Muhlenberg Branch Library, where under the leadership of the assistant director of the Institute, Dr. Scott Buchanan, the classes of the School of the Institute are now held. On the third floor, a volunteer helper of Buchanan tells you that the class for this evening is in philosophy, with Voltaire the subject under discussion. You learn from him a number of things about the School. Since most of the students work all day, the courses are given in the evening. Each course is made up of from six to ten lectures, and as a rule four courses are offered on different evenings of the week. Monday evenings are devoted to literary criticism, varying from surveys of contemporary national movements to the literary products of the labor movement. Wednesday evenings there are

lectures on science. Thursdays are devoted to philosophical problems. Saturdays belong to philosophy as it is being formulated by the younger men.

Meat enough and plenty for students to set their teeth in and chew upon at length! Here are courses too stiff for most college students to handle. Is it possible that the people who attend these classes have had sufficient reading and mental training to take hold of such subjects with thoroughness and intelligence?

You watch with increasing interest the twenty odd people who have come in and taken their places quietly around the big seminar table. Not an unusual-looking group in any way, save for an intelligent eye and a thoughtful forehead here and there. All rather nondescript in their dress, some well groomed, some careless. You know already that among them are college students, ex-wobblies, clerks, factory workers, and taxi-cab drivers.

But your observation and your knowledge of the personnel of the group scarcely prepares you for the intimacy of these students not only with Voltaire, but with their Nietzsche, Schopenhauer, Kant, Spinoza, and Berkeley. Before half an hour has passed you are aware that here is something as far from an ordinary classroom as the North Pole is from the Torrid Zone. This is a voyage of truth-seeking, swept by fresh winds of skepticism, healthy doubts, and questionings. Here is the same avid curiosity, the absorbed inquiries of the Cooper Union atmosphere. The air crackles with controversy, the clash of ideas.

The instructors—there are two, one acting as a whip to the other—are young philosophers from a great university faculty. But what if one of them has returned recently from a stimulating year at the Sorbonne? His opinions aren't worth a finger's snap more than another's until he has proved them so. You learn that the instructor of such a group has to be a very special kind of a person to make a success of his job. These students have come to demand in their lectures a certain clarity, candor, and rock-bottom authenticity. As you listen to a taxi-cab driver interrupting the professor late from the Sorbonne, "But Nietzsche puts it this way," you wonder what a popular lecturer would do if faced by the Institute students' battery of critical judgment. Tricks of the platform, superficial facts, a patter of knowledge—none of these gets by. These truth-seekers are alert, and will have nothing less than the real thing. They have become connoisseurs of realities. A man who knows his subject from every angle, even though he have no oratory, commands far more respect and attention than a brilliant speaker of no originality or depth.

In this drab room, around this scarred discussion table, these plain people are weighing, balancing, comparing ideas. Here great men of the past, philosophers or poets, mathematicians or scientists, are judged not as solitary figures but taken in the stream of the intellectual life of their time and evaluated in a larger and comparative sense. Members of the class sit with faces thrust forward, driving an issue to its last point, or listening warily, ready to pounce mercilessly on the faulty reasoning of the instructors or other students. What matter that to-morrow they must be up betimes and at work? To-night they are thrilled by the high adventure of ideas, the pleasure of sharpening their thinking powers, using what they have read, increasing their store of knowledge, as well as penetrating into the thinking done in previous ages and comparing it with the intellectual progress of our own day.

Someone pulls out his watch. Midnight! And the group about the table is still going strong. Suddenly your mind clicks to an idea. Here is a group similar to Plato's—a little group of thinkers working in the Socratic method in the midst of a great city drunk with the chase after material wealth. Every

week you may find them at the Muhlenberg Library and elsewhere, the earnest outthrust faces, the rapier questions, the discussion far into the night. Outside, the motion-picture lights have flashed, the strident jazz has sounded, in vain.

IV

Yet if you talk with these students individually you find them curiously reticent about the Institute or the School, and its effect upon their lives. With a shrug many of them will apparently repudiate the experience which has given them an intensified feeling toward life. "We just go because we want to." But the Institute records tell a different story. You know that busy people who have no outward compulsion don't go persistently to lectures and classes over a period from one to ten years. You reflect that their silence may be due to the fact that they are an independent group sensitively fearful of patronage and exploitation.

There is, however, another and deeper reason for their reserve. This you discover only when you come to know some of them more closely.

Take the big, middle-aged man who you thought in the beginning was one of the instructors. In a quiet chat with him you learn of his father who was a horse trainer, of his own apprenticeship as office boy in an architect's office. There was the not unusual experience of the high-spirited youth of fifteen with a love of adventure and a dislike of routine work, running away and knocking about all over the country. Ten years of driving trucks in New York were then followed by the War during which he fought in the naval forces. With the Armistice he was at loose ends, all his beliefs challenged or destroyed. Why had the War been fought? What was it all about? In his confusion and perhaps despair he went to the Cooper Union lectures. His first reaction was one of defiance. "You have nothing here for me," he told Mr. Martin. "Why, you have no definite platform, no creed. I'm after something real." But he who came to defy remained to study for five years, doing little else besides reading, listening, talking, thinking things through. He has delved deep into history, sociology, psychology, science, has become, in short, a widely read man of scholarly habits of thought. His attitude is that of the learner. He has the scientific slant of mind which takes nothing for granted and is wary of committing himself to final judgments. When you ask him about his going to Cooper Union in the beginning, he speaks with a touch of reticence. "Who can say just why I went? And how do I know just why I stayed? It was like a conversion. One of those things you can't explain. I knew I had found what I wanted. I cannot even say what the Institute has meant to me, or what I would have done had I not found it." Here he stops. But you discern in his silence the emotion of a man who has a fervent, a devout feeling about the most powerful influence in his life. He has learned to view human phenomena with detachment, to regard the foibles of our civilization with urbane amusement, to prick the bubble of his own and other people's ignorance, above all, to realize that he can go on indefinitely becoming educated.

Then there is the tall youth with aquiline features and high head who has been for six years conducting a successful business near New York. Never was anyone more determined not to reveal undue enthusiasm over his six years' attendance of the Institute lectures and classes. "This is nothing new," he insists, turning his shining eyes full upon you, "it is just a communal interest in education." He has a fine pride in the fact that his activities at the Institute are his avocation. But you get from him only the barest hint of his interest at one time in the study of the theater under Gordon Craig, his pursuit of physics which has led him to have his own laboratory, his present preoccupa-

tion with speculative philosophy. When adult education as conducted in the West is mentioned, then the lid of restraint is off for a moment. "It is nothing to the work at the Institute," he flashes, his gaze turning for a moment on the conference group in concentrated session across the room. "This is equal to any post-graduate work done in the country."

The point of view of the young post-graduate studying for his Ph.D. at a New York university and attending at the same time Institute lectures and classes interests you because he can make a comparison. "At the Institute the approach is entirely different from that at the University. There one's outlook is necessarily more social. The idea of appointments governs one's attitude and perhaps choice of studies. Here the social problems are largely those of the working man, and the play with ideas is for their own sake. If one can keep his balance between the two they make a great combination."

Some students will talk freely of the Institute as long as you keep away from its relation to their personal lives. They follow keenly the various steps in its expansion. They will tell you of the Experimental Classes for Adult Education which are the logical outgrowth of the School. "Through a grant from the Carnegie Corporation, study groups have been developed in different parts of New York," you are told by an enthusiastic high-school teacher who has attended one of the Experimental Classes, "various types of adult students gathering in numbers of from twelve to twenty-five to study and discuss subjects elected by them as being worth investigation. East side, west side, among groups of university students, social workers, and common laborers these centers have been established. And the aim has been to gain by reading and discussion a more serious educational response than the lecture method can possibly secure, to try out the plan of group discussion for its intensive worth, and to make with the help of the students themselves a study of different types of group association to determine if possible which type holds the richest promise for future efforts in adult education."

It is too soon to draw definite conclusions from the experiment of the Extension Classes, but one of its most striking accomplishments is that it has brought students face to face with the writings of the great thinkers of the Western tradition instead of the second-hand material clamped within the covers of a textbook. The staff of the Institute reasoned that St. Augustine is more wise and spirited, Montaigne more clear and satiric, Kant more profound and logical, when met face to face than when squeezed through the mind of an interpreter. If the Institute expects of its students a spirit of inquiry and criticism accompanied by the willingness to read widely, it knows it must see to it that they are fed upon the clearest, most cogent thinking that has been done in the world's history, that they are turned loose among the mountain ranges of a whole period.

Just where this reading of the classics and the analytical study of æsthetics and art are leading neither the students nor the staff of the Institute can say. But both believe that when students come to have a love of learning for its own sake their lives are in the way of being reformed. Both have witnessed the changes which the educative process brings about in the personality of the student, the growing power of discrimination, the ability to make choices among the possibilities of experience, to think and act in ways that distinguish the wise from the foolish, the noble from the ignoble. In the midst of a social structure based on wealth and the will to material power, they see that to make education in its best sense the aim and meaning of living transforms all life, giving experience a new center of gravity. In this discovery—that education may become a self-moving, self-perpetuating thing enriching all the values and

activities of existence—the Institute, its staff, its lecturers, and its students participate together.

V

Yet the fountain rises no higher than its source. When the full circle of the Institute's activities are rounded you turn back to Everett Dean Martin's lectures at Cooper Union as the most fundamental work done by the institution. In his series of twenty-five to twenty-eight talks during the winter, every subject developed more fully in the School and the Experimental Classes is touched upon. Social psychology is the general head under which these lectures come, but the Director draws generously from the fields of history, philosophy, political science, sociology, art, literature.

And these lectures are a matter of passionate concern to the twelve or fifteen hundred people in the audience. This is evidenced not alone by the fact that in spite of fatigue, improper housing, scant leisure, and sometimes undernourishment, they are in their accustomed seats in the Great Hall every Friday night. If you go over their registration blanks you catch the sparks of their enthusiasm in their written comments. "I know more about America than I ever did before." "My interest in history and sociology grows every day." "There isn't time enough for all the reading I want to do." "I look forward all week to Doctor Martin's talks." Here and there an individual steps forth from the written page to speak for himself. To a disillusioned liberal groping for the light the lectures are straightforward, sham-smashing talks. "Debunkers of the Martin type are a boon to the revival of what culture America ever had." A woman designer inquires why the Cooper Union activities aren't reported in the press when conventional sermons from the pulpit are given in full. Says a furrier, "I never dreamed of any place in America where there is such an intellectual clarification of ideas as is obtainable at the People's Institute. I have met many old radical friends who are discarding their cheap collection of propaganda since coming to the Institute."

These people are independent, too—which is the Director's delight. Among the flock of suggestions, a sailor asks for a comparison of the three types of humanism: Schiller, James, and Dewey. "I should like to see the lectures published in inexpensive book form," is the idea of one who signs himself, "still a plasterer." A bookkeeper wishes more psychology lectures. Some of the talks are too abstract, according to a social worker. A salesman suggests more discussion groups. A Harvard graduate thinks the lecturer should not try to simplify his subject. The treatment should be more technical. And a mechanical engineer suggests that the treatment of the lectures be along strictly mechanical lines "without an attempt to revive mysticism or that modern folly, Bergson's creative evolution."

Through all the hundreds of pages run much enthusiastic praise, some criticism, but none of the disgruntled fault-finding of half-baked radicals. These sailors, plasterers, engineers, and people with college background are a more seasoned lot. With one of the latter you are having a chat about the Institute and its work—a subject of never-ending interest to those who attend the lectures. You are seated in a leather chair in his library with the autumn sunlight touching the rows and rows of books and burnishing the dark rich colors of a Guido Reni.

"I don't believe there is a piece of educational work like it being done in America," your host remarks. You listen with respect, for here is one with years of reading and observation as well as the tradition and atmosphere of a distinguished family back of him.

"Martin has a way of setting you thinking in new and adventurous lines about things happening right now in

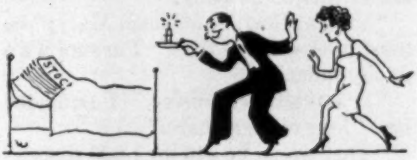
this country," he goes on. "And he accounts for certain conditions as only a sound social psychologist and thinker can do. Going to the lectures is the most interesting thing I do. But I am amazed that the chaps at my club"—one of the oldest and best known in New York—"should know so little about them. When I talk of the Friday nights at Cooper Union they say, 'What do you want to go down there for? That bunch is just a set of radicals and Bolsheviks.' What is the matter with my generation anyway?"

You can picture the latter settling deeper in their cushioned ease, wrapping themselves in their newspapers. Many of these men are college bred, they endow foundations and universities, they sit on boards which shape the policies of institutions of learning. Yet as they read or drowse in the comfort of their clubs they do not realize that a few blocks away are groups of people, often overworked, sometimes underfed, who with no promise of increased income, no cant or propaganda, no illusion that there is a short cut to a civilized attitude toward life, are spending their nights in reading, listening to lectures, discussing ideas—in short, searching adventurously for truth. Their university buildings are Cooper Union, the Muhlenberg Library, and wherever else the Experimental Classes can find a place to gather. Their campus is the steps and corridors of the Public Library. Look down Forty-First Street from Madison Avenue any week day and you can see the knots of people on the broad steps beneath the warm arches and the flying pigeons—some walking, some standing, others seated talking. Among these groups you may see these Institute students, faces thrust forward, engrossed in discussions of political questions, social reform, disputed principles of metaphysics or æsthetics. Here in the heart of the world's busiest market place is this little group—oblivious to the calls for greater productivity, higher-powered salesmanship—intent upon the pursuit of ideas. Perhaps they are migratory workers who save their summer earnings and come to New York in the winter to attend symphony concerts or read and contend in the Library. They may be college students, clerks, factory hands, or professional people. But one thing binds them together, a fearlessness of inquiry into the phenomena of a changing world, a sense of comradeship in the adult adventure of becoming more aware of life in its varied manifestations. No wonder your friend with the far-seeing eyes exclaimed, that day in the library, "Here is the intellectual aristocracy of this city."

While Mr. Martin has been working with these people they in turn have helped him to formulate his ideas regarding that much misused term, adult education. Of his observations and experiences he says:

"There comes a time in the lives of many people when they say, 'I wish I had more education.' Sometimes this wish is only an idle fancy. In thousands of cases, it is a very serious thing. People come to feel they have missed something, some secret of interpreting the daily facts of experience which would make their lives less colorless and insignificant, some knowledge which might give them better insight into the meaning of the world. They feel that somewhere there are things of beauty and truth, among which their minds might find refuge from monotony and sordidness. One of the encouraging signs just now is the fact that this hunger for knowledge, for something which is in itself and for its own sake worth knowing, is more widespread and more genuine than people suppose. It may contain the promise of a new America, less grasping and vulgar and superficial than that reflected in our newspapers. It certainly offers the possibility of transforming the lives of many people. Its potentialities, I think, should be viewed with a certain reverence and sense of duty."

The Lion's Mouth



I ALWAYS BUY DORMANT STOCKS

BY FRED L. SMITH, JR.

IT ALL started through a domestic appurtenance known as the kitty, an ancient leather collar bag which reposes on my bureau. The kitty has a draw string at the top, and it is lined with scarlet silk, now pitifully frayed and faded. Prior to the soft-collar era it was a rather essential toilet accessory, but for more than a decade it has been the repository of pencil stubs, golf scores, keys of uncertain origin and purpose, and assorted trinkets from congested pockets.

Occasionally we found it necessary to renovate the kitty, and we were invariably amazed when we dredged up from its depths a noble accumulation of pennies. Several times it yielded more than a dollar's worth, and at last it occurred to us to place my erstwhile collar bag on a sound economic basis.

We, therefore, established the custom of consigning all specie, whether of large or small denomination, at the end of each day to the kitty. Six months' strict adherence to this practice, and the kitty swelled to alarming proportions. It could be moved only at the risk of bursting its withered seams and disgorging a flood of pennies, nickels, dimes, quarters, and even half dollars. Something had to be done. The kitty groaned at each new donation.

We took an evening off and computed the six months' spoils—$106.44. Without the slightest exertion and joyously oblivious of the economic miracle that had transpired in a battered collar bag on my bureau top, we had acquired a sufficient stake for a venture into the higher realms of finance.

"Let's get something cheap and a lot of it," Mary suggested. "Our chances are better that way. I'm for buying a stock that's lying dormant. Isn't that what they call it?"

"I'm not very well posted on dormant stocks," I said. "I'll get some dope on them to-morrow."

The next day I called Harry Denton.

"I'm looking for a dormant stock," I said, "one that's been good and dormant lately."

"What was that?" he asked.

"A dormant stock," I repeated; "it's got to be dormant or I'm not interested."

"I see," said Harry; "you want a dead one. One that doesn't move much."

"Not dead," I replied, "just dormant. Pick me out a good dormant stock, but it has to be cheap."

"De Witt Grocer is selling at four," Harry said. "De Witt is plenty dormant."

"I'll let you know what I want to do to-morrow," I said.

After deliberating far into the night, we definitely decided upon De Witt Grocer, although Beamer Hardware at 2½ and Duplex Consolidated at 3 tempted us sorely. I instructed Harry to purchase 25 shares of De Witt at four.

"You must know something," he said.

"Only that it's dormant," I replied; "you told me that yourself."

"I believe you're holding out on me," he said.

"Not at all," I answered. "I always buy dormant stocks."

From day to day we anxiously ob-

served the state of De Witt Grocer. It fully justified the reputation for dormancy bestowed on it by Harry Denton, slumbering along at 4 and occasionally turning over in its sleep to drop to 3¾. We followed its uneventful career for a month or so, and then lost heart; if the financial section of the morning paper was mislaid or totally missing it mattered not at all. We had fallen into the habit of referring to De Witt Grocer as the sleeping beauty.

Harry Denton telephoned me one day.

"Noticed De Witt lately?" he inquired.

"No," I replied.

"It's up to six," he informed me. "I knew you had something up your sleeve when you bought it."

"I always like them dormant," I said.

For two weeks De Witt Grocer was a market sensation. It leaped to 8, fell back to 7, and then climbed steadily to 12, at which juncture we made haste to dispose of our modest holdings, and withdrew with a profit of 200 per cent.

"And now," said Mary, "what next?"

"More dormant stocks," I replied.

We consulted the market quotations, and my eye fell on the listings of mining stocks in an obscure column of the financial section.

"Look here," I said, "this is a regular bargain counter. Why didn't we ever notice it before?"

"Abigail Lee," said Mary, reading over my shoulder, "1½. Gracious! only a cent and a half a share. A thousand shares for $15."

"Mulligan Hill, 3," she continued; "let's see. That would be $30 for 1,000 shares."

"And here's Davis," I remarked, "a thousand shares for $10."

"It can't be a very good mine," said Mary.

"Maybe the stock's just dormant," I replied. "De Witt Grocer was that way, if you remember." We looked at each other.

"It would be so nice to own a few thousand shares of stock," said Mary thoughtfully, "and we could do it for $100. Think what fun it would be. Even if we lose it all, we'll still have $100 profit from that grocery stock."

We took pencil and paper and drew up a tentative purchase schedule. Some of the names of the mining concerns listed rather carried us away.

"Vincent Reef," exclaimed Mary; "we must have some of that. I'm sure it's a dandy mine."

"It's pretty expensive," I reminded her, "four cents a share."

"That would be $40 for 1,000 shares," she said. "I guess we'd better not."

"We might buy 500," I suggested. "That would only be $20. I'll put it down, anyway."

"What do you think about McCreary Dome? It's quoted at 2."

"A thousand of that," I replied; "now let's see how we stand."

I added up our prospective purchases and discovered that for exactly eighty dollars we could acquire 4,000 shares of stock divided among the Abigail Lee, McCreary Dome, Vincent Reef, Davis, and Mulligan Hill mining companies.

"Well," I said, "that leaves us $20 more. We might as well make it an even $100."

Mary ran her finger down the column of quotations and stopped about half way.

"Norcross," she said, "what a darling name for a mine. It's 2½. How much can we get for $20?"

"Eight hundred shares."

"Just think," said Mary, "if any one of them went up to a dollar, we'd be rich. Isn't it thrilling? You put that Norcross down, didn't you? That makes 4,800 shares all told."

I telephoned Harry Denton the next day.

"Get out your pencil," I said; "I'm going to give you a real order this time."

"Say," he remarked when I had finished cataloging the 4,800 shares, "you don't want to do anything foolish."

"Certainly not," I answered; "I told you before I always preferred dormant

stocks. Look what that De Witt Grocer did."

"Just a lucky break."

"Never mind," I said; "you get that stock for me."

And thus 4,800 shares of mining stock in six companies were delivered into our hands for $100, plus $12 or $15 in commissions. The commissions would have bought five hundred more, but we had to grin and bear it. Abigail Lee is still her dear old self at 1½; Mulligan Hill holds tenaciously to its original purchase price, and Vincent Reef and McCreary Dome refuse to budge. Confusion reigned in our household on the day that Davis sky-rocketed from 1 to 1½, but it is back to normal again. And as for Norcross, I doubt whether an assault by all the Livermores and Cuttens of Wall Street could shake its position on the board.

"Do you think they're ever going up?" Mary sometimes inquires rather wistfully. "Shouldn't we sell them?" To which I raise a solemn finger and reply:

"Not yet. Let sleeping stocks lie."

Whoever has not accumulated 4,800 shares of stock through hoardings in a battered collar bag has yet to taste fully the joys of speculation.

HOW TO PREACH A SERMON

BY FREDERICK LEWIS ALLEN

THERE seems to be a general agreement nowadays that something is wrong with the churches. The preaching, we are told, doesn't seem to take hold of people as it ought to. Desiring, though a mere layman, to do my bit to mend matters, and noting that there aren't nearly as many books on *How to Preach a Sermon* as on *How to Write a Short Story*, I have decided to repair the deficiency as best I can. Hence the following brief notes for my forthcoming opus on pulpit technic. They lay no claim to originality; all I shall try to do in them, in fact, is to record what might be called standard practice as observed by a listener to many representative practitioners. One of the troubles with preaching, I am informed, is that ministers have little chance to study one another's methods owing to the melancholy fact that they all have to perform simultaneously, each at his own eleven o'clock service. The short-story writers, on the other hand, can (or could) read one another's stories. I therefore offer these notes on standard sermon technic in the pious hope that the clergy may learn from them how some other ministers' sermons sound, and may perhaps profit thereby.

Let us begin with

THE TEXT

Not that the text really matters. Any competent parson can arrive at any conclusion from any text. A passage from the story of David and Goliath, for example, may be used to introduce a sermon on courage, kindness to animals, the beauties of nature, the need for a more harmonious family life, prohibition, or our relations with Mexico. In fact, I have known ministers so expert in finding their way from point to point that when they announced their texts groups of worshipers, who at once laid modest bets among themselves on the probable topic of the forthcoming sermon, would all be proved so completely wrong that the cash in the pool would have to be assigned to either the Church's Work at Home or to Missionary Endeavor. But chronologically the text comes first, so we must begin with it.

First, then, announce your text. Then repeat it, slowly. Most of the congregation won't have heard it the first time, what with the creaking of the pew in front (where Mrs. Jelliber is disposing herself at leisure), and the creaking of the pew behind (where Mr. Johnson is trying to cross his knees and

discovering that the sharp edge of the hymn-book holder stops the circulation rather painfully), and the rustling in the pew across the way (where Mr. and Mrs. Anderson are whispering about what on earth shall be done with Mr. Anderson's overcoat and trying to roll it up and stuff it under the seat), and the whispering of the Barclay children up in front over the supplies of paper and pencils with which they have just been pacified. Repeat your text, and give the guessers a chance to wonder where it will take you. Then you are ready for

THE GET-AWAY

Raise your voice, and smiling, begin, "You all remember the story . . ." then go on and tell it as if they didn't remember it. As a matter of fact, they will not remember it as you tell it. For this part of the sermon gives you your chance for what we may call amplification. Suppose your text (from the David and Goliath chapter to which I referred) is "Thy servant kept his father's sheep." Amplify this. Tell just how David did it, or how you think he must have done it, or might possibly have done it. With all that active work in the fields, a boy like David must have had to keep in good physical condition, mustn't he? Well, there you are on the brink of a boy scout sermon, or perhaps one on prohibition. And we may be very sure that David must have been gentle with the sheep, mayn't we? (There's your kindness to animals lead, if you want it.) And can't we imagine him coming back every night to Jesse and his brothers and telling them, as they sat about the supper table, how many lions and bears he had seen that day; and doesn't this (if you like) give us an inspiring idea of what family life might be like right here and now in America if it weren't for divorce and companionate marriage and things? David must have seen many a sunrise and sunset, too, being right out in the fields like that: in fact, aren't verses like this one about the keeping of the sheep examples of the way the Bible leads us to appreciate the beauty of nature, which has brought us to this perfect vacation spot with its mountains or its seashore or what not, or which (if it's winter in the city) we hold in our minds as a precious memory during these strenuous months? And shepherds, you will recall, have always looked up at the stars—the first astronomers were shepherds; doesn't this practically prove that David is an inspiration to us all to be studious, or possibly that science and religion are not so far apart? Of course it does. And of course if you amplify a text like this in the right way you can make a smooth start toward almost any subject under the heavens (those same heavens, I might add, which David sat and watched as he faithfully kept his sheep).

At this point it is well to add a learned note to the discussion. Say that the original Hebrew makes the picture much more vivid. The word *disbrokak*, which has been translated "kept," means more accurately "provided food and drink for." How much light this sheds upon the wonderful picture! Can't you see David leading the sheep where the grass was greenest and the clear sparkling water ran in little rivulets through the ravines? Palestine is a dry and mountainous country, as you will now explain at some length (the congregation won't have heard it since last Sunday), and therefore it was no little task to find the green places and the rivulets, and if David succeeded in this task he must have been an industrious boy indeed.

BRINGING THE LESSON HOME

The time has now come to give your sleeves a sort of shake, lean forward over the edge of the pulpit, and begin the next paragraph, which opens: "To how many of us, my friends, does not this story come home!" The idea of this section of the sermon will be, perhaps, that few of us have actual sheep to care for, but that there may be someone dependent on our industry for food and drink (which will cause Mr. Johnson to sit up a little straighter), or that anyhow there may

be someone whom we can lead in the right way (which will appeal to all, including not only men like Mr. Johnson but even spinsters living on unearned income like Miss Jessup). And that although all of us have our discouraging moments when it seems as if everything went wrong, everything clears up, does it not, if we fill our minds with the thought of David among the rivulets. And so on.

INSPIRING INCIDENT

Having brought the lesson home, you will do well to introduce an inspiring incident to rouse the congregation to life again. This may or may not be about Henry Drummond. Suppose for the sake of argument that it is not about Henry Drummond, but about the man whom you consider "the greatest man of the twentieth century" (pause here a second to give them a chance to figure out whether you mean Theodore Roosevelt or Lenin or Henry Ford)—"I mean that marvelous leader in the mission field, Bishop Henry W. Westinghouse." It seems, you will say, that a friend of yours was traveling one day in a Pullman car, and as he neared his stop the porter approached him and said, "Brush you off, Bishop?" Your friend explained that he was not a bishop, and asked how the porter happened to call him one; whereupon the porter said that, when he was a boy in Zanzibar, one day he was walking along a country road feeling very discouraged and convinced that he was a failure, when along came Bishop Westinghouse. The Bishop didn't say much; all he said was, "How's tricks, George?" but as he said it there was a light in his eyes that made George decide to make a fresh start and lead a better life. Ultimately George succeeded and got his present position with the Pennsylvania Railroad, and now whenever he sees a man whose looks he particularly likes he calls him "Bishop" in grateful recollection of what Bishop Westinghouse's example meant to him. And who shall say that this porter too was not playing his part to the best of his ability, and, as it were, looking for the green patches in an otherwise barren landscape? And does not this incident give us a fresh realization of how our slightest word may influence others profoundly for good?

I am not quite sure who Bishop Henry W. Westinghouse is, but if it should prove that he too in his youth was a tough and everybody despaired of him until he came under the right influence (just a kind glance from a member of the Ladies' Aid would be enough for a man like Westinghouse), you might mention the fact and you will have the congregation just about where you want them.

THE APPEAL TO YOUNG BLOOD

Whether you are preaching to college students or not, it is well to introduce in your sermon at least one incident which will appeal to young blood. Boys and girls lap them up, and you never can tell when there may be some in the congregation. The best time to do this is after about twelve minutes have elapsed, or, let us say, shortly after the Westinghouse crisis. This appeal may be prefaced by the statement that we hear many things about the younger generation, not all of them favorable (a tremor of eagerness will run through the pews as you say this and Mr. Anderson will pause hopefully in the operation of rearranging his overcoat), but that you for your part find them honester and franker than your own generation, and that the Church sorely needs such qualities as they with their fresh vision can bring to its service. Then as Mr. Anderson resumes work on his overcoat, you can tell your football story. A few years ago this would have been about Malcolm Aldrich of Yale or about the "Praying Colonels" of the Center College team; but Malcolm Aldrich has long since graduated, and it was long since discovered that the Center College boys were not praying but going into a huddle for a little fight talk, so you had better be strictly contemporary. But there

are always plenty of pious fullbacks for your purposes. Select one of the current vintage and tell about his reply when the president of the college said, "Mr. Suplinki, what did you think about as you were running down the field with the ball under your arm?" The fullback answered, "I thought how happy it would make my mother to realize that her sacrifices on my behalf were justified, and I said to myself, if Henry Drummond could withstand temptation, I for my part will run as fast as I can toward the distant goal-line." This sort of story constitutes the appeal to young blood.

RELIGION AND SCIENCE

No sermon is complete to-day without a reference to the supposed conflict between religion and science. So if you have already preached for fifteen minutes or so without saying that there isn't any conflict, you had better seize your opportunity now. Drive your point home by quoting a prominent scientist. Not any scientist—there are all kinds, and you want to pick your man carefully. Pick, for example, Professor Edmund H. Blittsdorf, the man who has unlocked so many of the secrets of this wonderful universe in which we live. It was Blittsdorf, you will remind your hearers, who said recently, "Religion and science occupy different fields, and anyone who says anything to the contrary does so at his own risk." Just quote a man like Blittsdorf and you can drop religion and science until next Sunday.

CONCLUSION

The conclusion, of course, will be that each of us, in his own way, can become a David. Each of us has his own patch of greenery to find, his own rivulet. But don't just say it flatly like that. For this is the conclusion of the sermon and your own unaided language may be inadequate to keep Mr. Anderson from reaching for that overcoat again. You had better quote poetry—Wordsworth, perhaps, or something from "Evangeline," or "I am the master of my fate." There are three ways of doing this. The first is to mention the author boldly by name. The second is to say, "As the poet has it," and leave them something to ask you about after church. The third, and best, is not to let on that you are quoting at all. That will give Mrs. Jelliber a chance to say afterwards at the front door, "Was that poetry you were quoting at the end, Mr. Spilkins? I didn't know—I thought perhaps it was just your eloquence. Such a *splendid* sermon." Which in its way is as good as greenery or a rivulet.

With the aid of such hints as these, and perhaps of a sign outside the church saying in bold letters

11 A.M. DR. SPILKINS. "Shall We Choose God or Mammon?"

(which will bring in crowds of people full of uncertainty as to whether you are going to come out boldly for Mammon), there is no reason why anybody, why even you, should not preach exactly as many of the most successful preachers do.

IMMORTALITY, INTERNATIONALISM, AND A NEW INSTITUTE

BY EDWARD S. MARTIN

ECHOES of the December meeting of the scientists in New York were still reverberating in the papers and periodicals as late as the 1st of March, especially the observations of Dr. Elmer Barnes about our religious needs. A correspondent in Philadelphia thinks that Doctor Barnes "is a dangerous radical." But is he really dangerous? One observes that he spoke in the New York *Telegram* on February 26th, denying that he ever disputed the existence of God and affirming that religion will prove of great value in the future as a social control. Then, explaining what kind of a religion he wants, he said, "I believe that the idea of a metaphysical soul, which shall live on after what we know as 'death' has claimed the body, has been disproven by science. If I am right, then there can of course be no hereafter, no immortality, and no reward or punishment for obedience or disobedience to religious ethics. In other words, I am utterly opposed to the idea that our lives should be governed by desire for heaven or fear of hell, both because such motives are unworthy and because neither heaven nor hell matters if there is no metaphysical soul to go to the one or the other."

If he thinks the soul does not survive the body, he may be misleading in his religion, but surely he is not dangerous. The Sadducees seemed to think somewhat as he does about that, but they do not figure in history as important go-getters in religion. The market is always weak for religion that does not provide for a future life after this one. St. Paul said that if there was no resurrection for us there was no use of preaching. The very pith of religion is the life to come; and if men confidently expect one they are likely to consider how they shall fare in it and what kinds of conduct will best fit them to prosper in it. Although in many people the expectation of continuing life after the body has finished may seem not much to affect conduct, and certainly does not always make men good, it is the great factor in religion.

When Doctor Barnes believes as he says above, that the idea of the soul surviving the body has been disproven by science, he is on very thin ice. The spiritists claim that survival of personality has been proven. Possibly some of the biologists think it has been disproven, but a lot of the physicists would tell them that it has not. It is interesting that the biologists, whose minds are centered on bodies and bones, should be so much less ready to believe in immortality than the physicists; but the physicists are dealing all the time with things like electricity that they cannot see and do not half understand, and with atoms, light rays, and such things as ether that can be reached only by the imagination, so somehow their minds get more stretched than the minds of the biologists. If you are clairvoyant and can see

spirits, no doubt that is helpful to belief in survival; but few people are clairvoyant as yet and, if they are to be convinced by science, the physicists are the fellows for them to look to.

Doctor Barnes is a little under forty years old. Very likely he has a number of thoughts still coming to him besides those he has expressed. He is partly right in thinking that heaven and hell are not the factors in human conduct they once were. Our ideas about them have changed. Eternal punishment and fire and brimstone have considerably faded out of our picture of the future life. The heaven of harps and crowns of the Apocalypse is not what contemporary believers expect their spirits to move into when they leave their earthly bodies. Contemporary information, such as it is, pictures a continuation of life not very unlike what we have here but better; a life in which knowledge is still pursued and in which relations formed on earth are continued when agreeable.

Another reader of this magazine, a resident of New York, writes to ask for a discussion of the "Consumer Demand in Religion for the Spring Season of 1929." This person complains that the consumers are not getting the religion they want. By consumers he means consumers not of Ford cars, boxed cereals, pork, textiles, cigarettes, and radio sets, but of religion. Speaking as a representative of such consumers, he says, "We would like to have preached to us the belief in God as He is To-day." He thinks nobody is doing that. He thinks most of the preaching is about God as he was, and that even modernism has not helped. A minister, he says, "throws away Genesis, Revelation, the Virgin Birth, the Miracles, and the Atonement; does he then throw the energy of his preaching into what is left? He does not. His whole life from this point is spent in telling how wonderful it is to be free from the weight of the creation and atonement, and that does not interest us."

This dissatisfied person as good as says that the religion which Elmer Barnes offers would not satisfy the consumer; and he is right. It might put out some fires, but certainly it would not cut any ice. And consumers want a religion that *will* cut ice, for a good many of them feel frost-bitten.

WE have the evidence of remarks reported in the newspapers as made in the House of Representatives by George Holden Tinkham, representative from Massachusetts, Mayflower descendant, and resident of Boston, that the United States is drifting in a dangerous degree towards internationalism. Mr. Tinkham sees international bankers and industrialists, headed by Mr. Rockefeller, Jr., Mr. Morgan, and Mr. Owen Young, all working toward internationalism. By that word he seems to mean a consideration of the business interests which these gentlemen represent rather than of the interests, sole and particular, of the United States. Mr. Ivy Lee is the publicity agent of Mr. Rockefeller, Jr., and, presumably, of the Standard Oil Company. Mr. Tinkham wants him questioned to discover what Mr. Rockefeller and the international bankers are up to. He finds that the Standard Oil interests, "now open propagandists against the interest of the United States, have no country, no flag, and no allegiance except to the power of money and what money can compel or buy." He views with marked apprehension the Briand-Kellogg treaties as moving to entangle this country with the League of Nations. He is alarmed for the same reason at the mission of Mr. Root to secure adherence of the United States to the Permanent Court of International Justice, and by the employment of Mr. Hughes to represent a committee formed by Mr. Rockefeller, Jr., "to obtain control of a great international oil company." Mr. Tinkham is much moved by these developments and apparently a good deal scared. He wastes no compliments on the gentlemen he speaks of and finds in them "no love for

national independence, no love of country, but a desire for personal power and their own selfish ends." "They and others like them represent," he declares, "the false doctrine that the end of government and of the policies of government is the acquisition of wealth and the achievement of well being, and the subordination of all national policies to this end."

Certainly Mr. Tinkham has interesting views. If Mr. Morgan, Mr. Young, Mr. Rockefeller, Jr., Mr. Root, and Mr. Hughes are working overtime and putting themselves to trouble and expense to get us in wrong on great matters that concern vital interests of the United States and, indeed, of all mankind, we ought to know it and ought to be grateful to Mr. Tinkham of Massachusetts for his efforts to help us to this knowledge. Persons, perhaps deluded, who look on at world events and observe the efforts of diplomats, lawyers, bankers, industrialists, and even of innocent bystanders to put mankind on the rails of life after the dislocation of the late War have come in many cases to the supposition that any successful movement to that end must take into consideration the welfare and interests of all countries and all peoples, must indeed be international. They are considerably penetrated by the notion that the old plan of every nation for itself and every banker and business man for himself and his own country is confronted by political conditions which can no longer be handled successfully on that basis and must, if future wars are to be avoided, be succeeded by some more comprehensive purpose.

It is quite extensively believed that sundry leading bankers and industrial managers of the United States have come to a state of mind where they take thought for the welfare of all the world. If that is internationalism Mr. Tinkham's accusations have foundation. Somebody said the other day in discussing members of a leading banking house in New York, "Those fellows have money enough already and are not interested any more in proposals that merely promise to be profitable. The things they put their minds on are such as look to be constructive. They want to know what ought to happen in the world, and how, if possible, to make it happen, and that is what they mostly think about."

IT is a subject that seems, as subjects go, to be worthy of thought. The newspapers report the consecration of gifts and subsidies representing seven and a half millions of capital to the establishment at Yale University of an Institute of Human Relations. A good deal of the money, as Mr. Tinkham will be alarmed to hear, is derived from the Rockefeller fortunes. The purpose of the Institute is a scientific investigation of the behavior of man and the human family from the physical, mental, individual, and social points of view. The idea is, then, to ascertain why people behave as they do and what can be done about it. It is a matter that has been considerably discussed first and last and, of course, it always needs discussing. Perhaps out of this new seven-million-dollar Institute we shall get light on the prohibitionists and why they cut up as they do. Perhaps they will get light and discover the relation between human behavior and legislation. Perhaps Congress will be helped in its estimates for enforcement funds. Perhaps if Elmer Barnes goes there, he will get a line on religion, and perhaps our friend, who wants to be told about God as He is To-day, will get scientific information. Perhaps so! perhaps so! At any rate the Rockefeller Foundation is going to put up a million and a half for a building; and no doubt the money will come and the building will be built. Buildings can be and are built in these times. We can do that. And perhaps it is the first step. Evolution teaches us that the body had to be made before the soul could be developed.

How hopeful these scientific gentlemen are of getting the Absolute by the wool!

And they do learn some things, certainly! But perhaps one may be pardoned as he reads of these elaborate organizations in the search for truth if his mind goes back to the Hebrew prophet who stood upon the mount, "and, behold, the Lord passed by, and a great and strong wind rent the mountains . . . but the Lord was not in the wind: and after the wind an earthquake; but the Lord was not in the earthquake: and after the earthquake a fire; but the Lord was not in the fire, and after the fire a still small voice." When money has provided organization and organization has gathered all contemporary knowledge on all subjects and tried to apply it to the solution of problems of human behavior, there should indeed be results, for the effort is legitimate and the needs cry out for relief; but still, one may surmise there will be a job for the Still Small Voice, something not necessarily a product of scientific knowledge, that will penetrate the minds of men and have to do with their behavior. The organization of the pursuit of new knowledge as carried on especially by the great industrial corporations is tremendous and it is admirable and fruitful of great results; but they are mostly material results, new applications of electricity, great improvements in transportation, construction, and the like. In so far as they represent the development of the mind of man, they have relation to religion, but in themselves they do not yet quite constitute religion.

The Grand Duke Alexander of Russia is quoted in the newspapers as holding that the teachings of Christ are the poetic and moral expression of scientific truths. In our age, he says, when we are able to understand everything scientifically, we must try to build up a solid scientific basis for our Christian Faith. Christ, he says, in His teachings gave us the moral and poetic expression of the laws of life and of the evolution of our souls which are scientific truths. It is that which the Grand Duke is trying to prove. He wants to see matter dominated by the spirit, and in that he says faith must always remain the main factor because faith stirs in us an energy out of which we gain the possibility of getting into contact with the highest power in the world. Such talk makes us wonder a little what the Russian mind is going to do for human life. One hears that many of the most notable engineers of our time are Russians, profoundly trained, and gifted apparently with imagination.

PRESIDENT HOOVER'S inaugural address brought shouts of approval from the Volsteaders but left some heaviness of spirit in a good many minds. His declaration of loyalty to Volstead and stress on dry law enforcement were disenchanting to some people who wished and hoped to be his approvers.

Oh, well, if Mr. Hoover tamps down the charge so as to make the explosion more effectual when it comes, that may be all to the good.

We have to get acquainted now with a new man. We got to know Mr. Coolidge pretty well. Fourteen years ago we thought we knew Mr. Hoover, but in what degree he is the man we knew then it will take time to show. We never before had a President like him; never a Quaker, never an engineer. One might call him a scientist. We don't know whether he will be limited by his professional knowledge or enlarged. He is a conundrum.

But, anyhow, he is only President. He is not also the Senate, the House, the Supreme Court, and the Methodist Board of Morals; nor yet Morgan's Bank and the Rockefeller Foundation, nor Harvard College. Some large details of the regulation of life still exist outside the Presidential Office and will doubtless continue to function for the four years now to come.

Meanwhile, this is the time for persons addicted to wagers to bet whether Mr. Hoover will be his own successor.

Personal and Otherwise

VARIOUS HARPER contributors, including Bishop Fiske and Doctor Fosdick, have recently approached from various points of view the problem of Christianity's position in the modern world; yet ***Katharine Fullerton Gerould's*** opinions on this problem—as set forth in the leading article of the month—are in sharp contrast to everything which has previously been said in our pages. Regular readers of the Magazine, remembering such of Mrs. Gerould's articles as "This Hard-Boiled Era" (published last February) and "Our Passion for Lawmaking" (published last November), will not need to be reminded that she is one of the most thoughtful and trenchant of American essayists, nor that she is an uncommonly able novelist and short-story writer as well.

Some two years ago ***Leland Hall***, returning from a sojourn of several months in Timbuctoo, wrote for us several studies of the native men and women of that remote African city (subsequently included in his book, *Timbuctoo*), and followed them with a remarkable account of "The Explosion on the Duquesne," a personal experience of his travels. Since then Mr. Hall, after teaching music at Smith College for a year, has made another African expedition. He went to Marrakech in Morocco with the idea of venturing south over the mountains into the little-known region of Mauretania; but illness forced him to remain in Marrakech and finally to return to this country without having crossed the Atlas range. He is now at Northampton once more, and this month he reappears in HARPER'S with a Moroccan sketch.

Lillian Symes, a San Franciscan who has lived in New York for five years, is the author of last month's leading article, "What Shall We Tell the Children?" A feminist from the outset, she campaigned for suffrage in her native state at the advanced age of fifteen. Her working life in recent years has been divided between journalism and industrial research.

Our first story of the month is by ***Henri Duvernois***, who has often been called the leading French naturalistic short-story writer. He is also a very prominent and popular playwright; two of his plays, "Eusèbe" and "Harmonie," are now running in Paris.

A year ago this month, in an article entitled "Peace by Incantation," ***Albert Jay Nock*** questioned the value of the Kellogg Treaty, and argued that treaties were more ornamental than useful unless they got at the real economic causes of war. Mr. Nock now shows how, in his opinion, these "real economic causes" operate to bring about friction between two countries on whose friendliness toward each other the structure of civilization may depend. If he is right, the peacemakers would do well to spend less time on the concocting of new treaties and more time on the state of mind of Messrs. Smith and Smythe. Mr. Nock, who spends most of his time in Europe nowadays, piloted the *Freeman* during its brief but distinguished career, has written a life of Thomas Jefferson, and is one of our most frequent contributors.

The death of ***Harvey O'Higgins*** (on February 28, from pneumonia) brought to an untimely end his fine career as novelist, playwright, short-story writer, and essayist. Among his novels were *Julie Cane* (which appeared serially in HARPER'S) and *Clara Barron;* among his plays, "Polygamy" and "The Argyle Case" (the latter written in collaboration with Harriet Ford). He was greatly interested in Freudian psychology; this interest led him to write *The Secret Springs* and (with Dr. Edward H. Reede) *The American Mind in Action*, and provided in some degree the basis of his new and aston-

ishing interpretation of Walt Whitman's character, which he completed only a few days before his death.

Margaret Culkin Banning (Mrs. A. T. Banning) of Duluth, is represented this month by a story, but she will be remembered by our audience for her articles as well as her fiction. Her latest article was "Extra Ladies," which appeared last October. She is also an expert novelist: witness *The Women of the Family*, *Pressure*, *Money of Her Own*, etc.

The subject with which ***Emily Newell Blair*** deals this month is a live issue in innumerable families, not only among the rich but among the more moderately well-to-do; we commend it to the attention—good-tempered if possible—of both generations. Mrs. Blair, who lives in Joplin, Missouri, is not only a frequent contributor to HARPER'S and other magazines (she has written for us "I Prepare to Face Fifty," "Why I Sent My Children Away to School," etc.), but an important figure in the political world. For many years she served as vice-chairman of the Democratic National Committee.

During the past few years the limits of the known universe have been pushed back to an amazing extent. Few astronomers have contributed as much to bring about this result as a young man who began his career not as an astronomer but as a lawyer. ***Edwin Hubble***, a Rhodes Scholar from Illinois at Oxford during the years 1910–13, was admitted to the Kentucky bar in 1913 but soon joined the research staff of the Yerkes Observatory, and after rising to the rank of major during the war, became a member of the staff of the Mt. Wilson Observatory at Pasadena, California, where—with the aid of the most powerful telescope in the world—he has specialized in the stellar investigations which his article describes.

Only last month ***John W. Vandercook*** gave us a dramatic incident of his recent African travels in "Black Man Trouble." Now he turns to fiction with Liberia as his scene. Mr. Vandercook's career thus far—he is only twenty-seven years old—has been directed by his consuming interest in native negro cultures. In *Tom-Tom* he told of the life of the Bush-negroes of Dutch Guiana; in *Black Majesty* he wrote the biography of Henry Christophe of Haiti. He returned last fall from an African trip in which he and his wife traveled afoot for weeks, studying the black men in their native country.

The article on "Teeth and Health" is the work of two distinguished collaborators, both of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company. ***Louis I. Dublin, Ph.D.,*** the Company's statistician, has written for HARPER'S on such subjects as "The Longevity of College Athletes," "The Problem of Heart Disease," and "The Conquest of Tuberculosis," and is the author of *Health and Wealth;* ***Thaddeus P. Hyatt, D.D.S.,*** head of the Company's large dental division, received this year the Dental Survey Gold Medal (the highest award which the profession can make to one of its members) and is recognized as one of the ablest leaders of the new dentistry. The combination of Dr. Hyatt's technical knowledge with Dr. Dublin's ability to interpret statistical studies accurately and conservatively guarantees their conclusions as authoritative.

Now that the ice is out of the rivers, ***Brendan Lee*** turns from the historical research that gave us "An Apology for the Puritan" (published last July) and apologizes for the peculiar madness of trout-fishermen like himself.

A new contributor, ***Lola Jean Simpson***, who has made a close study of the extraordinary work of Everett Dean Martin and the People's Institute of New York, describes a process of intellectual ferment that will make many an envious educator wonder whether his methods are all wrong or whether he has merely been given the wrong people to teach.

The poets of the month are ***James Stephens,*** one of the leading Irish men of letters of our day, author of *A Crock of Gold*, *Here Are Ladies*, *Etched in Moonlight*, etc.; ***Leonora Speyer*** (Mrs. Edgar Speyer of New York, formerly Lady Speyer), author of *Fiddler's Farewell* and other volumes of verse; ***Helene Mullins,*** whose *Earthbound and Other Poems* has recently been published by Harper & Brothers; ***Helene Magaret*** of Omaha, who made her first appearance in HARPER'S in the February issue;

William Harold McCreary of Louisville, a new contributor; and ***Margaret Emerson Bailey*** of New Canaan, Connecticut, who divides her time between writing and teaching school in New York, and has contributed several fine short stories to the Magazine.

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The Lion, concerned as he is both with practical and with spiritual affairs, divides his space between financial information from ***Fred L. Smith, Jr.,*** a new contributor from Detroit, and advice to the clergy from ***Frederick Lewis Allen*** of the HARPER editorial staff.

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Louis Lozowick, whose print "Under the Elevated" appears as the frontispiece of this issue, is a graduate of Ohio State University who studied his art at the National Academy of Design and in Berlin and Paris and has distinguished himself as painter, etcher, and scene-designer. His work has been exhibited at many of the most important museums and galleries here and abroad, three of his paintings have been bought by the Moscow Museum of Modern Art, and his print "Hoboken" has been selected by the American Institute of Graphic Arts as one of the twenty-five best modern prints of 1928.

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Seldom have we printed an article which has drawn such unanimous applause from our readers as Professor Allport's "Seeing Women as They Are." Letter after letter refers to it as "the first common-sense explanation of the sex that I have ever had the good fortune to run across," or as "the most sensible article about women that I've read in my whole life." We quote herewith two letters which offer personal experience as a criterion of Professor Allport's arguments. The first is from a woman in Arizona:

Mr. Allport's admirable and clear-sighted article on "Seeing Women as They Are" I read with emphatic nods of the head. My experience corroborates many of his statements.

My brothers and sisters and I all were given the same training, and we were taught "no old notions of sex difference." What was honorable for one was honorable for the other, and we held the same standards of right and wrong conduct.

Unless we interfered with the activities or comfort of others, our natural impulses were allowed free rein, or, what was perhaps more important, were not ridiculed. As a result the boys played with dolls when they were very young as naturally as we did. They had never heard the odious word "sissy." We girls drove nails and wielded tools and no one called us tomboys.

Although I was the youngest girl I was never teased nor tormented by my elder brothers. We had lapses from grace occasionally and fought tooth and nail—but as equals.

In their teens they did not develop "the masculine superiority complex." There was no evidence of "overbearing tolerance" or "mild contempt" for girls, and when we encountered this attitude outside our family, we resented it deeply. We in turn expected from our brothers "no special favors," receiving instead a satisfying comradeship. Who wouldn't make the exchange?

Now that they have completely grown up they do not find women any more mysterious than the rest of humanity. They are not effeminate and yet they have the so-called "feminine delicacy of perception." This makes it easy for them to "understand women"—supposedly an impossible accomplishment. I have noticed frequently that when they come into contact with a woman they regard her first as a human being more or less like themselves, and secondly as a woman.

While the boys had to make no social adjustment as they grew up, we girls found it necessary to do so. In fact, the adjustment has not been completed, for when we encounter the old attitude our resentment flares up, I am sorry to say. We discovered that we were "different," and in order to run with the pack we were obliged to conform to some extent.

Occasionally I think we wish that we had been brought up like other little girls. Nevertheless we believe our mother was ahead of her times, and no doubt we shall continue to bring up our own small daughters in the same tradition.

Although many women are unaware of it, I believe that it is the constant fluctuation between what they are, and what they are told to think they are, which makes them appear uncertain, capricious, variable creatures. Indeed, I think they often prove a mystery to themselves!

The second letter is from a woman Ph.D. in Philadelphia:

Professor Allport's article, "Seeing Women as They Are," strikes a very responsive chord in one who has lately been the victim of the male "wish-

ful thinking" in regard to women in the economic field.

For the past two years, I have been engaged in work which required scientific training but was being marketed commercially. I was the only woman on the staff of five workers. Because the venture was a new one, a number of mistakes were made in its financing, and it was necessary to retrench on various occasions. At one time, all the members of the staff accepted a reduction in salary in order to help put the organization on a more sound basis. This was done willingly because we all believed in the ultimate success of the venture. Not long ago another financial crisis occurred. I was asked to accept half salary for an indefinite period. This seemed rather drastic and I therefore inquired what "cut" the male members of the staff were to take. "None," was the reply. "You are married and have a husband to support you. You can stand the cut while none of the men can."

I considered this situation for some time. My scientific training was equivalent to that of any man on the staff—in fact better than that of some. My past experience was equally valuable. For two years I had been doing the same work as the men of the staff. The proposed cut seemed totally without sound reason. I refused to accept it and said that I would stay only at my regular salary. I was then offered a somewhat higher figure, and still refusing offered my resignation. It was accepted—and I was anathematized by each male worker both face to face and behind my back. This was the cry: "Your reaction is what one expects from a woman, a purely personal and emotional one. You are showing emotional instability."

Eight years of training—seven years of experience—fifty per cent of one's salary for an indefinite period. Surely even a woman "unfit for mathematical reasoning" could understand that, and be directed "by the arguments which reason and memory supply." But consider how clever was the defense mechanism employed by the male. Let me protest even mildly against their charge of a purely emotional reaction and I had proved their point.

I add my plea as an individual to Professor Allport's general one. Give us time and freedom from biased assumption, *and* more men like Professor Allport!

* * *

Out of many lively and conflicting comments on Mary Borden's paper on English and American society we select for quotation Elsie McCormick's remarks in her column, "A Piece of Her Mind," in the New York *World:*

I have heard from other sources something of the glacial progress made by a family endeavoring to break into the crested circles of the British countryside. A county scion once informed me that newcomers who attended church regularly and gave other signs of being properly genteel would probably receive their first call from a socially established neighbor at the end of seven years.

This, however, would not mean general acceptance by the county. Many decades must pass, many roses must be grown, and a large number of foxes slaughtered before the ascent can be considered complete. Even then a shot at a sitting partridge or some other *faux pas* can make one a rank outsider and nullify all the patient gardening and cattle culture undertaken by one's grandparents. . . .

Miss Borden predicts that a somewhat similar country society will later develop in America. It is already true that a large number of "Social Register" families are spending comparatively little time in New York. Eventually the way to the upper level may lie through a long line of blue ribbons taken at cattle fairs and through the egg-laying proclivities of one's well-born hens. Then, Miss Borden says, the talk in many circles will be of shooting and fox hunting, of racing and fishing, of cattle breeding and horse breeding, which is about the time this child will want to move to New Guinea.

However, the future American country set will probably not bear a too striking resemblance to its British predecessor. People whose ancestors chased buffaloes cannot give the proper tone of seriousness to fox hunting. Besides, this new society will never succeed in being quite so exclusive. One reason for this is that the American social light is usually in business, and for that reason he cannot wait seven years to acknowledge a neighbor who may be in a position to put the Indian sign on his favorite investment.

Also working against exclusiveness will be the fact that the American set can be too easily imitated. Its hallmark is smartness—a smartness that is within the reach of almost anybody who can patronize the same hairdresser and couturiers. Being somewhat more experienced, the best British sets have developed as their trade-mark a refined and glorified dowdiness. To imitate smartness is a comparatively simple matter; to imitate dowdiness and get just the right shading is more difficult.

Advertising in the Southwest

Texas Communities Attracting National Attention Through Advertising

BY DON E. MOWRY

TEXAS is so vast that its territory has been divided into three geographical divisions for development by as many district chambers of commerce.

Within the borders of Texas lies one-twelfth of the area of the entire United States. If you were to start out for Chicago from almost any town in south or southwest Texas you would be more than halfway there before you left the state. It is further from El Paso to Texarkana than it is from Chicago to New York.

Although Texas has a population of approximately 5,000,000, there are only 17.8 persons to the square mile. She needs more citizens. Her urban population is only 32.4 per cent of the whole and more than two-thirds of her people are on farms and ranches—and two-thirds of her acres remain virgin land, untouched by the plow.

As nearly as we can estimate, a million dollars is all that has been spent for national advertising in this state that holds such promise. More than five and one-half million dollars have been spent in national advertising in California thus far. And yet California, Florida, New York, Delaware and Rhode Island combined are not equal in size to Texas.

The largest national advertising undertaking in Texas is the campaign that has just been initiated by Industrial Dallas, Inc. They have raised $500,000 for the purpose of stimulating the industrial and commercial growth of Dallas.

This fund is being spent largely for advertising space in some of the leading general publications and the trade journals of the country. During the first year of the campaign, which comes to a close on May 1, some seven or eight general magazines and possibly twenty-five trade journals have been employed. Most of this space has been full-page display space calling attention to the importance of the Southwest as a market and to facilities at Dallas for manufacturing and distribution to serve this market.

The year 1928 was one of the most satisfactory years in the history of Dallas from the standpoint of its commercial and industrial growth. They are not able, of course, to determine definitely the effect of the national advertising campaign in bringing about this remarkable year but it is safe to assume that it has had an important bearing upon the city's growth.

For example, during 1927, 88 national concerns established branches in Dallas. During 1928, 163 national concerns placed branches in Dallas to serve the Southwest. During January, 1929, 24 national concerns placed branches here. Dallas had made herself felt as one of the outstanding centers of the country for the distribution of nationally known products. On January 1, 1929, 1,827 national concerns had their own branches—manufacturing plants, distributing branches, sales offices and warehouse stocks—in Dallas. The twenty-four concerns coming in during the month of January of this year bring the total up to 1,851. Perhaps there are not more than a dozen cities in the United States that show a larger total of national concerns maintaining important sales, manufacturing and distributing branches than Dallas.

It has been effectively said in national advertising copy that Dallas, at the geographic center of the Southwest, offers America's greatest potential (and most rapidly growing) market area; that it is the focal point of interest for American industry that seeks a foothold in this vastly rich territory.

While Dallas raised $501,000 to be expended over a period of three years, a budget was set up of $150,000 a year, leaving about $50,000 over the three-year period for emergencies, contingencies and the like. The first year's expenditure called for a large amount out of this $150,000 to be used

(*Continued on next page*)

REST or ROMANCE at ALBUQUERQUE

On The Rio Grande

THERE is still a little of the Old West left—not the West of hot dog stands and sign boards—but the West of New Mexico, with the unbroken sweep of distances that deceive the eye, with Indian pueblos as Coronado found them, with Spanish settlements unchanged since the days of Zebulon Pike, with cattle ranches of a million acres.

The center of this last of the real West is Albuquerque. Old since 1705, yet as modern as 1930 in its accommodations, it is a curious mixture of the old and new. On the streets where Billy the Kid once walked, modern busses pass the burro-pulled wagons of *lenadores* in from the mountains, Fifth Avenue dresses brush past ancient Spanish shawls, booted cowmen talk to modern bankers.

And Albuquerque, long famous for a dry, sunshiny climate which is magic in the cure of pulmonary diseases, now draws thousands to see the old West. Come and see it for yourself—now—for when Albuquerque loses it, it will be gone forever.

Golf, tennis, horseback riding every day in the year, and fine highways into the still untouched back country of New Mexico, the last survival of the primitive in America. Come to Albuquerque to rest or to play—you'll be welcome for either and you'll enjoy every minute you are here.

These booklets are free; send for them!

ALBUQUERQUE CIVIC COUNCIL
1030 National Bank Bldg.,
Albuquerque, New Mexico

Please send me your booklet—
"Albuquerque for Health" ( )
"Tourist New Mexico" ( )

Name _____

Address _____

Advertising in the Southwest

(Continued from preceding page)

for the purchase of space and the cost of preparing advertisements. Booklets and follow-up material made up the next item of importance, with smaller sums set aside for organization and fund-raising expense, publicity, and miscellaneous items.

The initial activities of the national advertising inaugurated by El Paso, Texas, started in 1923. Since that time over $200,000 has been expended for national advertising. The Gateway Club was organized as a part of the Chamber of Commerce to handle the publicity, its aim being to secure health seekers, permanent residents, and winter and summer tourists. Each year a definite campaign has been instituted, selecting the media having the greatest circulation and appeal to the class sought.

The 1927–28 campaign was conducted in some of the leading national magazines. The total number of inquiries received as the result of this campaign was 13,559. The 1928–29 campaign is somewhat wider in its scope and a larger group of national magazines is employed. The Quality Three—the Atlantic Monthly, Harpers Magazine and Scribner's Magazine –are employed. Use is made of the community and industrial classified service in these publications.

Texas communities are beginning to obtain funds for advertising purposes out of tax funds. The plan is similar to that being followed in California and in Florida. San Antonio is getting ready to spend approximately $175,000 for community advertising. The media and the plans have not been worked out but it is probable that magazines and newspapers will be employed for the most part. Galveston is advertising, using $50,000 a year, from tax money. Houston, a growing community, with ample port facilities, has not launched out in the national advertising field. Fort Worth is giving serious consideration to such a program for next year.

It may be said that Texas is just entering upon an extensive national advertising campaign. There have been attempts during the last few years to tell the country the truth about Texas, but these attempts have been sporadic, sectional, and largely visual. The West Texas Chamber of Commerce has been instrumental in greatly increasing the population of that section of the state.

(Continued on second page following)

Help your net profits with New York sales

Are you staying out of this big market because it is hard?

Are you in this market, but paying too much for sales—sales costs eating up profits? No net?

Analyze what is wrong and you will find that the difficulty is to have enough stock in New York without paying too much for storage; and to move stock as needed without paying too much for small freight shipments to hand-to-mouth buyers. If you haven't stock in right quantity, quality, variety, and condition, and can't deliver it quickly, you don't get the business you solicit and you lose the accounts you have. And if storage and delivery costs are high, where are your profits?

But some concerns are making money on their metropolitan sales. How do they do it? They concentrate on sales and turn the huge local distribution problems over to experts who know the New York market.

Bush Distribution Service will do it for you

For many national companies and corporations the Bush organization performs the vital economic function of receiving, storing and delivering stock to their New York customers. Bush Service will do as much for you to help you build profitable sales by cutting costs and insuring against customers' complaints and consequent loss of business.

Bush Service puts at your disposal enormous waterside warehouses in immediate touch with incoming freight from all railway and steamship lines; lofts for manufacture or assembly, with low cost labor, light and power; and inventory and delivery systems that are simple and standardized, but adaptable to your special needs.

Get full details in "Distribution Perfected"

Ask for the Bush Distribution Service booklet "Distribution Perfected" and see how your sales and profits in New York can be built up. If you will outline your special problems, we will show you the definite advantages of Bush Service to your business.

BUSH DISTRIBUTION SERVICE

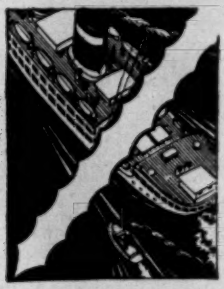
Bush Terminal Company

100 Broad Street **New York, N. Y.**

Please mention this issue of Harper's

Mention of Harper's Magazine is the best introduction to our advertisers

Who pays if your baggage is lost or damaged?



Let America's oldest fire and marine insurance company protect you against financial loss should your baggage become lost, damaged or stolen. Ask your agent or broker to get you a North America Personal Effects policy.

North America agents are listed in the Insurance sections of Bell classified telephone directories under "INSURANCE CO. OF NORTH AMERICA."

Insurance Company of North America

PHILADELPHIA

"The Oldest American Fire and Marine Insurance Company"

Founded 1792

Or mail this coupon—

Insurance Company of North America
1600 Arch Street
Philadelphia, Pa. Dept. H-5

Name.....

Street.....

City..... *State*.....

wants information on Personal Effects Insurance

Advertising in the Southwest

(Continued from second preceding page)

The East Texas Chamber of Commerce has done effective work in its section.

The Texas Power and Light Company has done a considerable amount of advertising to "textilize Texas." Corpus Christi, with a new deep-water port, has been advertising for the past three years. Her summer resort advertising has reached the Middle West along with an account of her opportunities for the investor. Other Texas cities have gone into special fields of work but have not initiated national advertising programs. There is the case of Kerrville, for instance, that spends a few thousand dollars for summer visitors.

Efforts have been made for the past two years to start a movement, headed by the Governor, to unify the front which Texas presents to the rest of the country. Steps have been taken to raise a fund of half a million dollars to advertise the state as a whole. It is believed that Texas has as much reason to advertise its resources or products as have department stores. Texas, then, is a "big store" that has wares to offer citizens of every kind, and plans to reach every class with a message of new opportunities for them in Texas.

While plans for the actual advertising are still in abeyance, the consensus of opinion is that such advertising should be statewide in its nature. The purpose will undoubtedly be to sell the state as a whole, serving as a background for the sectional and municipal advertising that has been done and will be done in the future. The copy written will lay stress upon the opportunities in Texas, with attention divided between agriculture and industry.

San Antonio was the first community in Texas to advertise, beginning in 1898 with an appropriation of $5,000. During the past five years, ending in 1928, a sum of more than $150,000 has been expended. The present budget, just secured from tax money, makes $175,000 available at this writing. San Antonio is a good example of a community that has pioneered and consistently advertised and gradually increased funds available for national advertising, basing claims for continued advertising upon the records of results.

IN THE FINANCIAL WORLD

Mergeritis

By PAUL TOMLINSON

HOW many people are aware of the changes taking place in the world of business? How many people appreciate how greatly their mode of living, their methods of earning a living, their habits of life, their investments—everything they do—are affected by these changes? This is the age of the machine, of mass production—and of mergers. The machine made mass production possible; mass production has made mergers almost inevitable. Machines, mass production, and mergers are affecting every one of us more than we realize. Almost everyone, however, knows that small businesses are disappearing and that big businesses are growing steadily bigger.

WHEN one business combines with another it is called a merger. For the past few years—and it is more true now than ever—it has become almost impossible to pick up a newspaper, or business or investment magazine, without finding announcements of mergers, rumors of mergers, or accounts of mergers in process of consummation. The small business and the man with a business of his own are rapidly becoming extinct. The man who once had his own little factory and was president of his own little company is now either retired and living on the income of what he received when he sold out to the merger, or is still at his desk, manager of a branch plant for the colossus that overwhelmed his individuality. It is more fun running your own business, but it may be more profitable to own stock in a great machinelike corporation which turns power and efficiency into dollars. And dollars are a form of compensation which few people refuse to accept.

MERGERS, or trusts, as they used to be called, were regarded with disapproval at one time; the government used to try to "bust" them, and in some cases succeeded. Now the government regards mergers as fine things for the country. President Hoover has expressed himself in favor of standardization, which can be accomplished efficiently only as the result of mergers. The Interstate Commerce Commission, and even Congress, are for mergers;

they want our many railroads consolidated into a smaller number of systems, and some day, no doubt, they will approve the plans offered toward this end. Every class of business seems to be affected with an acute case of mergeritis—railroads, banks, public utilities, stores, industrial enterprises of all sorts and descriptions, all seem to be merging or planning to merge at the earliest possible moment.

THERE are, of course, many advantages in mergers. First, perhaps, comes the matter of production. Modern machinery has made production possible in quantity heretofore undreamed of; and corporations are in business not only for the purpose of production but of selling what they produce, at a profit. Furthermore, it is obvious that they must keep their plants running; when there are a number of corporations producing competing lines, the tendency, in order to keep their plants running, is to sell at prices which may presently bring them all a deficit instead of a profit. If these corporations are merged into one organization, this ruinous price-cutting business can be eliminated and production controlled and kept at levels which correspond with demand. In many instances mergers may mean that certain manufacturing units will even be abandoned; for while over-production may fill the consumer's soul with delight, it is a very bad thing for the producer. This does not mean that mergers increase prices; it does mean that a more rational balance can be maintained between supply and demand and, with plants operated on a steady, even basis, prices may actually be lowered.

OTIS & CO.

Established 1899

MEMBERS
New York Stock Exchange
Cleveland Stock Exchange
Chicago Stock Exchange
Detroit Stock Exchange
Cincinnati Stock Exchange
New York Cotton Exchange
Chicago Board of Trade
New York Curb Market

CLEVELAND

New York — Chicago
Philadelphia — Detroit
Kansas City — Cincinnati
Toledo — Columbus
Akron — Louisville
Canton — Massillon
Denver — Colorado Springs

Investment Trusts

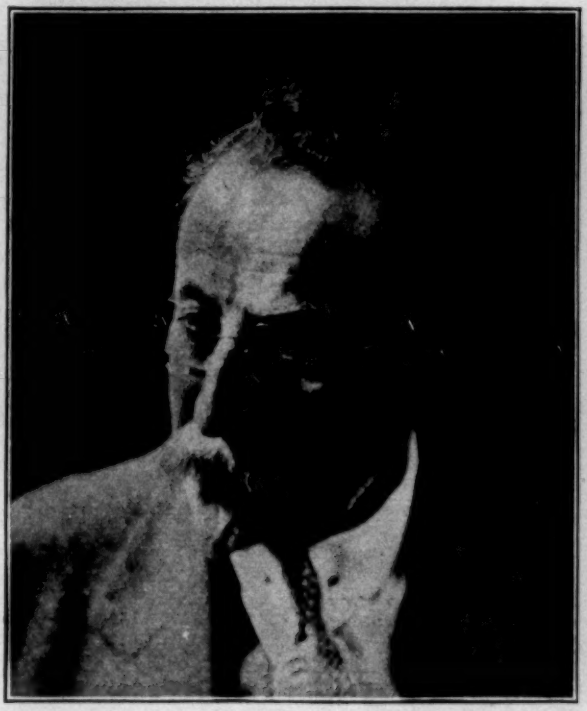
While the investment trust is recognized as a valuable aid to the individual investor in simplifying his investment problems, the distinct differences in the rights of shareholders or participants in the many investment trusts now in existence or being formed, make necessary a careful analysis before choosing among them.

We gladly offer our services in this respect without obligation to you.

Mention of Harper's Magazine is the best introduction to our advertisers

"His Prescription for Himself was 'Independence at Sixty'"

"I started off by diagnosing his means."



Sigmund Ojserkis, well known banker of Atlantic City, is a prominent figure in the business and civic development of this famous seaside community.

SIGMUND OJSERKIS

President of the Boardwalk National Bank, Atlantic City, N. J., tells how he diagnosed a doctor's financial health.

"Dr. B..... is a good eye specialist," said Mr. Ojserkis, "but when it came to money matters!" . . . Mr. Ojserkis threw up his hands expressively. "Somebody even tried to sell him an interest in banana fields in Mexico.

"Dr. B..... came to me one day, and said 'I wish to be able to retire, if I decide to, when I'm sixty. Can't you prescribe a plan of investment for me?'

"I started off by diagnosing his means—how much he could save regularly. That settled, I made him buy his first $1,000 bond. And instead of letting him go out with his $1,000 bond, I made him sign a note for $4,000 more bonds.

"For twelve years," said Mr. Ojserkis with emphasis, "I never let that man get out of debt—to himself—for bonds! And today—twelve years later—Dr. B..... is worth $65,000.

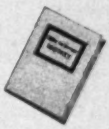
"He's still in the prime of his career. He now has saving in his blood. He'll have $100,000 long before he's ready to retire—and when he does, his $100,000 will bring him $500 a month, almost as much as his practice brings him now. His principal, in sound, seasoned bonds, will never give him a moment's worry."

OVER 900 BANKERS select Straus bonds for their clients as investments combining acknowledged safety with good yield.

Every banker who lives up to the high traditions of his profession will advise his clients to look for safety in investment before any other element. Next, he will advise them to diversify their holdings, according to their individual needs, among different types of high grade bonds.

Lastly comes yield. But however attractive a good yield is, it should never be allowed to outweigh security of both principal and interest. The average investor will find it too complicated a matter to determine whether a class of securities meets his needs in all respects. He should consult his banker—or a high grade investment house—before he invests.

As a help to all who are interested in studying the principles of sound investment, S. W. Straus & Co. has prepared an interesting, easy-to-understand booklet, "How to Invest Money." Every person seriously concerned in safeguarding his future should own a copy of this booklet. It will be sent without charge. Write for Booklet E-1009.



STRAUS BUILDING
79 Post Street
San Francisco

S. W. STRAUS & CO.

INVESTMENT SECURITIES INCORPORATED

STRAUS BUILDING
565 Fifth Ave., at 46th St., New York

STRAUS BUILDING
Michigan Ave. at Jackson Blvd.
Chicago

ESTABLISHED IN 1882

Mention of Harper's Magazine is the best introduction to our advertisers

SELLING costs are extremely high nowadays. A single selling organization is cheaper to maintain than several. One advertising campaign is cheaper to run than several. One overhead to meet is less costly than several. It is easier, and cheaper, to adapt one business to the shifting demands of the public than it is to adapt several. It is easier, and cheaper, to finance one big organization than several. It is easier for one big corporation to adapt its physical plant to public needs than for several. In this connection it may be interesting to note that as mergers increase in numbers factories show an actual decrease; businesses also are fewer in number than formerly, one estimate stating that there are sixty thousand fewer than there were thirty years ago.

THE fact that factories and businesses are fewer in number than they used to be does not mean that production has fallen off; on the contrary, volume of output is growing all the time, while the value of this output also mounts steadily. Machinery has done this, machinery and more intelligent and efficient organization. Machinery makes for high capital charges, i.e., investment in plant, interest on investment, depreciation, obsolescence, etc., and it is a well-recognized principle of economics that where capital charges in proportion to labor costs per unit of product are large, large producing units will function most economically. There is no question but that in business to-day larger and larger investments in machinery are necessary; this increases capital charges, and makes large producing

MEMBERS:
New York, Boston, Detroit, Chicago, Cleveland, and Hartford Stock Exchanges

Chicago Board of Trade

New York Cotton Exchange

OFFICES:
Boston
New York
Chicago
Springfield
Worcester
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Portland, Me.
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Milwaukee
Minneapolis
St. Paul
Duluth
Detroit
Cleveland
Houghton
Grand Rapids

Measuring Miles of Frozen Waste

A SPECTACULAR instance in which Veeder-Root automatic counters are being used is the Byrd Antarctic Expedition. For measuring distances traveled, the dog sleds of this Expedition are equipped with Veeder-Root odometers.

Important as Veeder-Root automatic counters are to Commander Byrd, however, they are of even greater importance to modern industry, which depends upon such counters to measure accurately daily, monthly and yearly production.

It is this dependence of industry upon such counters, together with the record of past earnings and future possibilities of Veeder-Root, Incorporated, which causes the recommendation for investment of the capital stock of this corporation.

The record of earnings of this Corporation, the price of stock and other particulars will be given upon application.

Paine, Webber & Co

Founded 1880

BOSTON
82 Devonshire Street

NEW YORK
25 Broad Street

CHICAGO
209 So. La Salle Street

Mention of Harper's Magazine is the best introduction to our advertisers

WHEN *a Life* depended upon *a Seal*

Identify Safe Investments by this Seal

It appears on Investments Bearing General Surety Company's Irrevocable, Ironclad Guarantee — backed by Capital and Surplus of $12,500,000.

IN days of old, when a short journey became a perilous adventure unless the traveller was well-attended by a body of armed men, the king's messenger could fare forth with a feeling of inviolate security. The boldest robber baron would quail from attacking one whose errand was to carry the king's message, authenticated by the king's seal. The seal served as a guarantee of safe-conduct.

Today the seal of the General Surety Company upon a bond shows that prompt payment of interest and principal are absolutely guaranteed. The investor can rest secure in the knowledge that nothing can affect prompt payment of a bond so protected. Back of this seal is the Company's guarantee which is *Irrevocable—Unconditional—Absolute.*

Our booklet "The Seal that Certifies Safety" gives complete information and may be obtained by addressing Home Office, 340 Madison Avenue, New York.

GENERAL SURETY COMPANY

Capital and Surplus $12,500,000

Under Supervision Insurance Department State of New York

COURTESY TO THE PUBLIC, AND THE BEST POSSIBLE SERVICE, is the corner stone of the policy of Commonwealth Edison Company*—the central station serving Chicago. Hereon has been built one of the foremost electric supply companies of the world. Its total electric output during 1928 was over 4% of the electric energy produced in the United States!

We distribute the securities of this company and other companies operating in 30 states. Send for list of security offerings yielding 6% and more.

UTILITY SECURITIES COMPANY

230 S. La Salle Street, *Chicago*

New York Indianapolis Richmond Milwaukee Minneapolis Detroit St. Louis Louisville

Capital Stock Listed on The Chicago Stock Exchange

units the most economical kind to operate. Hence we have mergers.

THERE are, of course, mergers of all kinds. Corporations engaged in similar lines of business get together rather naturally in these days of mass production and keen competition, when large amounts of capital are needed. This need for capital explains many of the bank mergers. Banks cannot loan more than a certain percentage of their capital and surplus to any one borrower; and in these days of colossal borrowing, banks are forced to merge and thus increase their capital and surplus to a figure that will permit of their meeting borrowers' requirements. Chain stores are familiar examples of mergers, and several of these corporations now own and operate retail stores numbered in the thousands; buying in large quantities, they can purchase economically and, with a single organization, can also keep their distributing costs down. Is it any wonder that customers flock to their doors? Public utilities are merging right and left; for it has been demonstrated beyond all doubt that it is better for producer and consumer alike to have a few large centrally located plants than a multitude of small scattered units. Railroad mergers are discussed almost daily in the newspapers, and several concrete proposals for the merging of various systems are before the Interstate Commerce Commission at the present time.

THERE is the merger of corporations which in a given line of business supplement one another. One corporation may produce the raw material, another fabricate this material into the finished product, and still another act as the selling organization. If they all get together, merge their interests, and consolidate their properties into one

No. 5 of a series of Advertisements of American Water Works and Electric Company, Incorporated

Towns Grow . . .

WHEN the water mains go in, permanent and indestructible, an enduring basis is laid for lasting community expansion . . . .

In 1928 the water works properties of American Water Works and Electric Company in scores of towns all over the country laid down two hundred and fifty miles of water pipes for the supply of constantly growing communities.

By furnishing capital for this steady expansion the securities of the American Water Works and Electric Company share in the permanent growth of our country.

An Industry That Never Shuts Down

AMERICAN WATER WORKS AND ELECTRIC COMPANY
INCORPORATED
50 Broad Street, New York

[Information about this Company, or any of its subsidiaries, will be furnished on request. Write for Booklet K-5.]

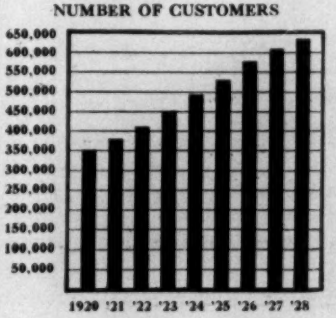
© 1929

unit, it is easy to see how easily economies can be effected. The various steps in the process of business—from the production of the basic material to the collection of payment for it in its finished form in the hands of the ultimate consumer—all can be controlled and fitted one into another so that waste and unnecessary effort are eliminated and successful operation made ever so much more certain. The Ford Motor Company is in reality a merger more or less of this type, and no one can say it has not made money for its stockholders, or that its finished product has not been available to the public at a reasonable price. All of our big corporations, whether their organizations are, strictly speaking, mergers or not, are making a practice of acquiring interests in the companies which furnish them with raw materials, so that they can assure themselves of sources of supply, and frequently in companies which buy from them, so that they can have some control over the market for their products. After all, it certainly seems sensible procedure.

ANOTHER reason for mergers is the character of the country in which we live and the changes in its character which have taken place. In the past half-century our population has increased at the rate of nearly a million and a half a year, our wealth at the rate of over six billion dollars a year, and the value of our manufactured products at the rate of nearly a billion and a half dollars a year. This is a big country and it furnishes a big market for the products of industry. In spite of the fact that dollars are not worth what they formerly were, an increase of three

Associated System

Founded in 1852



80% Growth in Customers

In 1920 the properties now in the Associated System had 352,725 customers. Today there are over 635,000 customers. This is the normal growth of the same properties over the entire period.

The steadiness of this growth (see chart) from year to year, including 1921 with its unusual business depression, indicates the remarkable stability of a diversified gas and electric system.

Write for our 16 page booklet "H" on the Class A Stock

Associated Gas and Electric Company

Incorporated in 1906

61 Broadway **New York City**

Mention of Harper's Magazine is the best introduction to our advertisers

CITIES SERVICE COMMON

C. C. P.—Please give me your opinion, as a business man's investment, of Cities Service Company common stock. Also of their compound dividend plan.

A.—....Well protected in earnings, and business is growing steadily ... a good business man's investment... compound interest plan is sound and has the advantage of encouraging regularity of saving dividends.

The above clipping was taken from one of America's great dailies and is one of many in our files. Name of newspaper from which it was taken can be furnished upon request.

The business man asked—

"What is your opinion of CITIES SERVICE COMMON?"

And the financial expert replied—"a good investment"

Financial writers frequently recommend Cities Service Common as an investment.

That this advice is well founded is evidenced by the fact that thousands of owners of Cities Service Common stock are reinvesting their dividends in additional shares.

"Money talks," and the money invested by these men and women attests more plainly than words their confidence in Cities Service, its prospects, its policies and its management.

Dividends on Cities Service Common stock are paid monthly, which enables an investment to grow with surprising rapidity when dividends are reinvested. This plan of compound dividends originated by the Company has started many modest investors toward financial independence.

When you invest in Cities Service securities the safety of your money does not depend on conditions in any one industry or any one locality. There are more than 100 Cities Service subsidiaries busy day and night with the production and sale of modern necessities—electricity, gas and petroleum.

HENRY L. DOHERTY & COMPANY

Fiscal Agents for Cities Service Company

60 Wall Street New York

Branches in Principal Cities

HENRY L. DOHERTY & CO.
60 Wall St., New York

Send copy of booklet describing the investment possibilities of Cities Service Securities.

Name.....

Address.....City.....(902-173)

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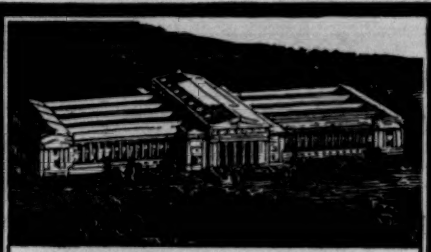

Chicago

possesses—in its Field Museum of Natural History—one of the four or five leading scientific museums of the world. With its monumental building modeled after a famous Greek temple, its collected treasures represent an investment of over $50,000,000—now priceless, because virtually irreplaceable. Edison Service supplies electric requirements.

Commonwealth Edison Company

The Central Station Serving Chicago

Commonwealth Edison Company has paid 158 consecutive dividends to its stockholders. Send for Year Book. Stock is listed on The Chicago Stock Exchange.

NEW ENGLAND'S LARGEST TRUST COMPANY

OLD COLONY service embraces all departments of finance . . . Banking, Foreign, Trust, Investment, Transfer and Vaults. Make this institution your New England banking headquarters

OLD COLONY
TRUST COMPANY

17 Court Street Boston, Massachusetts

FIRST MORTGAGES guaranteed by the Maryland Casualty Company, with resources of over $46,000,000, and averaging less than 40% of the value of completed, fee simple properties, protect your investment in

SECURITY BONDS

In addition, the bonds are the direct obligation of the Security Bond & Mortgage Company, with resources of over $6,500,000. Denominations $1,000, $500, $100. Maturities 2 to 5 years. For further facts about Security Bonds write to J. A. W. Iglehart & Company, Fiscal Agents, Baltimore, Maryland.

hundred and twenty billion dollars in national wealth within fifty years is staggering to contemplate. Is it any wonder in a country where population, wealth, and purchasing power are of such tremendous size that businesses must make themselves correspondingly large in order to function successfully?

THE practice of selling so many things to the public on the installment plan calls for large financial resources on the part of business, and only large corporations are in a position to meet these requirements. The amount of advertising which business must do nowadays in order to call its products to the attention of the public also calls for financial resources which large corporations only can supply. Only large businesses are in a position to meet the changing styles, the changing desires of the public, and the characteristically American desire for things that are constantly new. The rapid developments in science and in mechanical equipment call continually for changes in plant, and only large businesses are in a position to meet the capital demands that these developments and changes require. There are countless reasons why mergers and the consolidation of small businesses into big ones are necessary to-day.

ONE excellent reason for mergers is the resulting diversification of the corporation's business. A small company operating locally and in a restricted territory is dependent upon conditions in that particular locality; a large business, on the other hand, operating nationally or internationally, is in a position to compensate itself and its stockholders for losses which may occur in certain places by gains in others. The whole world, or all parts of this whole country, for that matter, are not usually

prosperous at the same time; and a depression which might seriously embarrass a small local company will possibly be scarcely noticed by a merged combination of a number of companies operating over a wide territory.

MERGERS in the business world have many points of resemblance to investment trusts in the investment world. A merger brings a number of businesses under a unified control just as an investment trust gathers together under one management a diversity of investments. Mergers and investment trusts both simplify management and control; they both stress diversification of risk; both acquire financial strength; and both, so far at least, have in practically every instance proved profitable for the participants. Mere size, of course, is no guarantee of efficiency or success, but it is reasonable to suppose that an undertaking does not become big unless it is efficient and successful. And in the case of a merger it is possible to eliminate the weak elements, to concentrate on the strong, to preserve and strengthen those parts of the organization which are best adapted for successful operation, and in this way make it pretty certain that the results are going to prove beneficial.

THERE is one point in connection with mergers which should be considered by investors with as much care as in the case of individual corporations—this is the question of management, probably the most important factor in the success or failure of any business enterprise. A business is as good as the people who run it, and no better. The large business resulting from the merger of a number of smaller ones calls for knowledge, skill, foresight, and courage. Here again, however, the merger can call upon the best of the executives of the

Federal Home First Mortgage Bonds Assure Steady Income

Other investments may promise more . . . usually the higher the promised profit, the greater the risk . . . but in the case of Federal Home Mortgage Company First Mortgage Collateral 6% Gold Bonds the income is steady from date of issue through to maturity, and the safety of both principal and interest is assured.

These bonds constitute an ideal form of investment for savings or for the funds of persons who must seek regular income. They are secured by a group of first mortgages on homes and small business properties held in trust by the Empire Trust Company of New York, and are further protected by all the resources of the Federal Home Mortgage Company, with assets of over five million dollars.

Issued in denominations of $100, $500 and $1000, and may be bought direct without the payment of broker's fees.

Let us send you full information. Write for Booklet No. 14 "Safety and Steady Income."

R. H. ARNOLD CO.
120 Broadway ESTAB. 1895 New York City

Be Sure, Don't Guess

MR. Paul Tomlinson, Financial Editor of Harper's Magazine, has compiled a list of questions for you to have answered by the Securities Salesman that will help to

Eliminate the Loss in Investments

A safeguard that may save you from the loss of thousands of dollars.

A copy of this Questionnaire may be had for the asking—it is free.

The Financial Article appearing in every issue of *Harper's Magazine* will also help solve your investment problems

Harpers
MAGAZINE
49 East 33rd Street, New York, N. Y.

merged corporations and, from these men who are already trained in the business, select a management which can operate the merged business to better advantage than would be possible were its units scattered and independent of each other. Mergers may not be a panacea for all business ills, but there is certainly a most imposing array of evidence in their favor. Is it to be wondered at that an epidemic of merger-itis is sweeping the country?

READ about the rapid growth of surplus funds when invested in sound 6½% First Mortgage Bonds. . . . It is all clearly explained in the latest edition of our INVESTMENT GUIDE which thousands of investors have read each year. Also ask us about other types of securities which in many instances, earn higher returns.

The coupon will bring your copy of "56 Years of Investment Service."

THE F. H. SMITH CO.

Investment Securities—Founded 1873

Smith Bldg., Washington, D. C.

Branch offices in New York and other Cities

NAME.....

ADDRESS .....

OCCUPATION 29 262

Investment Information

A LIST of informative booklets issued by reputable investment houses is given below and may be obtained upon request from them or from Harper's Magazine.

CHOOSING YOUR INVESTMENT BANKER: A worthwhile booklet for investors. Offered by Halsey, Stuart & Co., 209 So. La Salle St., Chicago, Ill.

FOREIGN DOLLAR BONDS: A booklet containing valuable suggestions for bond buyers and presenting the record of foreign loans in American markets. Offered by National City Company, 55 Wall Street, New York City.

HOW MUCH SHOULD I SAVE?: This much-asked question is answered and a solution given in a booklet which bears that title. Offered by the Old Colony Trust Co., Boston, Mass.

GUARANTY SERVICE: A booklet that describes briefly the work of the various departments of the Company and, at the same time, outlines the facilities available to customers through these departments. Guaranty Trust Company of New York, 140 Broadway, New York City.

WHY A NATIONAL UNION FOR SAFETY: A booklet describing National Union Mortgage Bonds and showing how securities are safeguarded through insurance of principal and interest by outside surety companies. Offered by the National Union Mortgage Company, 111 E. Redwood Street, Baltimore, Md.

A SOUND POLICY FOR INVESTORS: A booklet describing a well varied program of security buying is offered by Peabody, Houghteling & Company, 10 So. La Salle Street, Chicago, Ill.

A VALUABLE AID TO BANKS AND INVESTORS: A booklet describing how the Department of Economics and Survey serves investors by furnishing investment counsel, free, to individuals and institutions. Offered by A. C. Allyn & Company, 67 W. Monroe Street, Chicago, Ill.

WATER, THE INDISPENSABLE UTILITY: An interesting booklet, giving a detailed description of a water company's plant and operations, with special reference to the investment qualities of securities of water companies. Offered by G. L. Ohrstrom & Co., 44 Wall St., New York City.

UTILITY SECURITIES COMPANY, 72 West Adams Street, Chicago, Ill., apply the slogan "Investments that Endure" to the various securities offered by the great public utility interests which the Utility Securities Company serves. Detailed circulars regarding various issues will be mailed upon request.

"THE SEAL THAT CERTIFIES SAFETY" is the title of a booklet that gives complete information of guaranteed investments; it may be obtained by addressing General Security Company, 340 Madison Avenue, New York.

INFORMATION ABOUT NEW ENGLAND will be gladly furnished to those interested by the First National Bank of Boston, Boston, Massachusetts.

SAFETY AND STEADY INCOME is the title of an informative Booklet on Investments offered by R. H. Arnold & Co., 120 Broadway, New York City.

(Continued on page following)

. . . and so to bed . . . late . . . too much supper . . . wish I could get to sleep . . . bad dreams . . . business worries . . . dog barks . . . baby cries . . . time to get up . . . jangled nerves . . . irritable skin.

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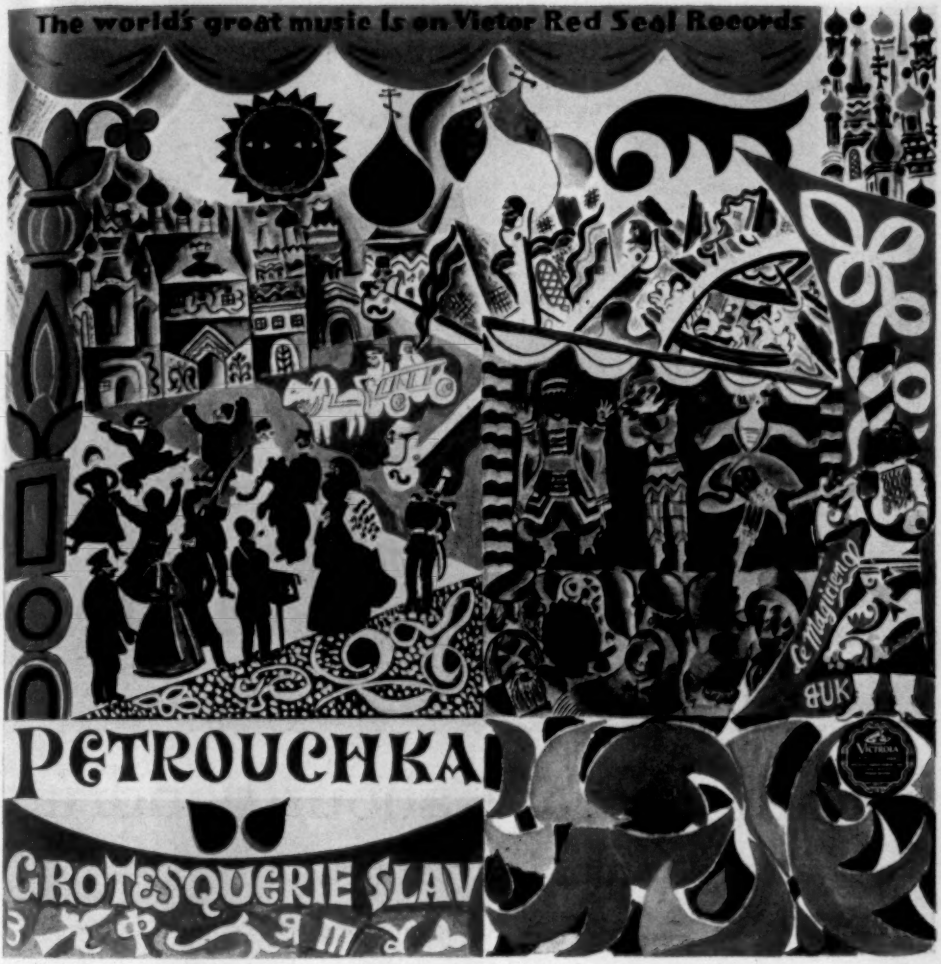

SHOUTS . . . cries . . . laughter . . . the whine of the showman's flute . . . deep bells and a shrill hurdy-gurdy . . . the tipsy roar of the peasant crowd upon a holiday. . . . And here within the puppet box the Ballerina, with a daub of rouge on each waxen cheek, the cruel Moor, and Petrouchka, an ugly Pierrot, enacting a tragedy of jealousy which ends in the shedding of Petrouchka's vital sawdust. . . .

This laconic modern masterpiece, bearing beneath its burlesque a brutal and disquieting realism, established Strawinsky as perhaps the most brilliant of our contemporary composers. Through strange, half-oriental melodies he has expressed the Slavic soul. He has made the orchestra speak a new language.

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The foremost dermatologists say that the best means of checking dandruff is the antiseptic shampoo and massage. The antiseptic, to strike at the germ condition and remove the flakes; the massage, to increase blood circulation and thus aid hair roots to regain vigor.

At the first symptom of dandruff, use full strength Listerine, the safe antiseptic. Simply douse it on the head and massage the scalp backward and forward with the fingers. Repeat the treatment often, using a little castor oil if scalp is excessively dry. Results often seem miraculous.

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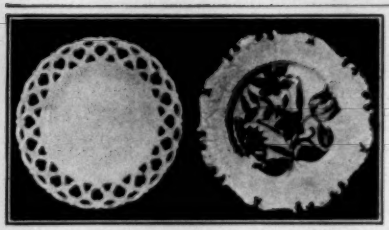
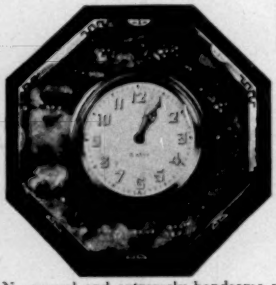


TWO lovely plates in the always useful dessert size. The one at the left is a reproduction of Sandwich glass, a milk white opaque with a lacy open-work border, which would be lovely on colored linen, and would look well with any cups or other china. $6.50 the half dozen. Postpaid.

The other is an exact reproduction of old Staffordshire made in Ridgway's factory 1790–1820. The plate is white, with an embossed and fluted edge, bordered in black, while the centre is brightly painted with various flower designs. Gay and colorful for summer. $17.00 the dozen. Express charges collect.

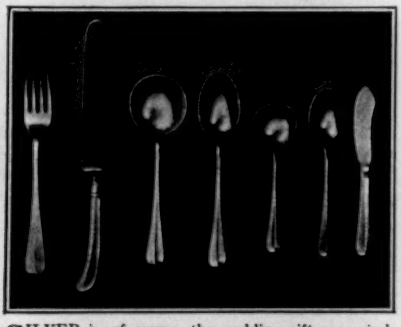
IF you are familiar with the Royal Copenhagen Porcelain you will know how beautiful these vases really are. Of the finest possible workmanship, they are truly the heirlooms of tomorrow. The one at the left is the more typical of this fine ware, hand painted in two glorious shades of blue, with a floral decoration, and having a smooth glazed finish. 6½″ high, $14.00. The other vase is a new type of Copenhagen pottery, in a dull cream finish with dull blue modernistic decoration. A stunning shape, 8″ high, and priced at $15.00. Postpaid.

FOR the modern bride and groom, a lock bottle and a shaker of modern design in faceted crystal with sterling silver tops. These are really perfectly stunning and separately or together make a distinctive and unlikely-to-be-duplicated gift. The shaker, which has a strainer in its cover, is 13″ high and priced at $26.00; the bottle with a tiny silver padlock and key, is 12″ high and priced at $25.00. Postpaid.



AN unusual and extremely handsome gift is this clock of genuine green jade, with frame, back and stand of sterling silver. Octagonal in shape, and very flat, it has a round face, a radium dial and an 8-day movement. 3½″ in diameter, $125.00. Postpaid.

A LIQUEUR set of Italian pottery in the Salandre pattern is a gift that would please the groom as well, for this design, with its unusual dark background with brown predominating, is very distinctive and quite masculine. The set consists of a round tray, a graceful decanter and six glasses and is priced at $13.75. Express charges collect.



SILVER is, of course, the wedding gift *sans rival*, and the selection of one's flat silver is of utmost importance. A style that we find extremely interesting is this 17th century "rat-tail" pattern which Brand Chatillon has so perfectly reproduced. The design is one of great simplicity, with the pistol handles on the knives lending distinction. Prices of this and other patterns on request.

CRICHTON'S hand wrought reproductions of Old English silver offer a fertile field for the seeker of the unusual in wedding gifts. And there can be no doubt ever as to their welcome. Witness the little mustard jar with its reeded border and removable lining of blue glass, copied from one of the reign of George III. 2″ high, $25.00. Spoon, $3.00. And the English beaker, of the time of Charles II, beautifully plain, and perfect for flowers. 6¾″ high, $55.00. And a graceful Queen Anne syrup jug with a wooden handle and three little feet and a removable top. 5″ high, $75.00. All postpaid.

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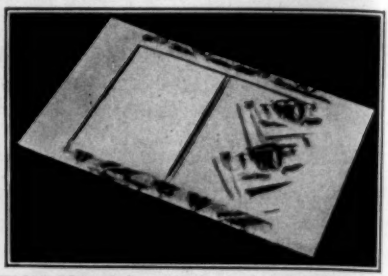
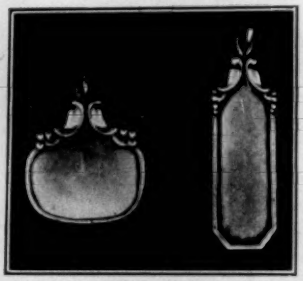
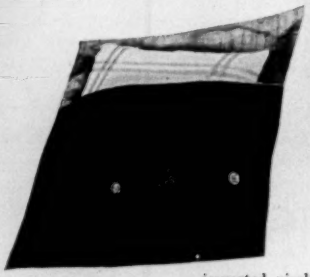


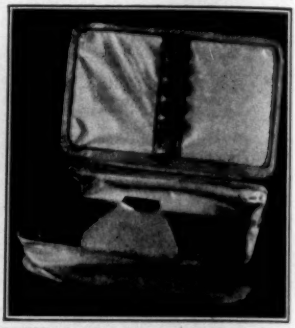
FOLDERS of decorative paper in original designs, containing a blotter and one dozen single sheets and envelopes with linings of the same decorative paper as the folder, are unusually attractive and delightfully flat for packing. Size 10″ x 8″, $1.00. Plus 25 cents for postage.



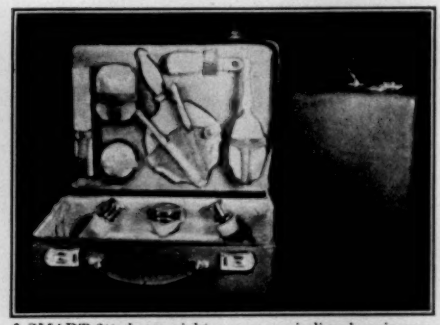
AN exclusive shop which specializes in travel luxuries, offers this beautiful night case of silk taffeta, containing a lingerie pillow in a tailored white case, and with pockets in the lining for one's negligée, nightrobe, and slippers. Beautifully made in navy, black, brown, Copenhagen blue, reseda green, lavender or gray, with lining and piping of a contrasting shade, and measuring 20½″ x 13½″, the price, complete with pillow, is $28.00. Postage outside of New York City is extra.

FOR your keys or bags Georg Jensen has designed two little identification tags of sterling silver, hand wrought, of course, and very distinctive. The smaller one is priced at $2.00; the larger one at $2.75. Postpaid.





THIS "utility" box solves the problem of how to pack one's toilet articles—that *bête noir* of the traveller. Made of imported pigskin—always so smart and so durable—and lined in oiled silk, with loops inside the lid for toothbrush, etc., this box will hold brushes and bottles and all the things that are so awkward to pack and so necessary to have handy, and together. 10″ x 6″ x 2½″, $16.00. Postpaid.



A SMART fitted over-night case comes in lizard grain cowhide in black, green, red, tan or navy blue, silk lined and with fittings of maize and amber or shell and amber. Eleven in number, the fittings include all the essentials and are so arranged — all in the lid but three bottles — as to leave most room for packing. In the convenient 14″ size, $28.00. Postpaid.

THE Winship Migrator Wardrobe hat box needs no introduction now, but here it is in a new version, the Featherlite! All the conveniences of wardrobe trunk packing in a spacious case weighing only 6½ pounds. A truly up-to-date idea for "we moderns" who travel by aeroplane or who can't be bothered waiting for a porter. Covered in glazed Irish linen, either black or tan, and trimmed with black or russet leather, this luggage is as smart as it is durable. And the shop where we selected this has all its luggage equipped with Sesamée, the modern lock that needs no key! 23″ square x 9″ deep, $35.00. Postpaid.

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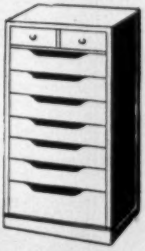

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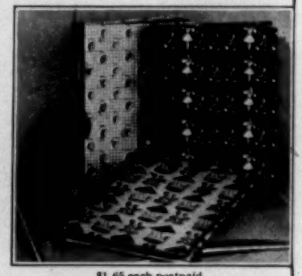

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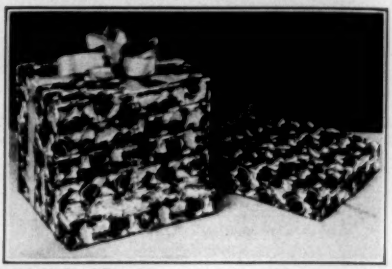
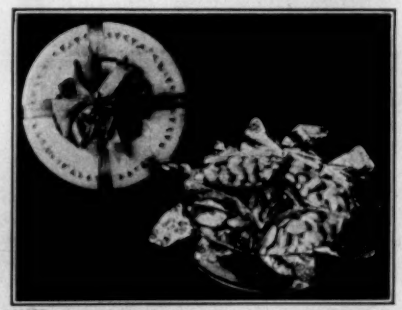


A BON VOYAGE cabinet, tempting without, utterly irresistible within! Covered in attractive chintzy paper, it contains five drawers, each filled with a different selection of the famous Plumbridge stuffed fruits, nuts and candies. And the chest could be used in many ways when empty. 9" x 6¼" x 5½", $8.50, east of Chicago; $8.75 west of Chicago. Postpaid.

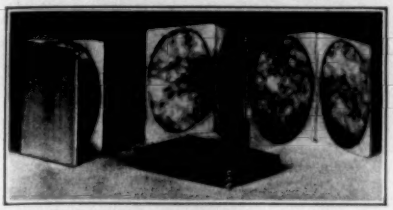
AT Maison Glass, a firm dealing in imported table delicacies, we found it hard to choose from the rows of jars and cans and bottles — they were all so tempting. However, a jar of Green Turtle soup flavored with genuine imported Sherry could not be passed by. Priced at $2.25 the quart. Nor cans of LaFavorite olive oil, especially prepared for this house and imported by no one else, priced at $1.00 a pint, $1.75 a quart, $3.25 a half gallon and $6.25 a gallon. A jar of wild Strawberry Jam, 8 ounces, priced at $1.25, and a jar of Miele Monte Rosa Honey imported from the Alps and priced at $1.50 for 20 ounces and 75 cents for 10 ounces — and then we had to stop for lack of space, but there is no end to the things you would be interested in at this Shop. Postage is additional.



ROUND tins, of the famous Sherry lavender, packed with salted nuts or stuffed fruits in the Sherry manner. A fitting gift for Bon Voyage or any occasion, special or otherwise. One pound size, filled with nuts, $2.75; with fruits, $1.75. Postage is additional.

Any Article on this page may be purchased through our Shopping Bureau

More Wedding Gifts



A PERFECTLY lovely gift, to our mind, is one of these sterling silver folding frames, for two, four or more pictures. So convenient to carry with one always, so appropriate a frame for one's nearest and dearest. Striped engine turning, with space for a monogram, 4" x 2½", the two-fold frame is priced at $19.50; the four at $35.00; the six at $44.00, and you may have even more folds if you choose. Postpaid.

A CIGARETTE box of especially fine Japanese red lacquer has a genuine carved white jade inlay on the top. 4½" x 4" x 2½", $22.00.

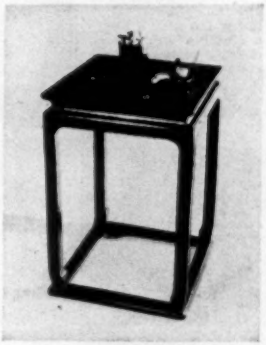
A red lacquer match holder is scored on the bottom for striking. Especially attractive with the small colored matches. $7.50.

A red enamel ash tray with a centre design is priced at $7.00. All postpaid.

A GRACEFUL comport of rock crystal, which is lovely singly or in pairs. 6" high, it is priced at $4.50, or $9.00 the pair. Plus 50 cents for mailing beyond 100 miles of New York City.

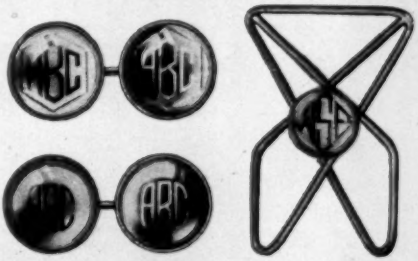
Any hostess wishing to avoid rings on her furniture had best be prodigal in providing her guests with coasters. A pewter rack neatly holds six coasters, with fluted glass centres and pewter edges, and is a nice looking as well as extremely useful gift. $4.50 the set; the coasters alone, 50 cents each. Postpaid.

CHICAGO BOSTON
WASHINGTON



This charming occasional table of red lacquer is extremely simple in design. 12x12x18 inches
$25

YAMANAKA & CO.
680 FIFTH AVE. NEW YORK



Monogrammed Jewelry

CUFF LINKS of English crystal with your initials in any desired color combinations are the newest thing in smart jewelry. $70 the set.

The gold money clip with English crystal monogrammed center is priced at $40.

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Savoy-Plaza

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For Gardens and Gardeners

FLOWER pots of Austrian pottery, grayish green in color and with saucers to match, come in three convenient small sizes and are very good-looking. Size 2¾" high, 75 cents; size 3¾", $1.00, and size 4¾", $1.50. Postpaid.

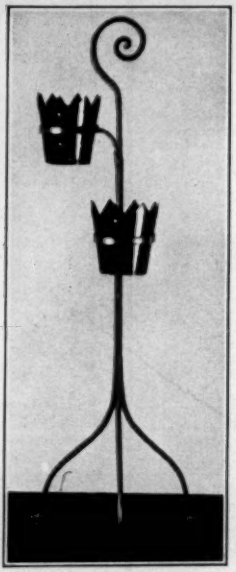
A little watering pot with a long spout will be found a great convenience in watering potted things. Of metal, painted green, orange, yellow or blue, it measures 5" high and is priced at $2.00, plus 25 cents for postage outside New York City.

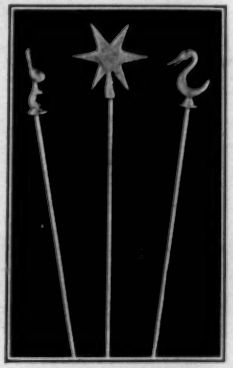
ANYTHING on these pages may be ordered through

Jane Loring

if you will send her your check. The names of the shops will gladly be given on request.

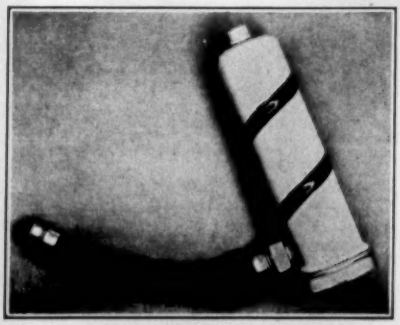
IF your trees are pestered with caterpillars, this *caterpillar torch* will prove a good investment. An asbestos ball in a wire cage comes with a 12-foot extension wooden handle (in 3 sections of 4 feet each), and you merely soak the ball in kerosene, light it — and watch the pests succumb. Complete, $2.00, plus 45 cents for mailing outside New York City.



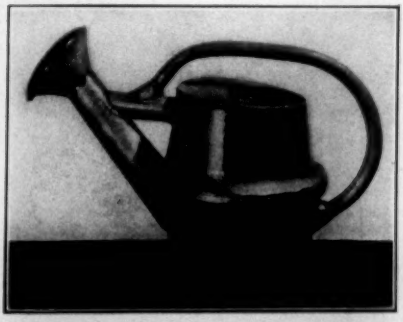


THE newest thing in garden markers — rods of polished brass, 37" high, topped by a Bunny, a Star or a Duck! To mark out flower beds, to hold tags for plants, or to train ivy, they are unique and attractive, and, of course, will last forever. $1.25 each. Parcel post charges collect.

THIS charming iron plant stand, so graceful and decorative, is finished in green, stands 30" high, and costs only $3.50! The painted tin pots that go with it so beautifully are $2.50 each, making the price $8.50, complete. Express charges collect.



THIS strange looking object is the Vex automatic fertilizer, a new and simple and effective device which enables you to fertilize your lawn as you sprinkle it! You simply insert a cartridge of Lawn-Vex food (a highly concentrated plant food, 46% nitrogen) in the enamelled brass cylinder (12" long x 3" in diameter), attach the short hose connection to your water faucet and your own lawn hose to the other end of the cylinder. Turn on the water and sprinkle for 40 minutes and your lawn is fertilized evenly and easily, — and economically! For the whole outfit, brass container, refill cartridge, and short hose, costs just $7.50, while additional refills are $2.00 each. Postpaid.



THESE large watering cans of French pewter with a copper nozzle, such as Normandy garden experts hand down proudly *père à fils*, are as decorative as they are useful. They hold 2½ gallons, and the special handle makes perfect pouring balance, but we know several people who have bought them to hold flowers on a porch or terrace, just because they are so unusual and smart looking. $14.50. Express charges collect.

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Many other beautiful things are shown in our catalog — sent on request.

MILLICENTO . . . .

unique and charmingly different, copied from Eleventh Century designs. This set is done in rich blues . . . delightfully informal and especially appropriate for summer. *Tea set for six* $27.50

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A Charming Ivy Pot and Holder

A graceful, hand-forged iron bracket holds a hand-turned pottery pot, for growing Ivy or other drooping vines. Pot is in terra cotta shade. Holder in black or rusty iron finishes. Total height about 10". Projection, 8". No. 531. Priced **$3.50**. Add 25c for postage.

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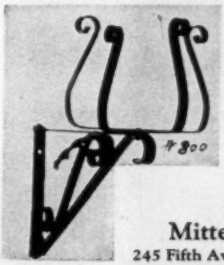

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Hinged

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$1.50 each
13½ inches long
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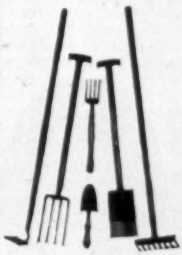
N.B. — Our *"Book for Garden Lovers"* — 25c — free with first order.

'THE HOUSE OF FINE HOUSEWARES'

presents five more unusual items:



ENGLISH GARDEN SET

Imported from England, for men and women who like to do their own planting and cultivating. Light but strong, of specially tempered Sheffield steel, with finely finished ash handles. Set includes spading fork, hoe, rake, spade, trowel, hand fork.

Adults' Set, as shown **$9.75**
Ladies' Set, D Handle **7.75**
Child's Set, 4 pcs., D Handle (hoe, rake, spade, fork) **$5.50**

GARDEN BASKET

This one is fitted with all the essentials—rose scissors, pruning shears, hand trowel, hand spading fork, pruning knife, ball of twine, and spool of soft and annealed wire.

Sleigh pattern, as shown, in green . . . **$14.25**
Round pattern, in green **13.25**

KNEELING MAT

Save your knees and your clothes with this English-type kneeling mat of woven Chinese rushes. It is well-padded and has a waterproof bottom. The sides are built high to protect your clothes. **$1.50**

ROSE SCISSORS

A specially designed pair of scissors that automatically grasps the flower stem as you cut it. Saves fingers from thorns. Finely nickel-plated. 6¾ inches long. Genuine J. A. Henckels "Twin Brand". **$2.35**

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Was the coffee "just right" this morning? If it wasn't, try the Tricolator method—it's more scientific. Vitrified china, in brown, navy, white, old rose, peacock, shell pink, delft, tan, olive.

"Autocrat," 9 cups, . . **$5.00**
"Royal Park," 6 cups, . **4.75**

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YOUR name and address artistically embossed (like die engraving), 100 sheets and 100 envelopes on extra fine paper. Men's size (white paper only) 10⅓ x 7¼. Women's size 6¼ x 5⅛ when folded. (Choice of white, blue, gray, or bisque paper, and black, blue, gold or green embossing.) *West of Mississippi — add 10% per box.*

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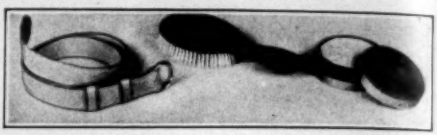
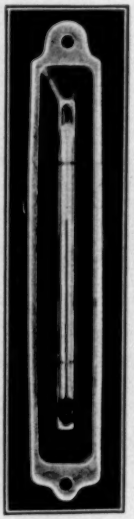
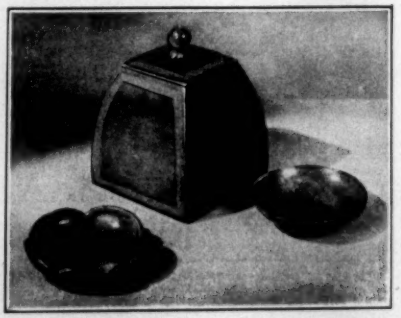
Of Masculine Interest



AN exclusive haberdasher showed us three articles which are in constant demand among his clientèle. A pigskin belt with the *ring* fastening, priced at $2.50; a fine English hair brush of a particularly popular size and shape, $6.00; and a jar of Guerlain shaving cream, $2.00. All postpaid.



YOU may have to look twice at this little thermometer to discover just what is different about it, but if you like to keep track of the temperature, you'll find it a great joy. Absolutely new, the "3-way" thermometer may be read from both sides as well as the front! Because of its construction it may be fastened outside a window without the use of special brackets — and read from the inside. Also good for motor cars, yachts or aeroplanes. Finished with chromium plate on brass, and with red enamel numbers, it is nice looking — and accurate. 5½" long x 1" wide, $4.00. Postpaid.



A PERFECTLY stunning gift for a man who smokes a pipe is this tobacco jar of hand wrought Japanese pewter. Of an unusually graceful shape, it has an incised border of red, and a knob of genuine Carnelian, which is lovely with the dull finish of the pewter. Heavy and very masculine, 5" high, and priced at $35.00. Postpaid.

So many ash trays nowadays are so obviously feminine that we were delighted to find these which we felt would meet with masculine approval. Of dyed marble in either jade green or lapis blue, they are very solid, heavy and ample. 4" in diameter, the plain round one is priced at $3.00; the one with scalloped edge at $3.50. Postpaid.

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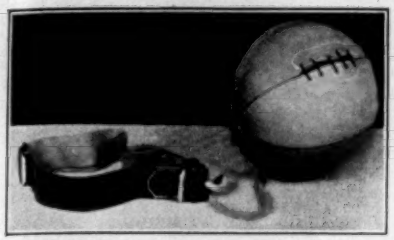
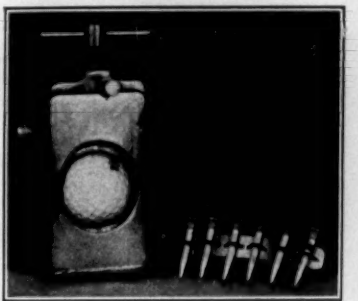
Sports

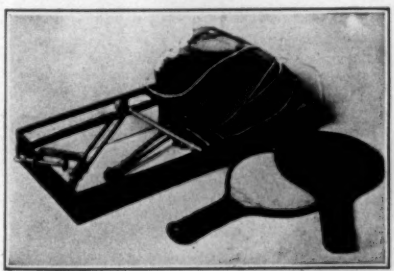


SHADOW BALL is a game any boy will love. A punch ball is fastened by a long and stout elastic to a band which is placed around the forehead. Sounds simple, but you've got to hit it first, or it will fly back and hit you! Good exercise and marvelous training for speed and accuracy. Complete with extra elastics, $3.50. Postpaid.



TWO useful gadgets for the golfer. The "Tuname" marker marks your name (two initials and last name) on *two* sides of the ball. $5.00. Be sure to give name you wish it to mark.

A sterling silver bar pin which you can wear on your hat, belt, sweater or where you will, has an elastic running through it which holds six golf ball tees. The elastic can be replaced of course, and it comes complete with six tees for $5.00. Both postpaid.



PING PONG has certainly come into its own and you really have to play in order to be able to hold your own in current conversation. And it really is a great game, as hard and fast as you choose to make it. Sets consisting of 2 racquets, 6 balls, net, posts and rule book, come priced at $3.75, $4.75, $6.50 and $7.50. Plus 20 cents for insured parcel post.

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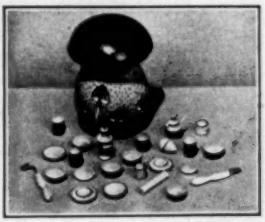

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Beginning to Garden — *by Helen Page Wodell* — $1.75

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The Vegetable Garden — *by Adolph Kruhm* — $2.00

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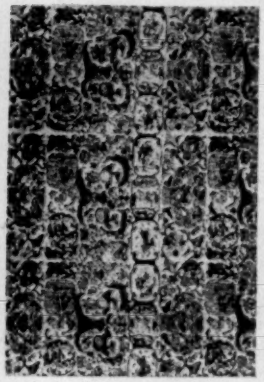
Suggestions for Interior Decorations

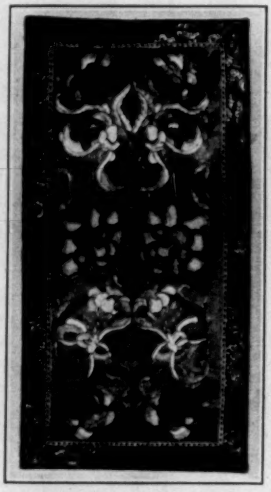
Form the habit of shopping with

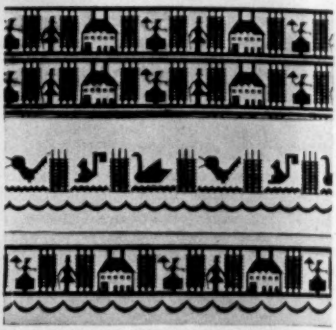
Jane Loring

A GOOD LOOKING tray is something practical which can also be utilized to great advantage as a decorative note, and we were charmed with this oval one of hand-painted tin, with its antiqued green and silver design on a background of lacquer red, green or yellow. 18″ x 12″. $12.50. Express charges collect.



AN Oriental shop is showing this homespun "Shikii" silk, stenciled with its own exclusive design. The background is tan and blue, red and gold predominate in the all-over Japanese design, resembling a brocade. Unusual and very handsome for draperies, wall hangings, table and pillow covers, and hand bags. 36″ wide, $2.50 a yard. Also a cotton material stenciled with the same design is very nice indeed. 36″ wide. $1.25 a yard. Postpaid.

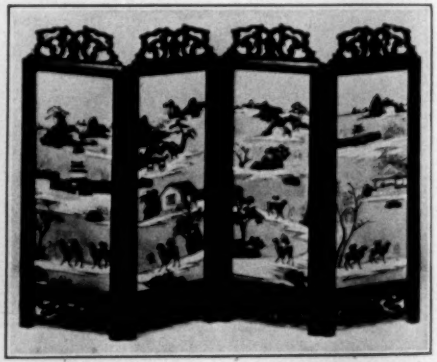




AMY DREVENSTEDT has designed two new shelf papers for Spring, one for anywhere at all, one especially for children's rooms. They come in rose, French blue, green, yellow or red on a ground of India tone, are 10″ deep and have 12 feet in a roll, for 50 cents. The background paper shown, to match the bottom design, is 20″ deep, in a 12-foot roll, priced at $1.00. For the child's design there is plain background paper in matching solid colors, also 20″ deep and 12 feet in a roll. 75 cents. Please add 10 cents a roll for postage.

RARE old embroidered Chinese mandarin sleeve bands have been mounted for use as wall hangings or table covers and are really exquisite in their richness of color and texture. No two are exactly alike and there is a wide variety of colors and sizes, priced at $4.25. Postpaid.

SMALL color prints are charming and one of our favorite importers offers four new series, all mounted on cream mats and passepartouted with gold. The Costume prints, both men and women, are priced at $1.70 each; the French Peasant Scenes (lower centre) at $1.25 each; and the Street Criers of Paris (upper centre) at $2.00 each. Postpaid. All amazingly reasonable. The Street Criers of Paris series are reproductions; the others are really old. All are lovely.



A FRAME of hand-carved Chinese hardwood and panels of Chinese material in a variety of colors and designs makes an attractive telephone screen. $3.75. Postpaid.

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Study at Home

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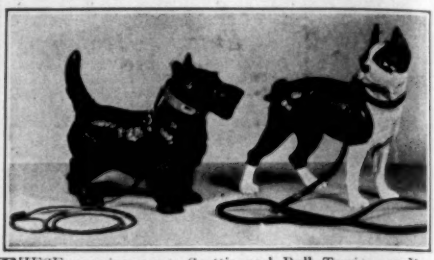

THESE cunning pups, Scottie and Bull Terrier, or Wire Haired if you prefer, though he didn't get in the picture, are the latest things in door stops. And we warn you that if you come across one unexpectedly, with his snappy leather lead fastened to the door knob, you are quite likely to bend down and pat him before you realize he's made of cast iron. Painted in natural colors, with leather collars and leads, they are very heavy and measure about 9" long. $5.00 each Postpaid.

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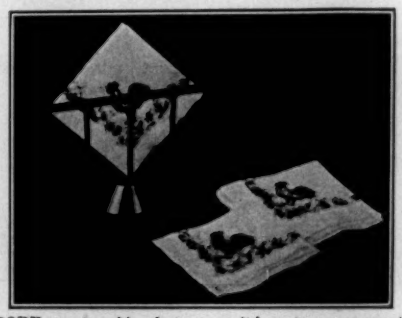

MORE paper napkins, but one can't have too many now that the warm weather is here, making possible entertaining *al fresco*. These are cocktail napkins, white, with a rooster design in color, and come 50 to the box for $1.00. Postpaid.

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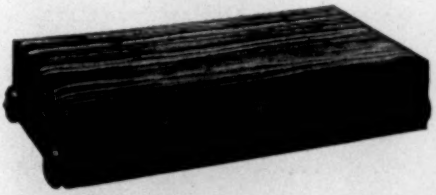

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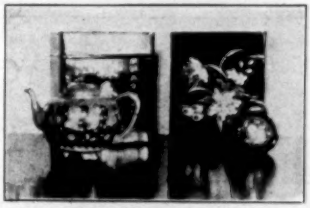

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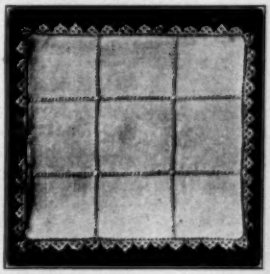

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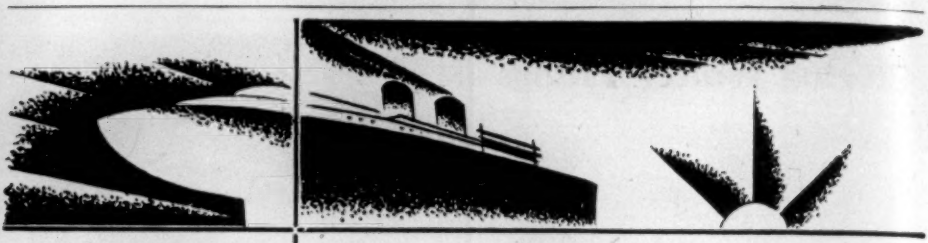

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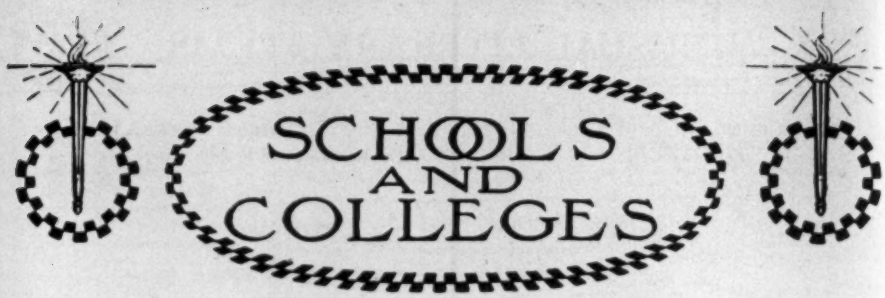

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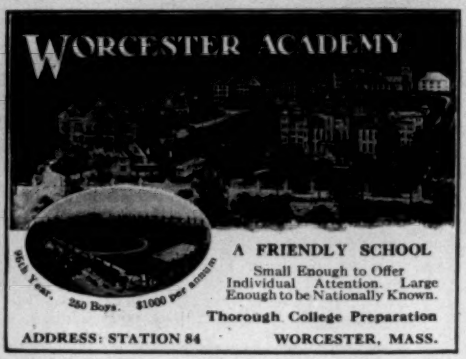

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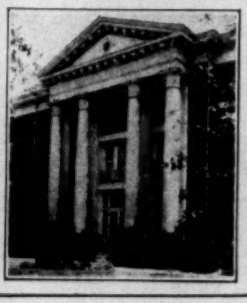

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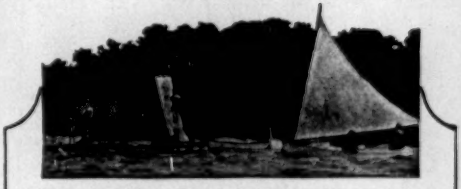

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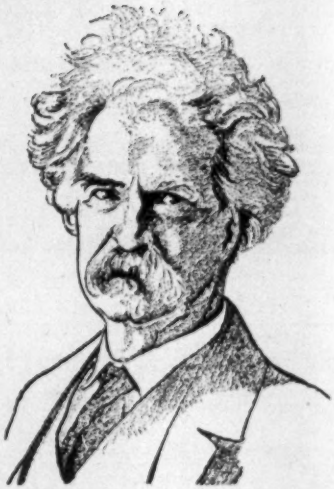

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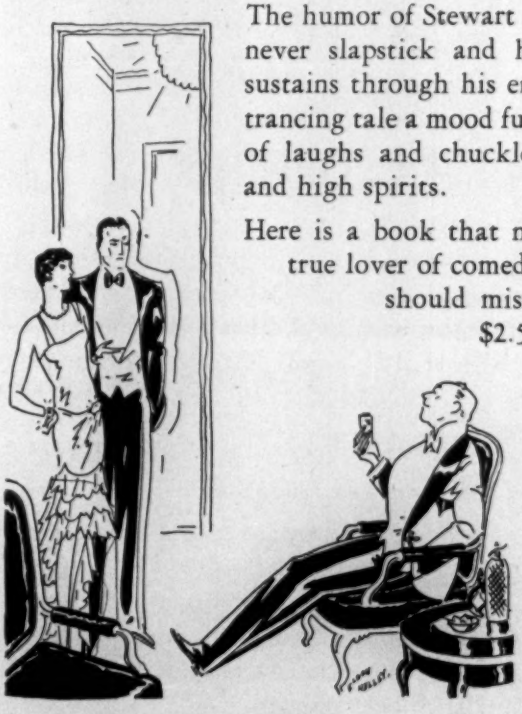

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G. B. STERN — I found it irrepressibly alive; intensely humorous and even more intensely unhappy. The author has a startling gift for revealing to us her own vision of big tragedy in small circumstances.

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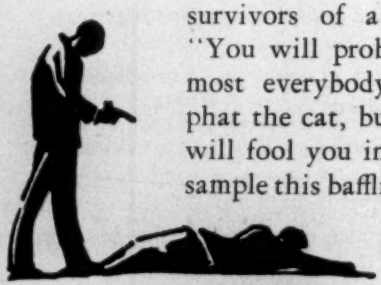

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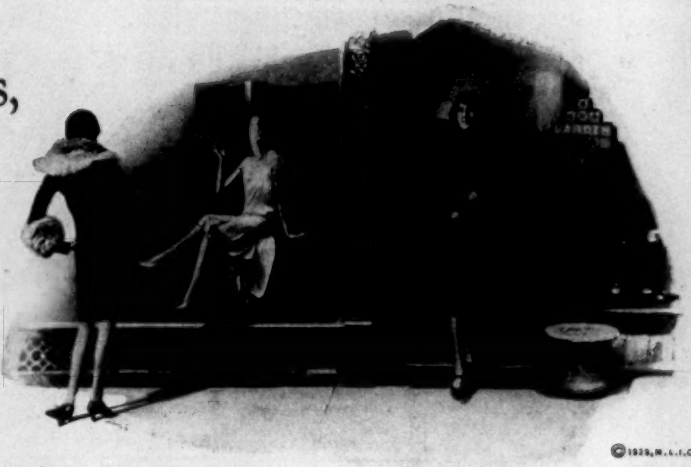

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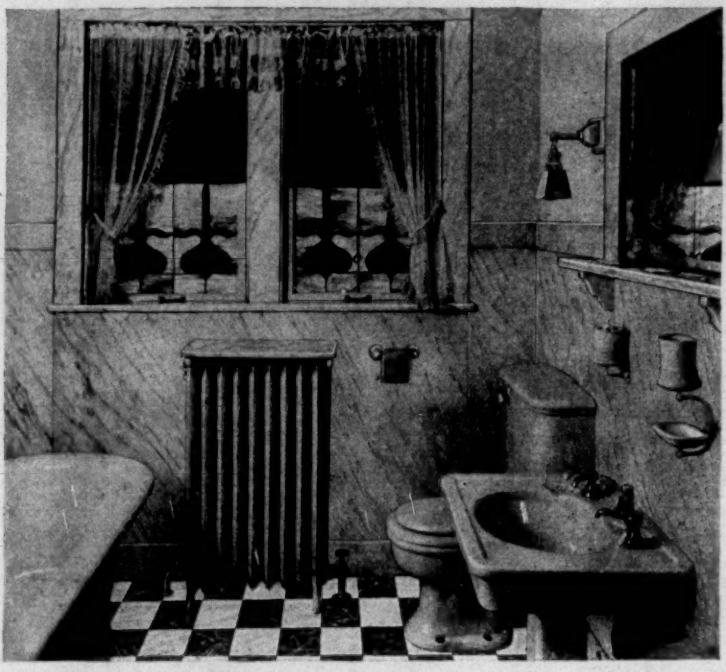

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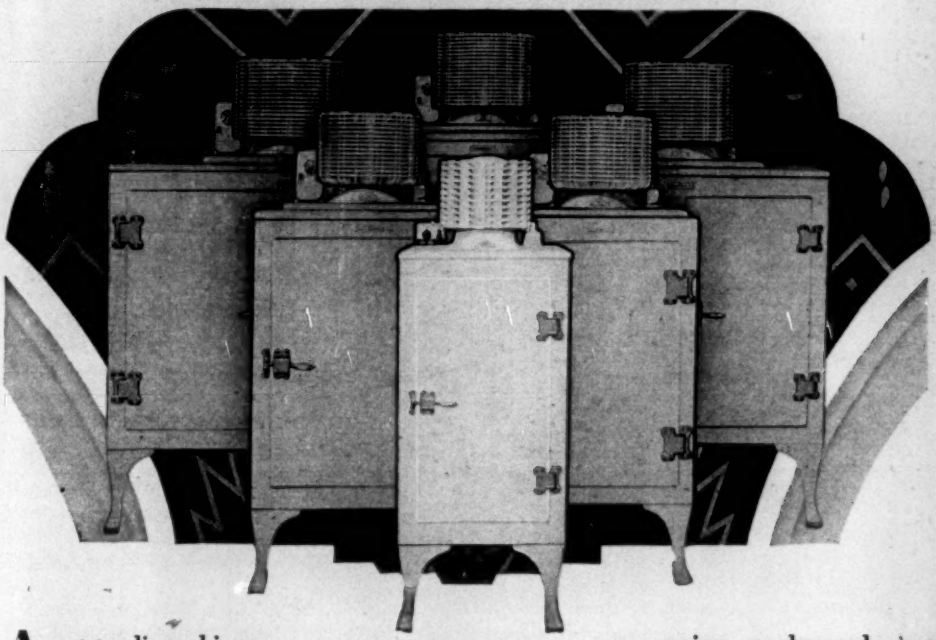

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THIS IS ONE IN A SERIES OF TESTIMONIAL ADVERTISEMENTS

"I DO NOT read *The American Mercury*"

Peter L. Straitlace

[PRESIDENT ANTI-PLEASURE LEAGUE]

Mr. Straitlace, the prominent reformer, was asked this question: "Do you read THE AMERICAN MERCURY?"

"I do not read THE AMERICAN MERCURY," he answered. "I have been told that it strikes at the very roots of our most cherished institutions."

Mr. Straitlace was bribed to skim through the proofs of the May issue, after which he continued.

"My informers were right. The very existence of such a magazine as this shows how the American nation has degenerated. Take this article: 'His Rev'rince—Rest His Soul', by Frank Ward O'Malley. This man shows an appalling lack of taste in attacking the clergy of his own church.

"Mrs. Eleanor Rowland Wembridge writes on 'Emotion in the Court-room.' She is most disturbingly outspoken. Mrs. Ruth Epperson Kennell, in 'The New Innocents Abroad,' writes about Russia, communists, socialists, members of the I. W. W. and other subjects about which any self-respecting lady is, happily, uninformed. No...I do not read THE AMERICAN MERCURY. Heaven protect my soul if I ever do!"

Heaven protect *our* souls if you do, Mr. Straitlace. This magazine was not prepared for you; it was designed for intelligent people with a saving spark of humor.

Do you DARE read THE AMERICAN MERCURY?

How about you? Can you stand outspoken truth? Knowing that certain things are wrong with our civilization and our nation, have you the courage to face the facts? Put yourself to the test now!

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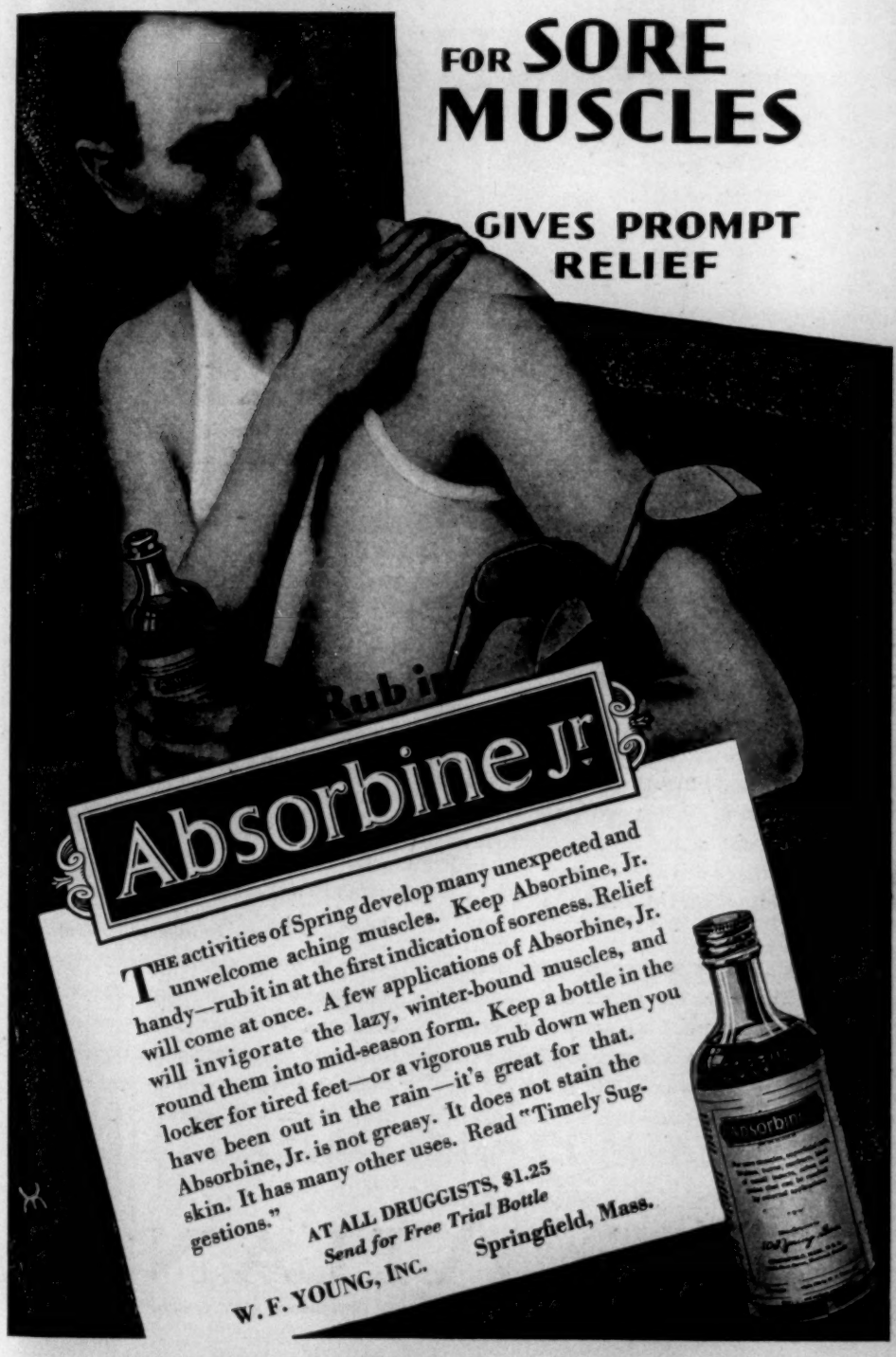
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Dear Henry—

THANKS for your check. When we made that bet I must admit I had my own doubts about the Atlanta plant panning out. The figures looked too good, even when the engineers got through with them.

For one thing, I didn't believe labor could work the way these boys do down here—the good old Anglo-Saxon race sure knows how to give work for wages.

You'd drop dead if I showed you how much we saved in production costs last year. Our raw stock comes from about fifty miles away, most of it, and costs less. So does power. I saved 29% in building my plant.

But the best thing of all was the response we got from the trade. The trade down here is buying hand-to-mouth the same as they are everywhere. When we were able to serve them out of the Atlanta plant, they bought . . . that's the whole story. It pulled up our volume from the South 43.9% the first year.

And talk about service to your trade, Henry! This town has fifteen main railroad lines. What's more, I can set a rush order down in New York, Chicago, St. Louis and intermediate points in a few hours by air mail from here, because this is the Southern air hub as it always has been the railroad center.

Coming home after a session of golf a couple months ago, (Yes, just about the time you were fighting snow-drifts!) I got the notion to look into the figures on your business. The Industrial Bureau made a little survey* for me, and I had Joe—my production man—check them over, so I know they're right. And I'm sending them to you, along with an airplane picture of a site that was just made for your plant.

Toss a toothbrush in your bag, and come down for a visit. Bring Anne with you; Helen wants her to meet some of the friends we've made here the last year. And while they're busy gabbing, I'll show you some real golf . . . and how to make a lot more money with a lot less grief.

Yours as ever,

Bob

* * *

***The Atlanta Industrial Bureau is ready to make a thorough survey of conditions here as they affect your business. Without charge or obligation, and in the strictest confidence, a detailed report will be laid on your desk if you will write**

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2. ST. LOUIS AS IT IS TODAY. St. Louis (Mo.) Chamber of Commerce.
4. PORT OF NEWARK. Port Newark (N. J.) Development.
9. SACRAMENTO — CALIFORNIA'S INLAND INDUSTRIAL CENTER. Sacramento (Calif.)
12. GENERAL INDUSTRIAL REPORT OF LOS ANGELES, CALIF. Los Angeles (Calif.) Chamber of Commerce.
15. A SURVEY OF THE NEW ORLEANS INDUSTRIAL ZONE. New Orleans (La.) Association of Commerce.
19. SALT LAKE CITY AND UTAH. Salt Lake City Chamber of Commerce.
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21. ASHEVILLE, LOGICAL DISTRIBUTING CENTER FOR EASTERN AMERICA. Asheville (N. C.) Chamber of Commerce.
23. WINNING HEALTH. Welcome Club of Colorado Springs (Colo.).
24. MARKET ANALYSIS OF THE SOUTHWEST. Dallas (Texas) Chamber of Commerce.
35. INDUSTRIAL BRIEF, ROANOKE, VIRGINIA. Chamber of Commerce.
37. THE WORLD'S GREATEST WORKSHOP. Philadelphia (Pa.) Chamber of Commerce.
42. ON THE GULF COAST. Biloxi (Mississippi) Chamber of Commerce.
43. ECONOMIC SURVEY OF DENVER. Colorado Chamber of Commerce.
45. IN VIRGINIA. For Tourists. State Conservation and Development Commission, Richmond, Virginia.
46. SPOKANE, WASHINGTON. Spokane (Wash.) Chamber of Commerce.
47. SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA THROUGH THE CAMERA. All Year Club of Southern California, Department 2 W, Chamber of Commerce Building, Los Angeles, Calif.
48. JACKSONVILLE, FLORIDA. Believers in Jacksonville, Jacksonville, Florida.
49. HAWAII. Hawaii Tourist Bureau, 234 McCann Building, San Francisco, California.
50. UTICA — A CITY OF INDUSTRIAL OPPORTUNITY. Citizens Trust Co., Utica, N. Y.
51. BALTIMORE THE SEVENTH CITY — SPEAKING OF BALTIMORE — PORT OF BALTIMORE. Three booklets available through the Baltimore Trust Co., Baltimore, Md.
52. PROFITABLE FARMING IN HILLSBORO COUNTY, FLORIDA. Tampa Board of Trade, Tampa, Fla.
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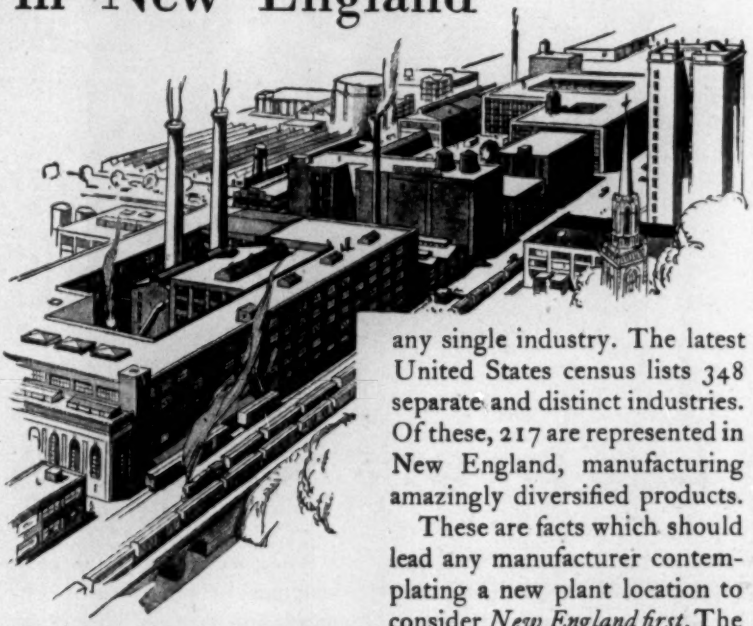

WITH only 7% of the nation's population, New England produces over 11% of all its manufactured goods. It is only to be expected, for this territory has always had mighty factors in its favor—abundant skilled labor, ample credit supply, unexcelled transportation facilities, a great consuming market right within itself.

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Investment Information

(Continued from preceding page)

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UNITED BONDS: A name given to the real estate bonds secured by high-grade properties in Detroit, and issued by the United States Mortgage Bond Company, Detroit, Mich. Interesting booklets on request.

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WATER SERVICE—THE ARISTOCRAT OF UTILITIES, is an interesting booklet describing water bonds as a sound form of investment offered by P. W. Chapman & Company, Inc., 170 West Monroe Street, Chicago, or 42 Cedar Street, New York City.

SECURITY BONDS: Secured by real estate first mortgages that bear a $40,000,000 guarantee, are described in a circular which J. A. W. Iglehart & Company, 102 St. Paul Street, Baltimore, Md., will be pleased to send to you upon request.

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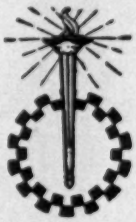
STOCK AND BOND REGISTER: A record showing the important features of each security which is held by investors. Offered by Otis & Company, 216 Superior St., N. E., Cleveland, Ohio.

NEW BOOK "Investment Guide in 1927": This booklet describes First Mortgage Real Estate Bonds recommended by one of the oldest Real Estate Bond Houses. Greenebaum Sons Investment Co., La Salle & Madison Streets, Chicago, Ill.

WHAT IS THE CLASS A STOCK?: This booklet gives specific facts regarding the Class A Stock and a brief analysis of the company. For copy address Associated Gas & Electric Securities Co., 61 Broadway, New York City.

AN INDUSTRY THAT NEVER SHUTS DOWN: A Review of Recently Published Institutional Advertisements of the American Water Works and Electric Company, Inc., 50 Broad Street, New York City. Copies will be mailed upon request.

CANADIAN INVESTMENT OPPORTUNITIES: Definite investment recommendations offered by Cochran Hay & Co., Ltd., Dominion Bank Bldg., Toronto, Canada.



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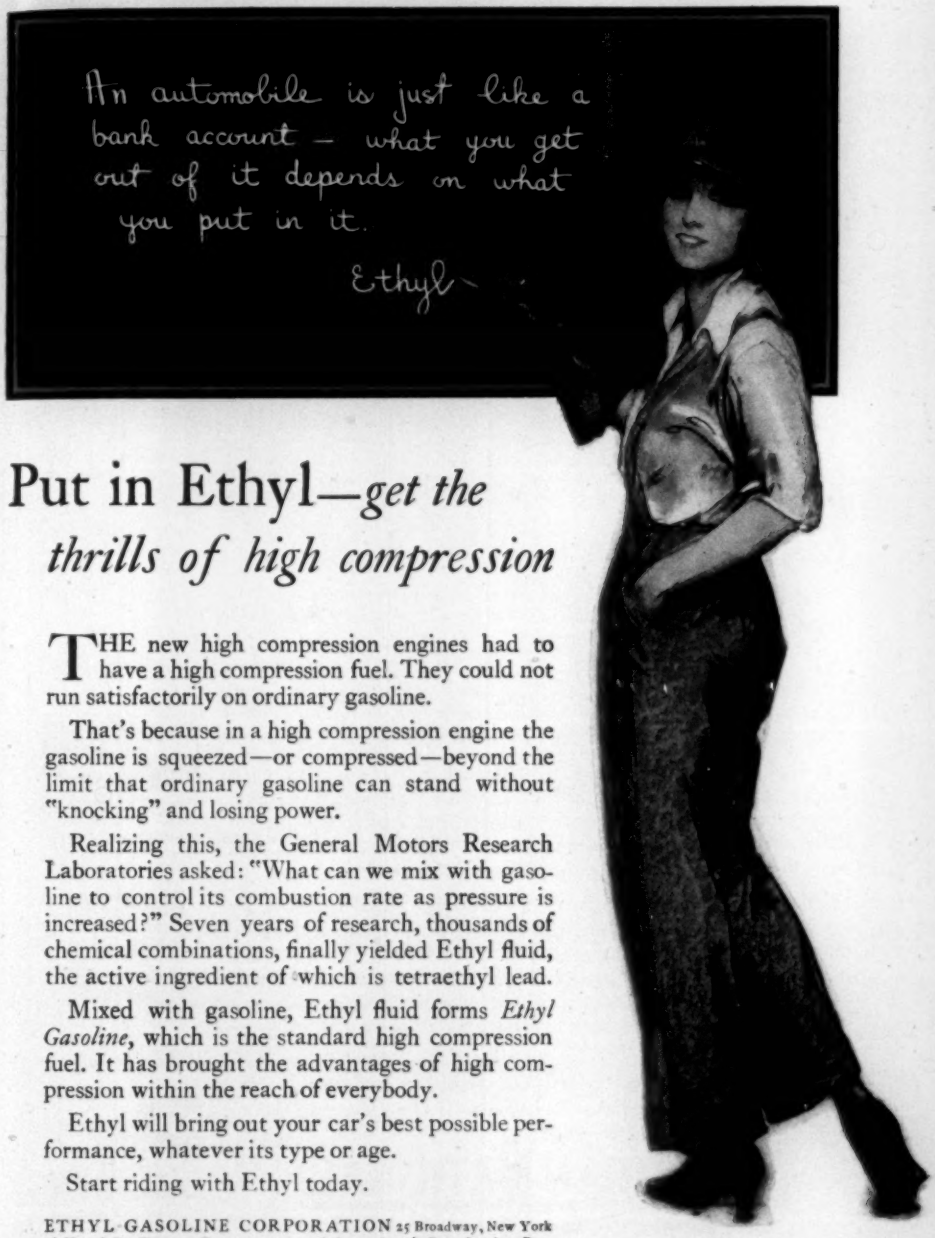

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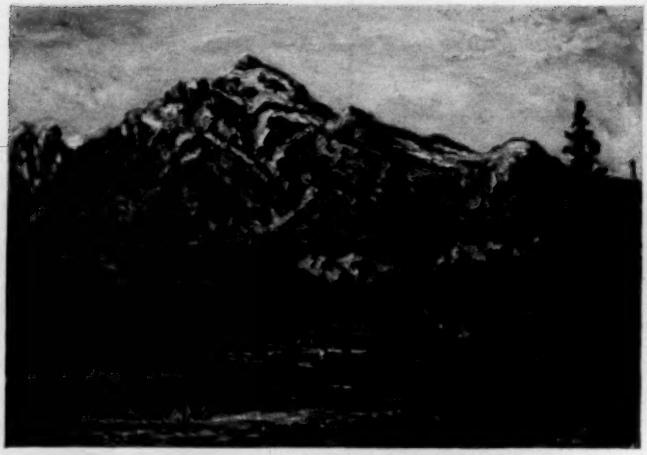

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Harry A. Franck

* *World Traveler and Author of "A Vagabond Journey Around the World." "Wandering in Northern China." "East of Siam."*

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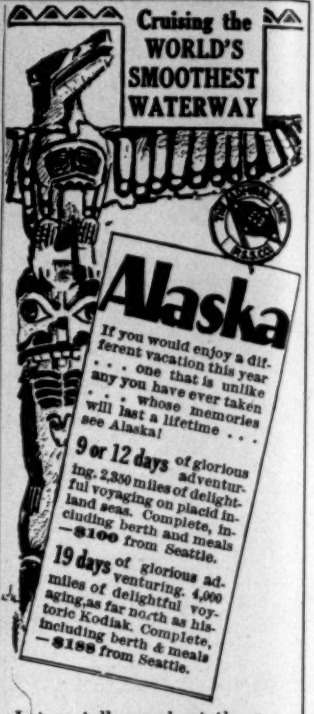
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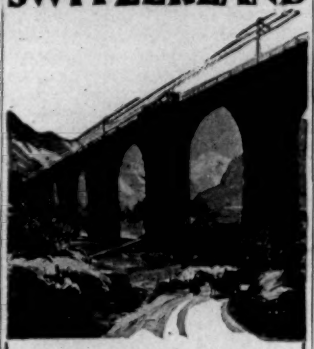

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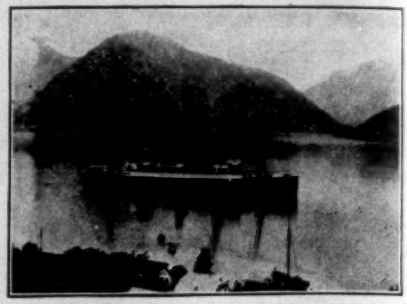

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STEAMSHIP SAILINGS

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American Merchant Line — **17 Battery Place**
New York to London

AMERICAN BANKER	May	2
AMERICAN MERCHANT	May	9
AMERICAN TRADER	May	16
AMERICAN SHIPPER	May	23
AMERICAN BANKER	May	30

Anchor Line — **25 Broadway, N. Y.**
New York to Londonderry and Glasgow

CALEDONIA	May 4	June 1
CALIFORNIA	Apr. 27	May 25
CAMERONIA	May 11	June 8
TRANSYLVANIA	May 18	June 22

Atlantic Transport — **1 Broadway, N. Y.**
N. Y. to Cherbourg and London

*MINNETONKA	‡Apr. 27	‡May 25
MINNEKAHDA	†May 4	†June 1
*MINNEWASKA	‡May 11	‡June 8
MINNESOTA	xMay 18	xJune 15

‡Via Cherbourg †Via Plymouth and Boulogne
xVia Boulogne

Canadian Pacific — **Mad. Ave. & 44th St., N. Y.**
St. John, N. B. to Liverpool, Glasgow, Belfast

*MONTCLARE	xMay 2	xJune 6
DUCHESS OF YORK	xMay 3	xMay 31
*MINNEDOSA	xMay 4	xJune 8
EMPRESS OF SCOTLAND	†May 7	†May 28
*DUCHESS OF BEDFORD	xMay 10	xJune 7
MONTROSE	xMay 15	xJune 12
*MELITA	xMay 17	xJune 14
EMPRESS OF AUSTRALIA	†May 21	†June 11
*METAGAMA	xMay 23	xJune 22
DUCHESS OF RICHMOND	xMay 26	xJune 19
MONTCALM	xMay 29	xJune 26
DUCHESS OF ATHOL	xJune 14	xJuly 5

xFrom Montreal †From Quebec
Quebec to Cherbourg and Southampton

*MONTROYAL	May 14	June 4

Clyde Steamship Company
New York to Charleston, Jacksonville

MOHAWK	Apr. 27	

New York to Jacksonville and Miami

ALGONQUIN	May 4	

Cosulich Line — **17 Battery Place, N. Y.**
N. Y. and Boston to Azores, Lisbon, Palermo, Naples, Patras and Trieste

VULCANIA	May 4	June 8
PRESIDENTE WILSON	May	22
SATURNIA	June 26	Aug. 3

Cunard Line — **25 Broadway, N. Y.**
N. Y. to Cherbourg and Southampton

MAURETANIA	May 1	May 22
AQUITANIA	May 8	May 29
BERENGARIA	May 15	June 5

N. Y. to Plymouth-Havre and London

*CARONIA	Apr. 26	May 24
CARMANIA	May 10	June 7
*TUSCANIA	May 15	June 14
CARINTHIA	May	31

N. Y. to Cobh (Queenstown), Liverpool

*SAMARIA	Apr. 27	May 25
*LANCASTRIA	May	3
*LACONIA	May 4	June 8
FRANCONIA	June	1
*SCYTHIA	June 15	Aug. 10

Montreal to Plymouth, Havre and London

*ASCANIA	May 3	May 31
ALAUNIA	May 10	June 14
AURANIA	May 17	June 21
AUSONIA	May 24	June 28

Montreal to Belfast, Liverpool and Glasgow

ATHENIA	May 3	May 31
ANDANIA	May 10	June 7
ANTONIA	May 24	June 21

N. Y. to Boston, Plymouth, Cherbourg, Gdynia and Helsingfors

LANCASTRIA	May	29

Dollar Steamship Line — **604 Fifth Ave., N. Y.**
N. Y. to California via Panama, Around the World
Fortnightly Service from New York sailing Thursdays

PRES. HARRISON	May	9
PRES. JOHNSON	May	23
PRES. MONROE	June	6
PRES. WILSON	June	20

Eastern S. S. Lines — **Pier 25, No. River, N. Y.**
Old Dominion Line, New York to Norfolk, Va.
Regular Sailings daily except Sunday, in each direction
Boston & Yarmouth S.S. Co. (India Wharf, Boston)
Boston to Yarmouth
Regular Sailings ..... Mondays and Thursdays

French Line — **19 State St., N. Y.**
N. Y. to Plymouth-Havre-Paris

PARIS	Apr. 27	May 15
FRANCE	May 4	May 25
ILE DE FRANCE	May 10	June 1

N. Y. to Havre-Paris

*DE GRASSE	May 10	June 6
*ROCHAMBEAU	May 23	June 20

New York-Vigo-Bordeaux

*ROUSSILLON	May 8	June 19
*LA BOURDONNAIS	June 5	July 17

Furness Bermuda Line — **Whitehall St., N. Y.**
N. Y. to Bermuda
Regular Sailings ..... Wednesdays and Saturdays

Grace Line — **10 Hanover Sq., N. Y.**
N. Y. to Canal Zone and West Coast, South America via Havana
Fortnightly Service ..... Sailing Thursdays

Hamburg-American Line, 39 Broadway, N. Y.
N. Y. to Cherbourg-Southampton-Hamburg

DEUTSCHLAND	Apr. 27	June 1
WESTPHALIA	May 2	June 13
HAMBURG	May 4	June 8
ALBERT BALLIN	May 11	June 15

N. Y. to Cobh, Hamburg

*THURINGIA	May 16	June 27
CLEVELAND	May 30	July 11

Holland-America Line — **24 State St., N. Y.**
N. Y. to Plymouth-Boulogne-sur-Mer, Rotterdam

STATENDAM	Apr. 27	June 1
*RYNDAM	May	4
ROTTERDAM	May 11	June 15
NEW AMSTERDAM	May 18	June 22
VEENDAM	May 25	July 6
VOLENDAM	June 8	July 13

Italian Line (N. G. I.) — **1 State St., N. Y.**
N. Y. to Naples and Genoa

AUGUSTUS	Apr. 27	June 1
ROMA	May 18	June 22

Lloyd Sabaudo Line — **3 State St., N. Y.**
New York to Gibraltar, Naples, and Genoa

CONTE BIANCAMANO	May 11	June 15
CONTE GRANDE	May 25	June 29

Lamport & Holt Line — **26 Broadway, N. Y.**
N. Y. to Rio de Janeiro-Montevideo-Buenos Aires

VAUBAN	Apr. 27	July 6
*VANDYCK	†May 25	†Aug. 3
*VOLTAIRE	†June 22	Aug. 31

†Calls at Barbados

Mallory Line
New York to Key West and Galveston

H. R. MALLORY	May	3

Morgan Line
(Southern Pacific Steamship Lines)
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Munson S. S. Lines — **67 Wall St., N. Y.**
New York to Rio de Janeiro-Santos-Montevideo Buenos Aires
Fortnightly Service ..... Sailing Saturdays
New York to Nassau, Bahamas
Weekly Service ..... Sailing Fridays

New York and Porto Rico S. S. Co.
N. Y. to San Juan and Santo Domingo

COAMO	May	2
SAN LORENZO	May	9

North German Lloyd — **57 Broadway, N. Y.**
N. Y. to Cobh-Plymouth-Cherbourg-Bremen

*DRESDEN	May	2
*MUENCHEN	May	9
COLUMBUS	May	18
*STUTTGART	May	23

*One class cabin steamers

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

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STEAMSHIP SAILINGS (Cont.)

BERLIN ..... May 10
KARLSRUHE ..... May 16

Norwegian-America Line 22 W'hall St., N. Y.
N. Y. to Norway-Sweden-Denmark-Finland and the Continent
STAVANGERFJORD ..... Apr. 27 June 1
BERGENSFJORD ..... May 11 June 15

Pacific Line 26 Broadway, N. Y.
N. Y. to Havana-Panama-Callao-Valparaiso
Regular Sailings ..... Every Four Weeks

Panama Mail S. S. Co. 10 Hanover Sq., N. Y. C. 2 Pine St., San Francisco
N. Y. to San Francisco and return via Panama Canal and Spanish Americas

From New York		From San Francisco	
COLOMBIA	May 2	GUATEMALA	May 9
ECUADOR	May 16	EL SALVADOR	May 23
VENEZUELA	May 30	COLOMBIA	June 6
GUATEMALA	June 13	ECUADOR	June 20
EL SALVADOR	June 27	VENEZUELA	July 4

Panama-Pacific Line 1 Broadway, N. Y.
N. Y. to California via Panama
MONGOLIA ..... Apr. 27 June 15
CALIFORNIA ..... May 11 June 29
VIRGINIA ..... June 1 July 13

Red Star Line 1 Broadway, N. Y.
N. Y. to Plymouth-Cherbourg-Antwerp
PENNLAND ..... Apr. 27 May 25
BELGENLAND ..... May 4 June 1
ARABIC ..... May 11 June 8
LAPLAND ..... May 18 June 15

Royal Mail 26 Broadway
N. Y. to Bermuda
S.S. Avon ..... Sails Every Thursday

United States Lines 45 Broadway, N. Y.
N. Y. to Cherbourg and Southampton
LEVIATHAN ..... May 4
N. Y. to Plymouth-Cherbourg-Bremen
AMERICA ..... May 1
PRES. HARDING ..... May 8
REPUBLIC ..... May 10 May 29
PRES. ROOSEVELT ..... May 15
GEORGE WASHINGTON ..... May 22

Ward Line
New York to Havana
ORIZABA ..... Apr. 27 May 11
SIBONEY ..... May 4 May 18

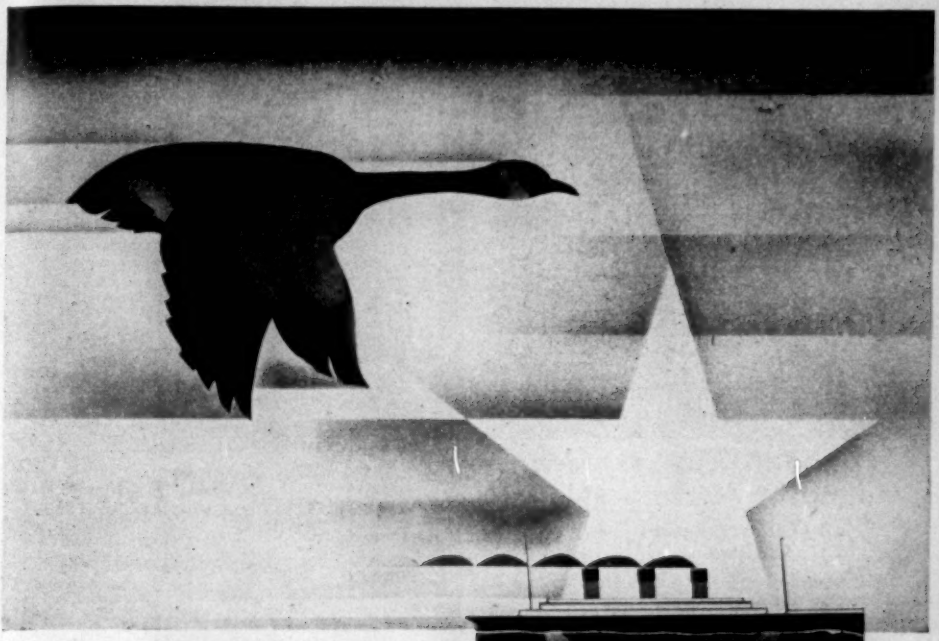
White Star Line 1 Broadway, N. Y.
N. Y. to Cherbourg-Southampton
OLYMPIC ..... Apr. 27 May 18
HOMERIC ..... May 4 May 25
MAJESTIC ..... May 10 June 1
N. Y. to Cobh (Queenstown) Liverpool
CEDRIC ..... Apr. 27 May 25
BALTIC ..... May 4 June 1
ALBERTIC ..... May 11 June 8
ADRIATIC ..... May 18 June 15

American Mail Line
Seattle and Victoria to Yokohama, Kobe, Shanghai, Hongkong and Manila. Fortnightly Service from Seattle and Victoria Sailing Mondays
PRES. GRANT ..... May 4
PRES. CLEVELAND ..... May 18
PRES. PIERCE ..... June 1
PRES. TAFT ..... June 15

Canadian Pacific
Vancouver and Victoria to Yokohama, Kobe, Nagasaki, Shanghai, Hongkong and Manila
EMPRESS OF FRANCE ..... †May 9 †July 4
EMPRESS OF RUSSIA ..... May 30 July 25
EMPRESS OF ASIA ..... June 13 Aug. 8
†Omits Nagasaki

Dollar Steamship Line
San Francisco to Honolulu, Yokohama, Kobe, Shanghai, Hongkong, Manila and Around the World. Weekly Sailings from Los Angeles on Mondays; San Francisco on Fridays
PRES. JEFFERSON ..... Apr. 26
PRES. POLK ..... May 3
PRES. LINCOLN ..... May 10
PRES. ADAMS ..... May 17
PRES. MADISON ..... May 24

SWIFT TO THE GOAL



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Los Angeles S. S. Co.
Los Angeles to Honolulu

CITY OF HONOLULU	May 4	June 1
CALAWAII	May 11	June 8
CITY OF LOS ANGELES	May 18	June 15

Matson Line
San Francisco to Hawaii, Samoa, Fiji, Australia.
San Francisco to Honolulu Service

MATSONIA	May 8	June 5
MANOA		May 15
SIERRA	May 16	July 18
MALOLO	May 18	June 22
MAUI	May 22	June 19
SONOMA	June 6	Aug. 8
VENTURA	June 27	Aug. 29

Nippon Yusen Kaisha — (N. Y. K. Line)
Seattle and Victoria to Yokohama, Kobe, Nagasaki, Shanghai and Hongkong

SHIDZUOKA MARU	May 1
YOKOHAMA MARU	May 15
MISHIMA MARU	June 15

San Francisco via Honolulu to Yokohama, Kobe, Nagasaki, Shanghai, Keelung and Hongkong

TENYO MARU	June 5
SIBERIA MARU	June 19
TAIYO MARU	July 3

TOURS and CRUISES

Mediterranean

James Boring's Travel Service
S.S. Calgaric — Feb. 15, 1930

Canadian Pacific
Empress of Scotland — Feb. 3, 1930
Empress of France — Feb. 13, 1930

Frank C. Clark
S.S. Transylvania — Jan. 29, 1930

Thos. Cook & Son
S.S. California — July 2, 1929
S.S. Homeric — Jan. 25, 1930

Raymond-Whitcomb
S.S. Carinthia — Apr. 8, 1929, Jan. 21, 1930

Round the World

Canadian Pacific
Empress of Australia — Dec. 2, 1929

Thos. Cook & Son
S.S. Franconia — Jan. 11, 1930

Raymond-Whitcomb
S.S. Columbus — Jan. 21, 1930

Hamburg-American Line
S.S. Resolute — Jan. 6, 1930

West Indies

Canadian Pacific
Duchess of Bedford Dec. 23, 1929, Jan. 10, Feb. 11, 1930

Furness Bermuda
S.S. Nerissa — Apr. 27, 1929
S.S. Dominica — May 23, 1929

Raymond-Whitcomb
S.S. Statendam — Jan. 29, Feb. 25, 1930

Ward Line
Regular Sailings

North Cape—Norway—Baltic

Raymond-Whitcomb
S.S. Carinthia — June 26, 1929
S.S. Franconia — June 29, 1929

North Cape—Norway

Hamburg-American Line
S.S. Reliance — June 29, 1929

Mediterranean & Norway

Frank C. Clark
S.S. Lancastria — June 29, 1929

Midnight Sun—North Cape Scandinavia

James Boring's Travel Service
S.S. Calgaric — June 29, 1929

Round South America

Raymond-Whitcomb
S.S. Samaria — Feb. 1, 1930

South America—Africa

Canadian Pacific
Duchess of Atholl — Jan. 21, 1930

Europe

North German Lloyd
Second Lloyd Air Cruise of Europe
S.S. Bremen — July 27, 1929

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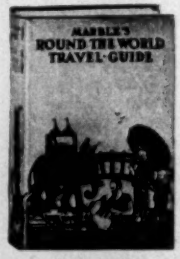

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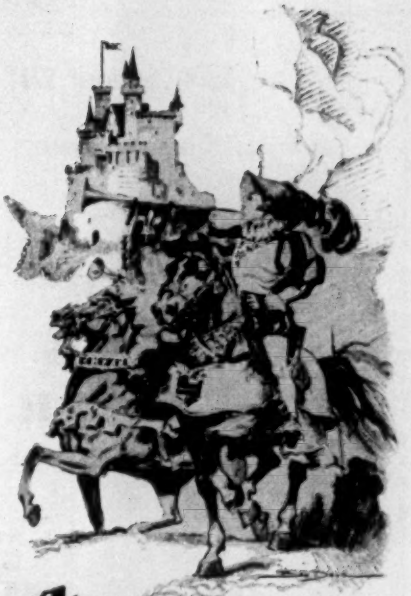

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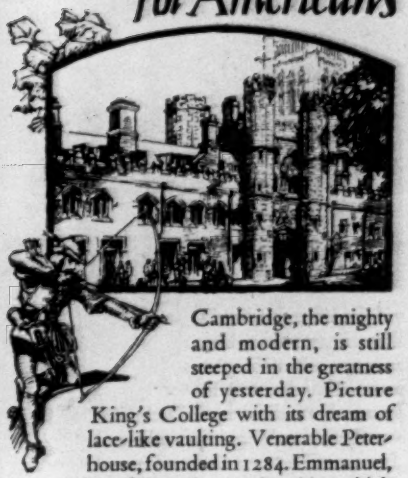

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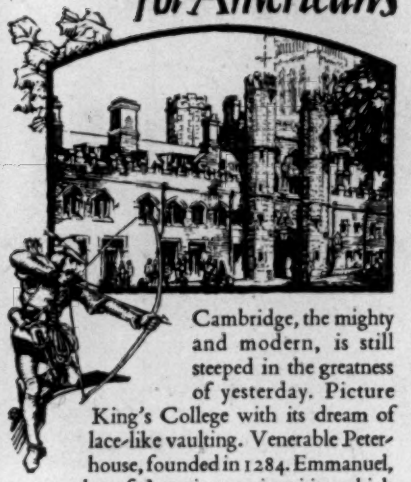

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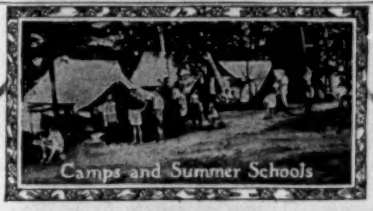

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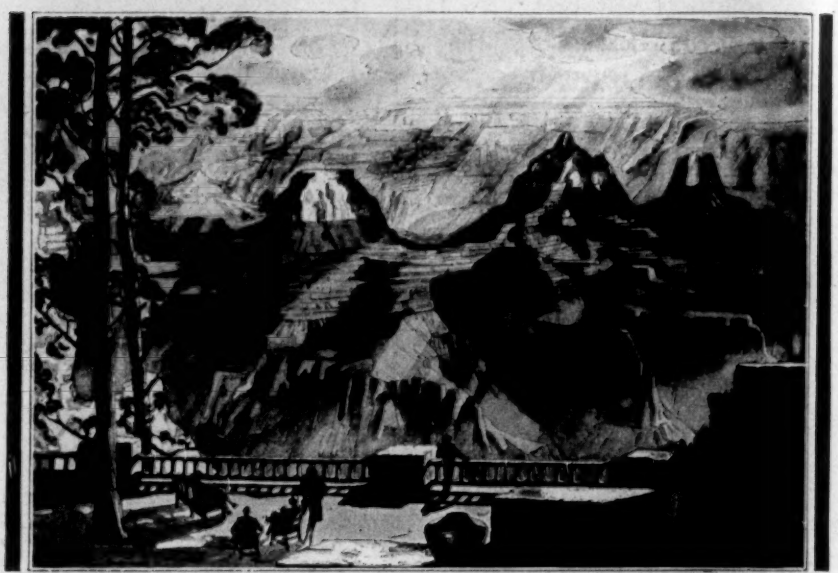

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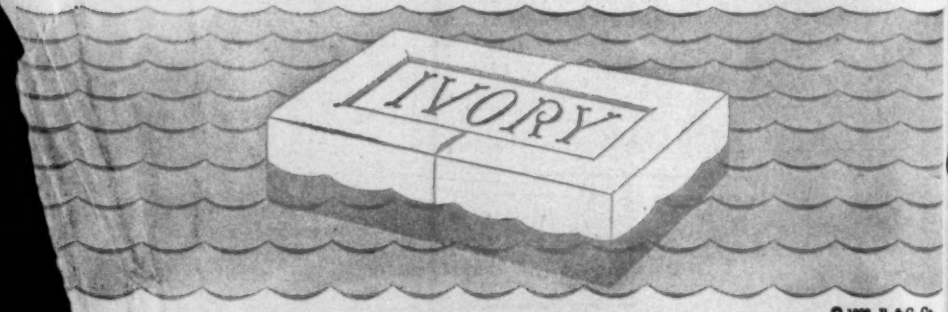

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